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Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review



Current Literature Publishing Co.

New York: 30 West 23^d Street

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OPINIONS CONCERNING "CURRENT LITERATURE."

Harper's Weekly, September 15th :

One of the most interesting and valuable of eclectic magazines is the monthly periodical recently established (the number for July was its first issue) under the name of *Current Literature*: a magazine of record and review, edited by Mr. F. M. Somers, who is ably assisted by Mr. Alfred Balch. Within its ninety-six pages (Saturday Review size) it includes a copious variety of happy selections from current publications—newspapers and magazines. The plan of this periodical is original. While many of the selections stand by themselves, the majority are grouped together under appropriate headings, so as to constitute departments. The editorial gossip and reflection running through and connecting all this timely and entertaining matter give it not only unity, but additional interest.

Of the many private letters received from editors, publishers, and active literary workers, as to the merits of this enterprise, we have asked and received permission to print the following as the voluntary and generous opinion of one whose experience West and East has ripened into an authority :

Washington, D. C., July 31st.

I cannot refrain from thanking you for your clever literary conceit ; nor from expressing my obligations for the first number. It has never occurred to me until I bought it—after many futile efforts at the book stands and railroad news depots—and attempted to devour the whole of it, how large a place there was for it to fill ; and now that I fully comprehend your purpose, I can imagine how essential it will become to every intelligent reader. To travelers it is certainly a great boon, for it delivers them from the enforced tyranny of flash publications. One must read something on a journey. He cannot sit staring at a familiar landscape, or twirl his thumbs naively, or destroy his larynx in his endeavor to talk down the rattle of the train, nor should he be obliged to ruin his eyes with the dancing fine print of the newspapers, or enrich a lot of publishers by buying and flinging away the trash they provide. Print, paper, form and arrangement are all good. Whether you can keep up to the standard of the initial number, I do not know ; but I am convinced that if you do not lose courage it will be a real success, and I cannot help taking a moment out of a busy life to tell you so.

Yours,

Stilson Hutchins.

Nashville American, August 20th :

Among the latest comers to the reviewer's table is a royal volume with the title of *Current Literature*. "Royal" is used advisedly, for this magazine can be described by no other title ; royal in appearance and imperial in contents could, perhaps, be closer to a fair description of it. It is a whole library in itself. Original matter, written in the very best style, and on all literary topics, fills a large space in this magazine, and the balance is made up of selections from

the current magazines, the newspapers, and standard writers. Its field is practically limitless, and one is as much surprised at the admirable manner in which it is edited as with the delightful matter that is presented. A reader who does not find something to suit his or her taste in *Current Literature*, is a groundling indeed. The table of contents of the August number would fill half a column of *The American*. A year's issue of *Current Literature* will make a valuable library. It is a genuine treat to sit down in the company of such a publication.

Minneapolis Journal, September 12th :

The September number of *Current Literature* is even richer than either of the preceding numbers. It is impossible, in such an endless variety of good things, and among such a quantity of choice selections, as well as fresh and interesting gossip about people, and bright criticism of new literature, to particularize. About all that can be said is, that each succeeding number of this new magazine is simply a marvel of richness and variety. Any one who values the convenience of having the best things in current, as well as less recent literature, culled out and classified for him, must appreciate the faithful and discriminating work done by the editors of this splendid publication.

The National Republican (Washington) :

We cannot sufficiently commend this beautiful record and review of the passing days, neither can we express our gratitude for the large space it gives to excellent current poetry. A whole library of variety, interest, and instruction is presented with each number. Every reader must find something, and many things, to win his favor.

New York Evening Sun, September 10th :

Current Literature is the title of a newly published monthly magazine, which seems to us destined to fill a long-felt want. It would be easier far to enumerate the things it does not contain than to give a complete list of the good things within its pages, for it is no exaggeration to say that it contains everything. Poetry, verse, and doggerel, sublime, airy, and ridiculous. In prose, the best short stories of the modern time collected from widely diverse sources ; the best novels of the day condensed by a practiced hand ; the literature of the hour commented upon, turned, twisted and analytically dissected by a critical mind ; the humor of the period, paragraphic and otherwise, is served up in agreeable form, and, with all this, a classified list of the magazine articles of the month is given, so that what is missing from the pages of *Current Literature* may be easily found by those who wish to read up on special subjects. The September issue of this periodical contains ninety pages of highly interesting matter, every one of which can be read with profit and pleasure, and all of which may be purchased for—\$1? Not a bit of it. Twenty-five cents ! *Current Literature* is ruinously cheap.

Current Literature is published on the 7th of the month. This late date is necessary to the proper and complete classification of the contents of magazines for the current date. This index gives practically a map of literary labor for the month—a thing of great reference value.

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review

Vol. I, No. 4 "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. Oct., 1888

In the September number of this magazine the popular literature of thirty years or more ago was discussed, and a comparison made with the material at present provided. To follow the changes in methods of distribution will be equally interesting. In the old days, of which one hears so often when any one becomes momentarily dissatisfied with the present, the newspapers and various periodicals were circulated wholly through the mails and by carriers. The latter owned routes, and served their subscribers every morning with such publications as they chose to order. People away from New York could order their newspapers and magazines as they can now, and the post-office delivered the publications to them. But there was then no opportunity of buying a single copy of any journal or magazine away from its publication office. Newsdealers were unknown. The methods of business partook of the same easy spirit shown in the collection of news. A newspaper which got its dispatches by stage coach could not expect readers to be in any hurry to read them. But when the invention of the telegraph and the development of the railroad system made news a live thing—an ephemeral article—a dead thing before the next day, the spirit of enterprise arose in the newspaper offices, and readers began to look for the "last editions" and the "extras." Rivalry between the great journals got so keen that, as one historian observes, "an extra would be issued if a celebrated man sneezed." The interest of readers in these sternutations developed the newsboy, and the carrier was doomed. From the newsboy, flying with busy feet and shrill cry from customer to customer, to the newsdealer with his little stand at some point where men congregated, was but a step.

There was another agency at work. Philadelphia, with its Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, Saturday Evening Post, and other first-class publications, was a center of literary activity. The popularity of these journals was sufficient to command a sale outside of the Quaker City, and agencies were established in New York for this purpose. Boston sent on Gleason's Pictorial, the Yankee Blade, Waverley Magazine, and others, and they found many purchasers. But it was impossible to confine a trade which demanded only a few dollars for capital to the accredited agents. The newsdealers began giving small orders, and found that they were making money. Some of these newsdealers began to outgrow their small stands, and opened stores, adding books and stationery to their stock of papers. And so the business expanded, slowly at first, but always moving more rapidly, until the present splendid system of distribution was developed. The amount of capital invested in these enterprises was small. The news stands or news stores were generally run by boys or young men, and as the nature of their business demanded, they turned over their capital rapidly. Yesterday's paper was dead stock.

It was believed that there were far more newsdealers whose capital was less than \$100 than there were those who had more, and the supposition is probably correct. But the establishment of these little stands was not confined to New York; they spread rapidly throughout the country, and became common in all the great cities. As travel increased, it began to pay the newsdealers near the hotels and railway stations to keep papers of other cities in order to supply transient customers anxious for home news.

It was not very long before such a condition of affairs brought the business of supplying these newsdealers into being. The newspapers were too busy to undertake such work, finding all they could do in the sale of the papers to the newsboys, and such dealers as applied to them, and supplying their subscribers. From 1845 to 1850 several news agencies were established in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and cities in the South and Southwest. As was natural in a business just growing up, many people engaged in it who had not the brains to understand its limitations, nor the business tact necessary to make it a success. The law of the survival of the fittest began its work, and one by one the agencies yielded their places and business to keener and more successful rivals. It was this process that developed The American News Company. In 1864 the company had its place of business at 121 Nassau Street. At first newspapers and magazines were sent out by it, and it speedily increased its territory from New York and Philadelphia, until it reached Boston on the East, Montreal on the North, the Mississippi River on the West, and New Orleans on the South. As its business increased, it added Nos. 115, 117, and 119 Nassau Street to its central depot, and books, stationery, and fancy articles were added to its stock, and supplied to the thousands of agents throughout the country. From year to year the system has grown and been perfected, till to-day it covers the territory of this entire northern continent. The extent of the business, and the absolute necessity of it now, cannot be at once understood. In any city of the United States any book, magazine or newspaper may be ordered from the nearest newsdealer. He transmits the order to his local news company, and it supplies him. These branch companies handle anything from a single copy of the most obscure paper to whole editions of books or magazines. It keeps in stock everything from a slate-pencil to the material for filling the shelves of a public library.

The magnificent headquarters building is on Chambers Street, this city, just across the Park from the General Post-Office. On the dizzy height of its cornice stands the statue of a newsboy, emblematic of the inspiration and the beginning of this great corporation, and the signet of its trade-mark. Through the various branch com-

panies—whose territory looks on the map like the spread about them of an immense Japanese fan—the home office reaches about seventeen thousand newsdealers. Think of this organized army! The system of distribution has been elaborated until now the principal magazines are on sale in San Francisco, California, and Portland, Maine, at the same day and hour. The readers in New York have no advantage in this regard over those of other cities. From the start, in 1864, the business of the American News Company has increased every year, with the exception of 1873 and '74. The volume of business transacted by it may perhaps be understood better by a few statistics. The pay roll carries on it over a thousand names exclusive of the officers and managers, and the weekly payments aggregate the sum of \$11,000. Of these, about two hundred and seventy men are employed in the New York office. There are also about one thousand boys and young men at work upon trains from Maine to California selling the publications handled by the Union News Company, a branch organization with a specialty of railway depot stands and train service. Who has not seen and marveled at the "train boy"? In New York City fifty horses are necessary to transport the tons of printed matter to trains and boats, speed in handling being a necessary factor in the business of supplying distributing points.

The organization is officially classed as follows :

The Albany News Company, Albany, N. Y.
 The American News Company, New York, N. Y.
 The Baltimore News Company, Baltimore, Md.
 The Brooklyn News Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 The Central News Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
 The Cincinnati News Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 The Cleveland News Company, Cleveland, Ohio.
 The Colorado News Company, Denver, Colorado.
 The Detroit News Company, Detroit, Mich.
 The International News Company, New York, N. Y.
 The Minnesota News Company, St. Paul, Minn.
 The Montreal News Company, Montreal, Canada.
 The National News Company, New York, N. Y.
 The Newark News Company, Newark, N. J.
 The New England News Company, Boston, Mass.
 The New Orleans News Company, New Orleans, La.
 The New York News Company, New York, N. Y.
 The Northern News Company, Troy, N. Y.
 The Omaha News Company, Omaha, Nebraska.
 The Pittsburgh News Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 The Rhode Island News Company, Providence, R. I.
 The San Francisco News Company, San Francisco, Cal.
 The South-West News Company, Kansas City, Mo.
 The Springfield News Company, Springfield, Mass.
 The St. Louis News Company, St. Louis, Mo.
 The Toronto News Company, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
 The Toronto News Company, Clifton, Ontario, Canada.
 The Union News Company, New York, N. Y.
 The Washington News Company, Washington, D. C.
 The Western News Company, Chicago, Ill.
 The Williamsburgh News Company, Brooklyn, E. D.

The American News Company has been in existence twenty-four years, and the effect which it has produced upon the business of selling newspapers, periodicals, and books has been most marked. Its business methods, and the sharp control it exercises over the newsdealers, have been of enormous benefit to this class of small tradesmen, for it has practically driven out, and kept out, petty swindlers, and held the trade in the hands of men who are honest, enterprising and capable. To publishers it has been a boon. No longer are they worried with a thousand and one little accounts uncertain and expensive of collection. If they can manufacture anything the public want, they have the assurance that the public will be supplied. But the News Company does not undertake to make a market. This is a point not altogether understood by neophytes

in journalism and adventurers with type. Many of these are under the impression that the American News Company is bound to sell their wares for them—by some curiously arranged pressure can force people to buy. But the rule is inflexible. The manager will inform the applicant : "It is your business to create the demand. It is our business to supply what is demanded. We are not publishers." However, all reasonable help is extended in the making of a market. Advertising matter is furnished all the agents by special arrangement with the company and intending publishers. As for the dealers, many a deserving man has been built up in business from the humblest beginning by the encouragement of this great corporation. In an issue between publishers and the newsdealers, the stand of the company is taken for the rights of its seventeen thousand rank and file. In an argument of equitable profit the ragged newsboy, and the old woman dealing her wares from a doorstep or the head of a barrel, have at court the most powerful, jealous, and exacting of advocates.

Another feature of this complete scheme of distribution is the possibility of being one's own publisher. In the old—the bygone—days it was absolutely necessary to get the acceptance, and the imprint, of some well known publishing house in order to get into the market at all. In this particular there has been a radical change. The News Company will circulate any reputable book on such terms as may be arranged—and these terms are generally as liberal to the new author as to the old publisher. There is practically no discrimination. This is what the imprint "The trade supplied by the American News Company" means on so many popular works. Those who can finance their own productions have the fullest opportunity and means of getting before the public and testing its favor. Publishers, too, as a rule, are content with the simple production of the book. Their editions are circulated for much less than they could handle them, and the returns are both prompt and sure. Under these conditions, and as long as the present impartial policy is kept up, there is both economy and satisfaction. As for magazines and periodicals, it is a generally accepted fact that rents, extra labor, and bad debts will sweep out, in a month almost, the advantage of a subscription list over the superb service, responsibility, and cash returns of the American News Company.

There is another and somewhat startling advantage of the existence of the American News Company—one that puts the entire population of the country under an obligation beyond that of a mere purchasing convenience—and justifies any feature of monopoly—if such necessary consolidation and organization can be so termed. As a matter of fact, the American News Company stands between the community and blackmail. It throttles libel on its threshold. Circumstances which are an inherent part of its business have forced it to assume the rôle of a censor of the press—obliged it to perform a duty that in other countries is recognized and attended to by the government. And this is accomplished without any hardship to anybody except scoundrels. From its peculiar environment, this power is not liable to be abused. The News Company does not say "You shall not print defamation, or publish filth," but it does say : "We will not circulate a libel or sell that which is unquestionably indecent. And we presume to judge. This is not morality or missionary work with us—it is business. We are liable under the law—we are simply protecting ourselves." So this part of the business is carefully watched. It is well understood that the line is closely and uncompromisingly drawn. Reputable lawyers know that the American News Company will not defend a known libel. It invests

tigates and says: "Yes, this is a libel; it has escaped our vigilance; we will pay your costs, and throw out the publication." And adventurous publishers know this as well as lawyers. The Bedouins of the press have repeatedly threatened to start publications here that "would make Rome howl" if they could only get into the channel of circulation. And so indeed "Rome" would "howl"—loud and long—but for the ounce of prevention—worth so much more than the pound of cure—determined by the News Company, in the pursuance of a sound business policy.

To swing without disruptive friction this vast and intricate concern is a herculean task; vast because its business embraces thousands of sub-agents, and amounts to more than \$17,000,000 per year; intricate because from a single paper costing one cent to an issue of a magazine worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, nothing is too small or too large for it to take successful charge of. In such a business the multitude of men who are connected with it must work together like the mechanism of a watch. Nothing but the most absolute system, embracing at once the smallest details and the largest extent of territory, would make the business possible. The entire circulation of two great magazines like Scribner's and The Century—rivals as they are—is conducted with satisfaction to both. The struggling and feeble aspirant is given such encouragement as the cold blood of business equity will allow, and the rattle of the pennies receives as close attention as the clink of larger coin. It takes men to manage this business—men of capacity, experience, and quick judgment. And such men are in charge. Patrick Farrelly, the general manager of the company, a man of wide ability, is now in Europe, where the strain of business sent him for needed rest. In his absence, Mr. Edward F. Carr, as executive officer, has stood with his experienced hand on the pulse of this great arterial system and tempered its blood to the constantly shifting conditions. Mr. D. C. Dean is third in command in the general office. The executive officer for New York City, and the millions of population within the reach of an hour's travel, is Mr. C. J. McKeon, who deals out exact justice, if it can be determined, to many conflicting interests. Mr. J. Hassell has charge of the department of books. The army of train boys, and the distribution along the great lines of travel, is directed by General W. H. Williams, a veteran in the business. No organization in the world has so much ability to the square inch in each department as the American News Company, and no system—not even the great departments of the government—has more genius of management than this complex and most useful private business enterprise.

Following is a list of the officers of the company

President—Henry Dexter.
Treasurer—S. W. Johnson.
Gen. Superintendent—W. D. Bancker.
Manager—Patrick Farrelly.
Secretary—C. K. Willmer.

Board of Directors:

Henry Dexter,	Geo. I. Tyson,
S. W. Johnson,	J. E. Merrill,
Patrick Farrelly,	J. R. Walsh,
W. D. Bancker,	Stephen Farrelly,
S. S. Blood,	Henry Taylor,
W. H. Williams,	C. K. Willmer.

The general business policy of the company is outlined by an executive committee, but practically the business is run like a great newspaper, the heads of departments constituting a staff with an executive head, and all consulting and working in harmony. When the American News Com-

pany was founded, seven persons constituted the list of stockholders. The seven were Sinclair Tousey (dead), Henry Dexter, George Dexter (dead), Solomon W. Johnson, John Hamilton (dead), Patrick Farrelly and John E. Tousey. The list of stockholders now numbers one hundred and sixteen, one-third of them being women.

Such, in brief, is the history and the methods of the circulating system of the bulk of current literature. But this vast volume of business—handled mostly by freight and express—is but a portion of the outgo. The second-class post-office matter consists entirely of periodicals which are sold on subscription. An idea of New York as a publication center may be obtained from the statement that in October, November, and December of last year, 9,073,085 pounds of second-class matter was sent through the general post-office in this city; and in April, May and June of this year, 8,695,591 pounds. The average amount carried yearly by the Post-Office Department from the city of New York, is over sixteen thousand tons. This is in addition to all sent out by the News Company, and does not include books. The figures of the subscription publications are astounding. Divided into classes indicating frequency of issue, it is found that the grand total circulation of 29,830,500 copies is distributed as follows:

Weekly	16,921,750
Monthly	6,536,750
Daily	4,749,500
Semi-Monthly	1,039,000
Semi-Weekly	216,250
Quarterly	189,500
Bi-Weekly	103,750
Tri-Weekly	38,750
Bi-Monthly	35,250
Total	29,830,500

New York prints more than one-quarter of the periodicals sold. Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio more than another quarter of all. Are these figures comprehended?

And now as to the field: Rowell's American Newspaper Directory, a publication edited with rare ability and an unquestioned authority, states that the United States and Canada have a total of rather more than 65,000,000 of people, and that, allowing the estimate of five persons to a family, it may be presumed that the actual number of families reaches the figure of 13,000,000. Now, how many publications—daily, weekly, monthly, religious, story, or magazine—does the average family take? The circulation given above amounts to copies enough to give two yearly subscriptions to every five people—infants, paupers, and criminals. The issue of 78,441,000 monthlies is sufficient to give six copies a year to 13,000,000 families, and would indicate that every other family takes a magazine of some sort. If daily papers issue 4,749,500 copies each twenty-four hours, then on an average one-third of the families of the country indulge in the luxury of a daily newspaper. There is weekly circulation sufficient to give one paper to each family, and a large surplus brings it to nearly one and a third. No other country in the world can show such a wonderful array of facts and figures. Among no other race has reading been as universal as it is among Americans today. In the tons upon tons of printed matter which fall yearly from the groaning presses in this country the newspapers have the largest share. Compared with the millions of pages which are issued by newspapers during the year, the output of books, enormous as it is, becomes almost insignificant. Under these circumstances is it possible to deny that newspapers are a part of American literature, and if they are not, to what category do they belong?

TURNING THE LEAVES—UNCONVENTIONAL REVIEW

The first duty of a new book is to get itself discussed, and *What Dreams May Come* has fulfilled this requirement. The fact that the gauzy fringes of a pseudonym were speedily brushed aside and "Handsome Mrs. Ather-ton" of California was discovered, slyly hiding behind the name of her illustrious ancestor, lent to this singular book an interest for many people. But *What Dreams May Come* is not dependent on the personality of its author. On the wings of a beautiful literary style it has risen to a height beyond the commonplace books of the day, and by further reason of its absolute originality, this position will it maintain in defiance even of what is called its "Theosophic tendency." For if Theosophy has been cleverly woven into the stuff of which these Dreams are made and in such a way as to catch, possibly to hold, the attention of the Theosophic School—where otherwise the attention of this self-absorbed and self-fed body would have been neither wooed nor won—yet its Theosophy is of a purely romantic quality, and the book itself cannot, for an instant, be confounded with the frosty spray from the crest of the Theosophic wave which is just now drenching the literary world. The author has delicately manipulated a subject which would not only have appalled most minds, but would scarcely have presented itself to many. The word "manipulated" is used advisedly, for one recognizes that this strange question of a human soul sent shuddering from the erring body into the mysteries of eternity, thence flung again to earth for its more exquisite torture and more complete punishment, is handled by this musical writer, rather than felt. This is a weak point in the book, and yet it is, also, the direct result of grappling with a subject beyond the possibilities of human experience. The power to make probable, what the world has been educated to believe impossible, is an especial and peculiar form of genius—"Frank Lin" pays the usual price for that blessed audacity which we call originality.

The charm of the story lies, as has been said, in the beauty of its style. Not only has the quaint conception of a musical theme been given by the writer, but the conceit gathers sound and substance in every descriptive passage, all of which breathe a poetic spirit which carries the fascinated reader along on the current of something very like genius. To the sonorous voice of the Muezzin is set that scene of Constantinople with her minarets against a "gold-wrought sky" and her ill-starred lovers wrapped in vaguely suggested tragedy and the fast gathering mystery of the Southern night. Here be it said that the power to suggest belongs to this new writer, and of what value it may be is proved in the tense scenes where without one tedious line of explanation the living brain of Harold Dartmouth acknowledges the sway of the soul of the dead poet which possesses him, and so harmoniously blended are the two spheres of his consciousness that one forgets to seek and would not see the dividing line. This is the art of the writer. It cannot be said that Frank Lin shows, in this story, either aptitude at dialogue or the capacity to sketch character in the few rapid lines which bring the individual instantly and sharply before the mental gaze. The conversations which, with trifling and irritating exceptions (for we burn to solve the mysterious attractions suggested, from the first) are between the lovers Harold Dartmouth and Weir Penrhyn. The first, which occurs at the ball at the Russian Legation, may be considered at once as an injus-

tice to the hero, the heroine and the author. As one becomes better acquainted with all three a sort of wonder grows at the cleverness of their words—so well-inspired and so well-expressed, often startlingly analytical, sometimes epigrammatic in quality but not in quantity—and if they are intended to develop the idea of the analogy between the two minds, as the writer infers when she says "He had a singular feeling when talking with or listening to her, of losing his sense of separateness. It was not that he felt de-individualized, but that he had an accession of personality—" the purpose is achieved to the point of monotony—scarce a shade of personality marks the thought or speech of the girl from that of the man—the dialogue is obviously *written*. It is thoroughly artificial.

It is in the solitary yet spoken reflections of the Honorable Harold that we are given our first dazzling glimpse into a wonderful satiric philosophy, a stinging contempt for certain follies; a good-humored appreciation of others which one snatches at as indisputably a part of the individuality of the author. Her commentaries on the feminine heart and its complex workings are delicious—and still more delicious a bit of unbelief is her skit at the "racial resemblance of the Grand Passion"—than which no cleverer thing has been said for many a day. That she has failed to dower her characters with the breath of life may be due not to her own incapacity but rather that such natures being infrequent and unusual, strike no familiar chord of recognition. It has been said that the greatest tribute that can be offered a book is to read it from cover to cover in one devouring spell of hunger which only the *finis* satisfies. Who has read *What Dreams May Come* in part or piece? Who has listened to the voice of the Muezzin, at Constantinople, in the early days of the century and has not followed every phrase and cadence of "Overture" and "Melody" and "Discord" until the last strain "Sionèd! Sionèd!" faints on the ear.

Talking the other day with a bookseller, on the subject of the popularity of the high-class authors, it was learned that Marion Crawford has the largest sales and is bought almost exclusively by cultivated people. Although his books are a dollar and a half a volume, the demand for them is just as great. He has sold about a half million copies, all told. But two dollars for *The Immortals* was a little more than people could stand, and that book has languished in consequence. Henry James has shrunk to one-third of his former popularity, and Howells has fallen off perceptibly since the publication of that dreary book, *The Minister's Charge*. Mrs. Burnett sells better than any other of the women writers—Craddock next. Anna Katherine Green sells fairly. "She," *Called Back*, and *The Bread Winners*, are as dead as though they had never been. Haggard is falling off in popularity very rapidly. There is little demand for Mr. Meeson's *Will*. *The Lamplighter* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, St. Elmo and *The Wide, Wide World* still sell. They will probably last as long as human nature. Harriet Beecher Stowe's books occasionally sell in sets. *The Wister Translations* sell and are "charged up," as "Mrs. Wister's novels." Marlett is a sort of incident. Maud Howe's book, *Atalanta in the South*, sold well when it first came out, but there is no demand for her books. She lacks "go." Edgar Saltus is the most popular of the younger group of authors. All Tolstoy's books sell well.

When publishers' agents go the rounds, with their list of new books, the order is something like this : ten copies of every author of average popularity and of every prominent firm's new issue ; twenty-five of *Saltus* ; twenty-five of *Craddock* ; two hundred of *Crawford* and *Mrs. Burnett*. Mr. Barnes of New York bids fair to become a standard selling work, and Mr. Potter is still called for. *Ouida* is on the wane. *Jane Eyre* still holds her own. All the dialect writers have their worshipers. *Kismet* and *Guenn* have taken their place in the ranks. Of the French novelists, *Daudet* sells the best. *Edgar Fawcett* sells when first out. *Robert Ellsmere* and *The African Farm* are selling on the strength of their religious element.

The Boston Transcript is of the opinion that Archdeacon Farrar's elaborate review of *Mrs. Deland's* novel, *John Ward, Preacher*, in the September number of *Longman's Magazine*, is one more proof that American books are read in England, and further, that an American book, when it is worth it, receives to-day as respectful consideration from the better class of British readers as at home. Mr. Farrar has been very strongly impressed by the book, which he pronounces both interesting and remarkable. "There are pages in it, he says, "which in their power of insight and skill in minute delineation remind us of *Thackeray* ; while the pictures of country life constantly recall *Mrs. Gaskell's* fresh and charming tale of '*Cranford*.' * * * Looked at solely as a novel, the book has two high artistic merits ; one is that it contains little that is otiose, and nothing that is mere padding, but proceeds steadily, with scarcely an episode, to its natural dénouement ; the other is that it reminds us of one of those exquisitely acted plays, where every character, even the humblest, is impersonated with equable and conscientious care. There is not a single personage in *John Ward* who is not distinctively portrayed." This is high praise and not undeserved. The reviewer then goes on to analyze the book, quoting freely from its pages, and dwelling upon the peculiarities of the characters, summing up as follows :

Although, like all worthy stories, *John Ward* may be regarded as a novel with a purpose, yet, in accordance with the truest principles of art, the purpose is neither single, nor does it lie glaringly upon the surface. The writer never obtrudes upon us the lesson which she wishes to enforce. She gives a photograph of life, and leaves the reader to draw his own inferences from the facts which she has selected and arranged exactly as he would have been obliged to do if they formed a chapter of his personal experience. Her work must not be set down as one of the numerous romances which choose the vehicle of fiction to insinuate religious conclusions of vast importance, which in the pages of a novel cannot possibly be sifted and reasoned out in any adequate manner. No doubt the sympathies of the writer are opposed to the gloomy and ruthless doctrines of *Jonathan Edwards*, and the Moloch logic of Calvinistic Presbyterianism. But she is never unfair to the doctrines which she so evidently repudiates. If *Helen* is singularly outspoken in her rejection of the doctrine of "endless torments," *John Ward* is yet furnished with full opportunities to expound and plead for his own views ; and so far from representing him as a monster because he pursues to the bitter end the views which she detests, the writer chooses him for the hero of her narrative, and shows him as a man of the noblest nature and the most intense sincerity. Indeed, so fair is she in this respect, that, though she paints the agony of a dying Calvinism, it might even be supposed that it was her object to show how that form of creed is capable of inspir-

ing the most exalted heroism, and can be held in a heart of the tenderest sensibility. One lesson which results from her pages is that men may rise superior to what might seem to be the inevitable consequences of their religious opinions ; that purity and nobleness are equally compatible with the widest differences of theory as to the nature of God and the ultimate destinies of man ; that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

The article by *Mrs. Mona Caird*, republished in this number of *CURRENT LITERATURE* from the pages of the *Westminster Review*, has excited the widest discussion in England. The *London Telegraph* has opened its columns, and hundreds of letters upon the subject of the failure or success of marriage as an institution have been written to it from its many readers. Upon reading them one is forced to the conviction that upon this subject of marriage there is no consensus of opinion. Broadly speaking, the letters may be divided into two classes—those which praise wedded life, and those which condemn it. There are few which do either absolutely, while the great number take the sum of experience and lean to either one view or the other. There is, too, a curious individuality about the views taken and a marked absence of generalization. Each one indorses or condemns marriage from his or her experience of the institution. Those who condemn content themselves with doing this, they offer very few suggestions for a better system than that in practice at present. All the writers agree that marriage is not perfect.

Some of these letters are worth reproducing. This one, for example, from some person who has evidently thought long and deeply upon the subject :

The conclusions I draw from my varied experiences are these : 1. Mere passion, interest, or affection is not likely to produce great happiness in marriage. 2. The mysterious and inexplicable mixture of passion and affection commonly called "love," should be felt by both parties to the solemn contract. And 3. When entered into solely from the "head," and not from the "heart," marriage is a dreary failure.

And here is something for women in America to think of when they are summing up their advantages in life :

I have been married for more than twenty years, and can truly say that it has been the happiest part of my life. My husband, like many other Americans, does not outgrow the little thoughtful attentions that he paid me before our marriage. There are so many little things which go a long way toward making a woman's life happy ; they cost nothing, and yet they make such a difference. For example, the morning and evening kiss ; the word of praise, of sympathy, or of appreciation ; the tap at the chamber door before entering ; the helping hand in getting in or out of carriage, omnibus, or train—these things are accepted as a matter of course by thousands of American wives ; and it is only when they go abroad that they are struck with the contrast.

Another woman writes :

Much evil results from the idea that marriage is the end and aim of a woman's life. Full of this supposition, and desperately afraid, in this age of female preponderance, of being left, to the scorn of victorious matrons, an "old maid," a girl will accept a man without the slightest thought as to suitability of temperament, nay, will sometimes accept a man she positively dislikes.

In point of fact for many thousands of women this idea of marriage has been the true one. There has been no other position in life for them to fill ; in many cases, no other way by which they could get their bread. Time is changing this rapidly even in England. The laws are more liberal, a woman no longer damns herself socially by going into the professions nor by engaging in business. As the years roll by it will undoubtedly come to pass that all occupations in life will be as open to women as to men, and then they can marry or not marry, as they may see fit.

Of the causes which have helped to bring about unhappiness, one woman speaks understandingly.

The increased uneasiness in the married relation as compared with former ages is probably due to the more accurate education of women by which, while their physical constitution remains as before, they are rendered no less capable than men, and no less worthy intellectually of determining in all respects the government of the family life.

This fact that both are equally interested in the life partnership and each is equally entitled to a voice in the affairs of the family is too often lost sight of. Here is the voice of the man who considers the old idea that the "husband is the head of the wife" eminently sound. Observe however that he is not unwilling to play the part of the Lion in the Fairy Queen and be led by the gentle hand of the Lady Una, always provided that his "authority" be recognized.

We men are easily led, and a wise and loving woman can manage us without the slightest difficulty. But once attempt to drive us, and the game is up. Our suspicions and tempers are roused, and we assert our position and authority; and unless the wife ceases the "driving" and the "ruling" process the peace of the household is at an end.

And what a mournful picture this is and how very, very often we all have seen it.

The husband is as fond of his wife as the lover was of his betrothed, but she is his, and he is no longer anxious. He has duties and social obligations, perhaps rather neglected during his courtship, which must be attended to. He does not show his affection so much, and is more exacting; while the wife, hitherto petted in her own home, imagines him changed and inattentive. No longer seeing him through rose-colored spectacles, she perceives his failings and betrays her own.

Here is something which should be scattered broadcast and hung up where every girl could see it.

On the eve of my marriage I made three mental vows. They were—never to aggravate him, never to have a secret from him, nor by any selfish act of mine to lead him one step toward bankruptcy.

What a happy man he must have been if these blessed determinations were carried out.

Right in the midst of these confidences of the readers of the *Telegraph* an accomplished devil writing in the *London Evening News* asserts that we human beings don't know what love is anyway. Ah, the ethics of love! Let us learn of this new scribe, and, we venture, Pharisee:

There are animals among which love exists to a greater extent than is dreamt of in our own notion of human monogamy. In our kind the death of a husband or wife does not leave the other inconsolable, however much they may have loved each other. Society views with the greatest equanimity, nay, often applauds the second union of a widow or widower. With the parrot (*Psittacus pertinax*) widowhood and death are generally synonymous, and not in the sense as enforced upon the Indian widow or betrothed. A like phenomenon has been observed in the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris in the case of an outstiti (*Hapale jacobus*). In short, in man, as in animals, the strength of the affective sentiments is not always proportionate to the degree of intelligence. It is for this reason mainly, apart from all other, that our pride as human beings should not recoil from seeking for truth in these analogies from the animal kingdom. We should remember that it is governed by the same vital laws that govern the human race, that (biologically) the two scarcely differ. It becomes, therefore, the only rational mode of inquiry, if we wish to know what are our natural and necessary attributes, what are our artificial and arbitrary ones. This method of comparison would lead us to the conclusion that love exhausts itself in the effort to reach its aim and in the accomplishment of its purpose, as hunger ceases to exist when the desire for food is gratified. "That," says the veteran hair splitter, "is not love; that is simply sexual attraction, and of the most material kind." I might answer him in the words of Rochefoucauld, that true love or ideal love such as he would have me discuss is like the apparition of ghosts, of which every one speaks, but which very few people have seen. I will not condescend to bandy epigram when I suspect even such a master mind as Shakspeare's to have made a mistake similar to that of my expected critic or critics, seeing that in "*Romeo and Juliet*" he foisted upon us the noblest instance, perhaps, of sexual attraction, but of sexual attraction for all that, as a picture of ideal love the most exalted, the most self-sacrificing. If the love of these young people of Verona had been the highest form of ideal love, they would have gone

on living, happy, or at least resigned to their fate, with the knowledge that spiritually they were all in all to each other; instead of which they killed themselves because circumstances denied them possession.

While the general run of the newspapers' interest is with Mona Caird on the sentimental side of this great question, Mr. Julius Wertheimer in the *Nineteenth Century* looks at the matter from a more practical standpoint. He takes as his text the statement of Sir George Campbell at the meeting of the British Association in 1886, that "while great attention is bestowed on the breeding of domesticated animals, very little is given to the important question whether it is feasible to do anything toward the improvement of our own race." From this Mr. Wertheimer proceeds to outline a species of stock-breeding plan of arranging marriages. This he calls "homiculture." Love is termed "a foolish idea." "Scientific mating" is the proper plan. The incentives to the matrimonial state he puts in the following order: "Wealth, physical beauty, and moral worth." He would furthermore have the State step in and forbid persons suffering from hereditary disease from marrying at all. Here is his proposed scheme of legal interference:

"Previous to the issue of any document permitting the solemnization of a marriage, it would be necessary that both persons concerned should submit themselves for examination to the medical council appointed for this purpose in each district. Such councils might consist of three duly qualified medical men, and it would be their duty to give a certificate of freedom from known hereditary disease to all applicants who are either positively or even doubtfully in sufficiently good constitutional health. Marriages without such certificate would be illegal, and the resulting offspring illegitimate. The State might also reasonably interfere to prevent the transmission of objectionable moral characteristics, though here, again, only to a very limited extent. That habitual criminals should be freely allowed to become fathers and mothers is undoubtedly a grave social mistake. Such persons should be prevented from extending their numbers by being required to submit either to permanent imprisonment or to such medical operations as would prevent further mischief. The same treatment might be advisable in the case of confirmed habitual drunkards."

Between the free lover and the stock-breeder humanity would have a pretty tough time. Uncertainty would terribly discount the present situation. Even now we are at a loss as to whether to add, subtract, multiply, or divide.

Practically speaking the difficulty in the way of any radical change in the system of marriage is children. It is undeniable that when children are born, some one, either the parents or the State, must look after them and bring them up. The efforts of the State in this direction are not such—judging from the reports of charitable institutions—as to warrant a belief that the adoption of such a system as that of Sparta would be an unmixed benefit. Experience has shown that a man will not provide for children not his own; and there is the radical objection to free love, that no man can be sure whether the offspring are his. Under the old bastardy laws of England, when women were permitted to swear children upon men, a state of things arose that forced Parliament to alter the existing statutes upon the subject. That marriage is a compound of good and evil is the necessary outcome of the fact that it is a human institution. It must not be forgotten that just at present the status of woman is in transition, she is no longer distinctly inferior as she was a century ago nor has she as a class attained to equal rights with men. There was a certain happiness attending her dependent condition of former times which she has now lost in a great measure and as yet she has got nothing in its place. That she will ultimately get this something there cannot be much doubt. In the mean time, she has gained immeasurably in her choice of occupation and in her freedom from the old restraints on her support of herself.

It may be well, however, to remember that although we are doubtless all wonderfully civilized and greatly superior to our unworthy sires, the varnish is not yet so thick but what it can be somewhat easily scratched off. Down at the foundation of every man and woman, however refined they may be, there is the animal, and the scheme of life has been so arranged that just at present there does not seem to be any feasible way of eliminating this portion of our nature. It is a fact, not a theory, that men as a rule are physically stronger than women. No amount of sarcasm, no cries of "brute" or "brutal" will alter this difference. Physical strength as a great factor in humanity will continue to make itself felt as long as men are what they are, and just so long will the woman be inferior in one vital point in the war of sex. When the happy time comes that this is reversed, when every woman has the "vriël" staff with which she can annihilate the man who dares to look at her in a strabismic manner, all this will change. Then women will have the upper hand; women will control the affairs of this world and men will either accept the millennium which is upon them or emigrate into space. Judging from what may be daily seen in life there will be quite as much "bossing" then as now, for women as a rule are not chary of making any power they may have, felt. Still, even then it is not probable that the principle of monogamy will be abandoned in the temperate zones, nor that the state will elevate itself into a kind of benevolently universal dry nurse. If the present customs of life are followed, women will probably be the bread-winners and men will keep house. The sterner sex will then discover the truth of woman's constant cry, that house-keeping is the most exhausting work devised by the mind of the human race. When men learn this, women may sing "Io triumphe!"

At last those who have railed at Zola for his coarseness have a chance to admire the genius of the author, without having their attention diverted by the objectionable characters presented to them. In the *Dream, Le Rêve*, his latest book, M. Zola has given us an idyl; a French idyl, it is true, with a somewhat artificial flavor about it, but an idyl for all that. Angélica, a homeless waif, is adopted by Hubert and his wife Hubertine, who are embroiderers of ecclesiastical vestments. She grows up with them sheltered from the world in their quiet home, and when the time comes Félicien VII. d'Hauteœur, the last of the great race of nobles, falls in love with her. His father, who is the bishop of the diocese, refuses his consent to the marriage, and Angélica becomes ill. Then borne down by his son's reproaches the bishop consents if God will raise the dying girl from her bed. There is a strong scene when the miracle takes place, which is reprinted in another part of this magazine. The marriage is solemnized, and Angélica dies as she is leaving the cathedral.

Those who recollect that clever novel *The Waters of Hercules*, will welcome the latest book by Mme. Emily de Laszowska-Gerard, *The Land Beyond the Forest*. The author is the English, or rather Scotch, wife of General de Laszowska of the Austrian army, and her opportunity to study the strange races which she has drawn for us came when her husband was ordered to Transylvania to take command of a brigade on the frontier. Mme. Laszowska-Gerard presents most entertaining pictures of the Saxons, Roumanians, Tzigane or gypsies and the Szeklers. She describes their customs, laws and social life; their houses and farms and their poetry, proverbs, superstitions and music. One of the most entertaining portions of her work is that devoted to the celebrated gypsy bands of the country, and the strange, weird effects produced by them

when playing the Hungarian music. The book treats of a corner of Europe of which but little is known, and one feels when reading it as though he were suddenly introduced into the society of another planet. Especially interesting is the description of the Saxons, a race which introduced as strangers centuries back have remained strangers ever since, governed by their own customs and refusing to affiliate with their neighbors. *The Land Beyond the Forest* is a decidedly valuable addition to our libraries.

"One of the most remarkable literary careers in this country," says the N. Y. World, "has been that of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, who is now—at seventy years of age—about to publish her forty-fourth novel. Somewhat more than thirty years ago she made her first success with *Ishmael*; or, *In the Depths*, which, in the realm of sensational literature, still stands pre-eminent. Robert Bonner, owner of the New York Ledger, was shrewd enough to divine at once that Mrs. Southworth was a mine rich with the very materials which the readers of his paper craved, and he displayed his unfailing discernment in such matters by promptly securing her services to the exclusion of other publishers. The result notably justified his discretion, and so valuable have been Mrs. Southworth's stories to the paper that for many years Bonner paid her annually \$10,000, with no conditions attached except that he should have the first right to whatever she produced with her pen. When last year the veteran publisher retired from business and sold the paper to his sons the contract with Mrs. Southworth expired, but the old lady finds her natural force unabated and her inventive powers undimmed, for she has just completed a new novel, as long and of the same character as her earlier ones, and this is to be published by the Petersons, of Philadelphia. Authors have come and gone, new generations which knew not Joseph have sprung up, and still the demand for Mrs. Southworth's fiction goes steadily on. Peterson Bros., of Philadelphia, have just issued a complete set of her works in forty-three volumes at \$1.50 each, and it is one of the most noticeable facts concerning the works of this author, that in this age of cheap 'libraries' and paper-covered books hers have never been issued in anything but cloth, and have uniformly found their great sale at \$1.50 apiece. Of course Mrs. Southworth is a rich woman, having had the royalties from this tremendous list of books added to her steady income of \$10,000 yearly, the whole mounting up, it is said, to something like \$25,000. The authoress lives quietly after her long life of toil, but is surrounded with solid luxury, every bit of which she has the pleasure of knowing that she earned with her own hands. The mere manual labor of writing out her forty-three volumes was something enormous, for they are all large, averaging from fifty to seventy-five thousand words each, and when this is multiplied by the number of volumes, the prodigious sum of 2,150,000, at the lowest calculation, is found to be the number of words she has set upon paper, omitting all calculation of rewriting and corrections. Let one attempt writing legibly 2,000,000 words and he will form a conception of the amount of hard work Mrs. Southworth has done, even when the mental effort is not accounted for.

The latest French novels are: "*La Vocation du Comte Ghislain*," by Cherbuliez; "*Le Mari de Mme. l'Orgivaut*," by Henri Rabusson; "*Gertrude et Veronique*," by Andre Theuriet, and "*Ma Cousine Pot-au-Feu*," by Henri de Finseau. The latest German novels that can be commended are: "*Asbein*," by Ossip Schubin; "*Runnensteine*," by Wilhelm Jensen, and "*Noblesse Oblige*," by Spielhagen, the last brought over during the summer.

MAGAZINE VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Charity—Arthur Symonds—Woman's World

A beggar died last night ; his soul
Went up to God, and said :
"I come uncalled ; forgive it Lord ;
I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven
"Son, how can this thing be ?
Are not My saints on earth ? and they
Had surely succored thee."

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said
"Live holy lives of prayer ;
How shall they know of such as we !
We perish unaware."

"They strive to save our wicked souls,
And fit them for the sky ;
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat,
(Forgive !) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of heaven
In wrath and angry pain :
"O men, for whom my Son hath died,
My Son hath lived in vain !"

Sunset on the Allegheny—Marg. Deland—Harper's

When to its gracious heart has been confest
The whispered wanderings of a hundred rills,
The river saunters slowly toward the west,
Watched by the rounded, grassy-shouldered hills.

Close to its edge the meadows bask and dream,
All hazy where the level sunshine lies ;
The distant fields seem drinking from the stream,
Till, far away, it melts in reddening skies.

Slowly, as though reluctant yet to go,
The river stops with fringing trees to play,
Or fills some brook's mouth with its hidden flow,
And in a pasture makes a shining bay.

Faintly it splashes 'mid the grass and sedge
That half conceal a fallen sycamore,
But, save a murmur at the water's edge,
The evening stillness broods along the shore.

Till, like a vision, dim at first, then clear,
From out the shadowy east a raft floats slow,
And as it nears us, soft and sweet we hear
The toiling raftsmen singing as they row.

Still to the rhythm of their song they push
The heavy oar from side to side again,
And, breaking through the sunset glow and hush,
Comes suddenly the ringing, glad refrain :

"From up above My raft drifts down To you ! to you ! And, oh, my love, Your sweetheart brown Is true ! is true !	"No girl's so sweet, Up in the Pine As you ! as you ! Say, when you meet This raft of mine, I'm true ! I'm true !"
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When they are past, the slowly creaking oar
Still jars the silence that is closing round ;
The wrinkled water trembles toward the shore,
And reeds and grasses stir with faintest sound.

The soft, uncertain, hurried wind of night,
That rises when the cool gray shadows close,
Skims slowly, with a backward ripple light,
The ruffled river's deepening repose.

It strikes the water with a dim white line,
Or makes its brown breast dappled like a cloud ;
It trails the raftsmen's voices far and fine,
Then on a sudden brings them clear and loud.

It holds a lingering cadence sweet and far—
A line perhaps, or but a word or two—
And then lets silence, like a mellow bar,
Break off the song, until we hear, "To you !"

"No girl's so sweet." The wind conceals the rest,
Till, growing fainter, comes, "I'm true ! I'm true !"
Then they are lost within the yellow west,
And evening settles with its dusk and dew.

Angels Unawares—J. F. Waller—Quiver

In the hours of morn and even,
In the noon and night,
Trooping down they come from heaven,
In their noiseless flight,
To guide, to guard, to warn, to cheer us,
Mid our joys and cares.
All unseen are hovering near us
Angels unawares.

When the daylight is declining
In the western skies,
And the stars in heaven are shining
As the twilight dies,
Voices on our hearts come stealing
Like celestial airs,
To our spirit-sense revealing
Angels unawares.

O faint hearts ! what consolation
For us here below !
That angelic ministration
Guides us where we go.
Every task that is before us
Some blest spirit shares ;
Watchful eyes are ever o'er us,
Angels unawares.

Jasmine—All the Year Round

They bloom again, the fair white flowers !
They wreath the old familiar bowers
Just as they did a year ago ;
I touch, but do not pluck, a spray,
How fresh it is ! How bright and gay
Its tints of green and snow !

I touch, but do not pluck, ah no !
I gathered, just a year ago,
The last white cluster I shall pull
In all my life from these green boughs,
That clothe the dear old rugged house,
And make it beautiful.

I plucked it, I, who used to stand
And watch a well-beloved hand
Pick the first jasmine flower for me
So many summers—but last year
The jasmine bloomed and faded, dear
Unseen, untouched by thee.

But I, sore weeping in the day
Of desolation, found a spray
That lingered late, and bloomed alone.
I laid it, for the past's dear sake,
The last sad offering love could make,
In thy cold hand, my own.

Oh ! is there knowledge where thou art ?
Or doth the dim, dread river part
Thee verily from me and mine ?
The glad sun shines, the jasmine blooms,
But sorrow all my soul consumes,
Love hungers for a sign.

For one fond look from thee to me,
One pleading word from me to thee,
One, only one, it would suffice
To feel I kept my olden part
In those new musings of thine heart
At rest in Paradise.

Oh ! silence empty of a sign.
Oh ! gulf between my life and thine,
Firm fixed till I myself shall cross
The tideless waves, and find the shore
By angels guarded evermore—
Till death retrieve life's loss.

Oh ! shall I know thee, dear, above,
In God's undreamed-of land of love ?
Faith's whisper through the silence breathes :
"One waits thee in those blessed bowers,
And from the wealth of Eden flowers
Thy fadeless garland wreathes !

Silver and Gold—Edith M. Thomas—Century

Farewell, my little sweetheart,
Now fare you well and free ;
I claim from you no promise,
You claim no vows from me.
The reason why ? The reason
Right well we can uphold :
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold !

A puzzle, this, to worldings,
Whose love to lucre flies,
Who think that gold to silver
Should be a mutual prize !
But I'm not avaricious,
And you're not sordid souled ;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason
Too plainly can be seen ;
I am the winter's bond slave,
You are the summer's queen ;
Too few the years you number,
Too many I have told ;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,
I have dry leaf and rime ;
I have the sobbing vesper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger,
And you grew never old ;
Would that I had less of silver,
But you no less of gold !

A Jar of Rose-Leaves—T. W. Higginson—Scribner's

Myriad roses fade unheeded,
Yet no note of grief is needed ;
When the ruder breezes tear them,
Sung or songless, we can spare them.
But the choicest petals are
Shrined in some deep orient jar,
Rich without and sweet within,
Where we cast the rose-leaves in.

Life has jars of costlier price,
Framed to hold our memories.
There we treasure baby smiles,
Boyish exploits, girlish wiles,

All that made our childish days
Sweeter than these trodden ways
Where the Fates our fortunes spin.
Memory, toss the rose-leaves in !

What the jar holds, that shall stay ;
Time steals all the rest away.
Cast in love's first stolen word,
Bliss when uttered, bliss when heard ;
Maiden's look of shy surprise ;
Glances from a hero's eyes ;
Palms we risked our souls to win ;
Memory, fling the rose-leaves in !

Now more somber and more slow
Let the incantation grow !
Cast in shreds of rapture brief,
Subtle links 'twixt hope and grief ;
Vagrant fancy's dangerous toys ;
Covert dreams, narcotic joys
Flavored with the taste of sin ;
Memory, pour the rose-leaves in !

Quit that borderland of pain !
Cast in thoughts of nobler vein,
Magic gifts of human breath,
Mysteries of birth and death.
What if all this web of change
But prepare for scenes more strange ;
If to die be to begin ?
Memory, heap the rose-leaves in !

The Pilot's Wife—George Barlow—Belgravia

"The moon shines out, with here and there a star,
But furious cloud-ranks storm both stars and moon.
The mad sea drums upon the harbor-bar.

Will the tide slacken soon ?

O Sea, that took'st my youngest, wilt thou spare ?"
—And the Sea answered through the black night-air,
"I took thy youngest. Shall I spare to-night ?"

"The thundering breakers sweep and slash the sands ;
To westward, lo ! one line of cream-white foam ;
I raise to darkling heaven my helpless hands ;
I watch within the home.

O Sea, that took'st my eldest, wilt thou save ?"
—And the Sea answered as from out a grave,
"I slew thine eldest son for my delight."

"The giant waves plunge o'er the shingly beach :
The tawny mane ! great lions of the sea,
With pitiless roar howl down all human speech.
Is God far off from me ?

O Sea, that slewest my sons, mine husband spare !"
The Sea's wild laughter shook and rent the air !
"Lo ! on the beach a drown'd face deadly white.

A Lesson in Latin—Lewis Carroll—Boston Jabberwock

Our Latin books, in motley row,
Invite us to the task—
Gay Horace, stately Cicero ;
Yet there's one verb, when once we know,
No higher skill we ask ;
This ranks all other lore above—
We've learned "amare" means "to love !"

So hour by hour, from flower to flower,
We sip the sweets of life ;
Till, ah ! too soon the clouds arise,
And knitted brows and angry eyes
Proclaim the dawn of strife.
With half a smile and half a sigh,
"Amare ! Bitter One !" we cry.

Last night we owned, with looks forlorn,
"Too well the scholar knows
There is no rose without a thorn—"
But peace is made ! We sing, this morn,
"No thorn without a rose !"
Our Latin lesson is complete :
We've learned that love is "Bitter-sweet !"

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Although American newspaper men hold with justice that the journals of this country are, in the matter of news, without a peer, few stop to think what a delightful part of the mental feast which is spread for the general reader, is provided by the exchange editors. The scissors and the paste-pot, as well as the men who use them, have been sneered at long enough. It has come to pass that the most brainy and capable of literary workers now superintend this department of journalism. Newspapers feel the pressure of the brilliant work of their contemporaries; their editors are keenly alive to the value of the matter contained in other journals, and so it is that exchange editors, the men or women whose duty it is to scan other papers, and select the best of the matter published in them, have a most important work to do. It is to them that we owe the pages of selections which are read with so much interest, and which give us such delightful glimpses of art, literature, science or ethics. There is another side to this department of newspaper work—the acceptance of the special articles, as they are called; articles which, while not news in its strict sense, are full of interest as describing odd phases of life, inventions, adventures, scenes of travel, or any of the many, many subjects in which the quick brains of writers find subject matter. These articles generally have more of the literary flavor than do the news items which deal with hard facts. They are more carefully prepared, as a rule, and approach sometimes very nearly to what is ordinarily called a magazine style. The literary side of the newspaper is to be found in the selections, and the special articles when there is added to them the book reviews; and as it is to this that the educational effect of the journal in purely mental matters is due, its importance may be understood even by those who are only conscious of the pleasure it gives.

By the newspapers of New York this literary work is well done. One of the most interesting is the *Commercial Advertiser*, whose third page during the week, and supplement on Saturday, is made delightful by the work of Mr. Sidney Logan. The book reviews of the *Journal* are always both pleasant and instructive as written by Mr. Ernest De Lancey Pierson. Those of the *Mail and Express* have been for years the work of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, whose keenly critical taste make them a literary treat. The selected matter in the same paper is chosen by Mr. J. Foster Coates, the managing editor, and the work is done in a way that makes this portion of the *Mail and Express* a treat. Who does not know, by name at least, the author of *Helen's Babies*, Mr. John Habberton of the *Herald*. Charming as his book was, his work on the *Herald's* columns in choosing the clippings probably pleases more people during the year than even "Budge" and "Toddy." The same paper is fortunate in having the services of Miss Louise Glynn, who has charge of the religious news in the Sunday issue. The column of Notes upon Authors and Books, which is a feature in the *World*, is the work of Miss Bisland, and the mass of interesting extracts published each Sunday by that paper are chosen by Col. John A. Cockrill, the managing editor. In no part of the great work which Col. Cockrill does so smoothly is his keen judgment and appreciation of what is good more strikingly shown. Mr. John Reed, the managing editor of the *Times*, with the assistance of Mr. Anson Phillips, makes up the supplement of that paper. Mr. C. C. Starkweather of the *Journalist*, is responsible for the literary flavor of

that clever paper. The book reviews of the *Sun* have long been in the hands of Mr. Myron W. Hazeltine, whose signature, "M. W. H.," has become recognized. He is assisted by Mr. C. S. Weyman, who writes the shorter book notices. The special articles which are such a feature of this paper are, as a rule, written by members of the staff. They are read and passed by Mr. E. D. Beach and Mr. Chester S. Lord, the managing editor, a part of whose work it is to suggest subjects. The selections from other papers are made by Mr. E. M. Rewey, at one time known as "the wit of the Worcester press." The wonderfully weird stories which appear in the *Sun* from time to time are written by Mr. E. P. Mitchell, of the editorial staff.

People have an idea that Miss Jeanette Gilder, the brilliant editor of the *Critic*, is an oppressively masculine-looking woman, who always stalks about in a high, stiff collar and a frigid severity of attire. Miss Gilder is nothing of the sort. It is true that she is a woman of unusual proportions, but she dresses carelessly and comfortably, and has a dark, bright, charming face, both kindly and keen. She has no "manner" at all, but her manners are easy and agreeable; she talks well, and likes a bit of gossip as much as any other woman. She has no air of superiority whatever, in spite of the fact that she is the most successful feminine editor in America. When the *Critic* started, a few years ago, people admitted that it was ably edited, but said that it could not live, and that Miss Gilder should have taken the advice of her experienced friends and let that sort of hazardous venture alone. To-day the *Critic* has a large and steadily growing circulation, and wields an undisputed and emphatic power. It has the courage of its convictions; the ability of unusual brains; the independence of its own good taste.

It will not be long, it is to be hoped, before the memoirs or reminiscences of Mrs. Kate Chase as she calls herself now, she who was once Mrs. Sprague, will be published. For years this brilliant daughter of a Chief Justice ruled in Washington society in right of her beauty, her wit and her position, and she met all of the best known public men of the war period, and that immediately succeeding it. She knew, perhaps, more of the secret political history of her time than any other woman, and if she has only written as she can write, the book will rank alongside of the most famous memoirs of modern times. In fact from no American woman now living can we expect anything like the same delightful small talk of great measures and great men; except Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont. If she would write, then—with Mrs. Kate Chase's book—we would have two works which would rival in interest those of the famous Frenchwoman—Madame de Rémusat.

A young Philadelphia widow is about to publish a novel which will dispute the field with *From Eighteen to Twenty*. Her name is Mrs. Fox; she is young, wealthy, handsome, a picturesque Catholic, and one of the pet belles of the Quaker City. She was a Miss Daisy Hollingsworth. Her history is a pathetic one. About a year after her marriage, her maid rushed into her room exclaiming that some one had told her that a Mr. Fox had dropped dead at the station. Mrs. Fox paid no attention to her, but in a few moments her husband was brought in a corpse. She has been very sad ever since, and it is probable that her book will be cast in a minor key. The first edition of *From*

Eighteen to Twenty was exhausted in two days, and the second edition was sold before it was out. Its author, Miss Sellers, has not red hair, by the way. The papers have mixed up her personal appearance with that of her sister. She has brown hair, and is very pretty.

Barrett Wendell, a writer much celebrated in Boston, and the clever author of *The Duchess Emelia* and *Rankell's Remains*, is oppressively "English," and will not invite his father to his dinners because the old gentleman "is so thoroughly American." Wendell's books are extremely intellectual, and his art and style are perfect. But they lack incident, color and magnetism, consequently are not in demand outside of cultured Boston. The late A. T. Stewart was the original of *Rankell's Remains*; *The Duchess Emelia* was a scientific but undramatic study of reincarnation. Wendell is a professor at Harvard. *The Duchess Emelia*, although published some years ago, still sells among the purely intellectual class of readers.

And now it is discovered that most of the newspaper gossip about Amélie Rives Chanler has been misplaced. The lady has, it seems, a sister whose eccentricities have been famous in her neighborhood from the time she put on long dresses. About nine-tenths of the erratic performances laid to Mrs. Chanler's door are her sister's peculiar property. Mrs. Chanler has been living a sort of double personality. In reality she is a quiet, industrious woman, who spends most of her time at her desk. Hysterical as her writing has been, her daily life is prosaic, and furnishes no food for comment to those about her.

To deny gossip is a mighty task; to correct misinformation almost an impossibility. One of the wittiest attempts is that of Mr. A. G. Bierce, in a late issue of the *San Francisco Examiner*. Mr. Bierce, who by the way is one of the brightest writers of the English language, says: "I have been looking through Mark Twain's new *Library of Humor*, and find that it justifies its title. Possibly I am a trifle prejudiced in its favor, for the very funniest thing in it, according to my notion of humor, is a brief biography of myself. It is as follows—barring the bracketed words:

Ambrose Bierce, author of *Bierce's Fables* [I am not], was born in Akron, O. [I was not], in 1843 [I was not]. He served as a soldier in the war, and in 1865 went to San Francisco [I did not], where he was engaged in newspaper work until 1872. Then he went to London, where he had great success [I had not], and published *Bierciana* [I did not]. With the younger Tom Hood he founded *London Fun* [I did not]. He returned to California in 1877 [I did not] and is now an editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* [I am not].

"That is just like Mark Twain: he will not publish another fellow's work without tacking on something so amusing that the other chap's reads, in the shadow of it, like a call to the unconverted. I wish I had written my own biography and he the extracts from my work."

Bret Harte is still remembered in California, although he never was popular there: his disposition was not made of the same delightful ingredients as his genius. He was in the mint when he evolved his first-born and quickly left the gold heaps to assume the editorship of the *Overland Monthly*. He literally awoke one morning and found himself famous—the morning after the publication of *The Heathen Chinese*. He was very fond of playing croquet and of quoting poetry to the girls. He was at one time very devoted to Miss Alejandra Atherton, of Menlo Park, now Mrs. Rathbone, wife of the present Consul General to Paris. She is the heroine of *Maruja*, and has figured in one or two other of his stories.

Arthur Hardy, who wrote those two delightful aquarelles *But Yet a Woman* and *The Wind of Destiny*, suggests nothing of the pathetic-metaphysical, abstract-analytical in his personal appearance. He is a little sandy-colored, dried-up professor of mathematics, and one cannot imagine him the begetter of the spiritual, tragical Gladys, or of a heroine who falls on her knees and says her prayers when her lover proposes. But so it is, and there is the weird chant of the Rubaiyat through everything that he writes.

The popular authoress and newspaper writer, Eleanor Kirk is of medium height, somewhat stout, but very quick in her movements. Her face in its profile reminds one strongly of Henry Ward Beecher—a resemblance which is increased by her snow-white hair. Her correspondents frequently address her as "Miss Kirk," but she is really Mrs. E. M. Ames, and has been a widow for many years. According to Oriental ethics, she should be a happy woman, for she has been the "mother of sons," four of whom give her the maternal title in which her woman's heart rejoices, and her one daughter is never long absent from her side. Mrs. Ames has in preparation a new book which is to be entitled "Information for Authors," and is an outgrowth of her recent volume, "Periodicals that Pay Contributors." This work will be of value to all writers, young and old.

Miss Le Row, whose little book *English as She is Taught* has been so widely attributed to Mark Twain, is a plump, dark-skinned little lady, with the most bewitching of dimples in her rosy cheeks. She has an abundance of dark hair, in which silver threads begin to appear, and her clear olive complexion and bright eyes tell of that rare possession, perfect health. Her heart, brain and soul are bound up in the cause of school reform, and having been for many years a teacher of vocal and physical culture, she knows whereof she affirms. On this subject her pen is never idle, and her tongue is always ready to plead for the welfare of the children. The dedication of her forthcoming book, "To the Fathers and Mothers of America, by one who loves their children," expresses her character.

The *Baltimore Sun* says: "In the September number of *Harper's Monthly*, W. D. Howells, in the Editor's Study, after noting the writings of two young Kentucky poets, Madison Cawein and Robert Burns Wilson, and remarking that 'in them the South makes again a very valid claim to recognition for the literary impulse, which has already strikingly fulfilled itself in fiction,' pays a high compliment to a Baltimore poet, Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, by saying: 'This claim is not weakened in the thin, prim, drab-colored little book which brings from Maryland the poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese. In these, as in those of Mr. Cawein and Mr. Wilson, we fancy properties distinctly Southern, and in all there is certainly the same tendency to close, loving, and vivid pictures of nature. It might almost be called a landscape school of poetry, in the places which the attitude of the poet mainly supplies the human interest. In the poems of all three of these writers, so keenly alive to every look and tone of nature, we imagine not only the spacious receptivity of youth, but the effect of a less dense and hurried life than ours at the North. They are unconsciously true to the more sparsely peopled Southern world in their converse with woods and fields and skies, and they record a social period in terms of value both to the lover of beauty and the student of literary history.' Howells also quotes 'Sunset,' by Miss Reese, and says that the charm of the delicate little painting 'will be, for the sympathetic witness, largely in the suggestion of the environment that invited to the study of it.'" Miss Reese is a school teacher in Baltimore.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, formerly literary and musical editor of the Philadelphia Press, has taken up his permanent residence in Boston, where he is engaged in general literary work, especially in connection with Russian. Mr. Dole has a series of six lectures on Russian literature, which he has given with success in Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere. They cover the field of early literature, and treat especially of Gogol, the father of Russian realism, Turgenev as a poet, and Tolstoy as a philosopher and novelist. Much matter never before translated into English has been incorporated into these lectures.

Some audacious reprobate of a writer in the Saturday Review thus goes for our own—our irreproachable Howells: "The civilized world is deeply indebted to the genius and insight of Mr. William D. Howells, as displayed from his Editor's Study in the current number of Harper's Magazine. Mr. Howells has made a great discovery, and is as generous in imparting it to his fellow-creatures as were the young wits of Swift's time when they found out that there was no God. Mr. Howells, who is never brutal, indulges himself in the less tremendous announcement that Tennyson is, not to put too fine a point upon it, played out. The stars of Mr. Coates Kinney and Mr. Madison Cawein are in the ascendant. The star of Lord Tennyson sinks beneath a precocious flood of oblivion from Kentucky. Such, at least, is the verdict of Mr. Howells, and from the verdict of Mr. Howells, as from the sentence of Elijah Pogram, there is no appeal. Britishers may wail and knock the breast. But the edict has gone forth, the Hub of the Universe has spoken, and they must submit to their fate with such grace as they can command. Their doom has been long in coming, but it has come at last. 'Perhaps,' as Mr. Howells says in that exquisite prose which is as far above Mr. Ruskin's as Mr. Cawein's verse is above Lord Tennyson's, 'perhaps an interval of suspense in what has long seemed the highest poetry was necessary to the faculation of any new utterance.' It may be so. There are propositions which, for obvious reasons, it is impossible either to affirm or to deny. When Mr. Howells condescends to be intelligible, one is sometimes able to agree with him."

In one of her valuable syndicate letters Laura C. Holloway writes: "At a gathering of a literary kind in New York last Spring the conversation fell upon the subject of religion and the various beliefs held by people whom we individually knew. It was remarked that woman was religious as long as she was domestic, but that the moment she had a career outside of the home she became an agnostic, a freethinker or something as radical. It was the opinion of several of the talkers that woman writers were almost wholly independent of creeds and doctrines, and few, if any of them, were church members. 'What was once true of the theatrical profession exclusively is now true of the literary one,' was asserted by a noted newspaper editor, and his conclusion was approved by his listeners. The subject interested me beyond the hour, and subsequently I wrote to various writers to know their religious views."

The replies were substantially as follows: The oldest and foremost among American novelists, Harriet Beecher Stowe, answered: "As to my religious belief it is embodied in the Apostles' Creed given in the Episcopal prayer-book. As to the practical use I make of it I refer you to my writings—particularly 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and my religious poems. I have all my life sincerely endeavored to mold my life in accordance with these beliefs." Rose Terry Cooke, the poet and novelist, wrote: "You will find

my faith embodied in the Apostles' Creed. I could never have lived through my troubled life without that earnest belief." Marion Harland: "So far as my religious views go, I am a thorough churchwoman; a believer in the Bible as the Word of God, the only sure rule of faith and practice, and guide to Heaven." Julia C. R. Dorr thus answers: "I can not solve the problem of human sin and misery, nor draw the line of human accountability, nor explain how it is true that 'as a man soweth so shall he also reap.' But I do believe that all that perplexes us will one day be made clear, and meanwhile I am content to wait and to trust. In short, I find in Whittier's 'Eternal Goodness,' at once my creed and my prayer." The New England poet, Edna Dean Proctor: "No religious creed is possible to me but a belief in the boundless love of God for all His creatures, and in His intent and power to bring them all ultimately into harmony with Himself, in accordance with His perpetual invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, writes: "If, instead of asking for my religious views you had asked what I believe, 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord.'" Louise Chandler Moulton lets others speak for her. She says: "I can, perhaps, best answer your question concerning my religious faith by three quotations with which I am in sympathy. The first is from Tennyson:

'Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill—
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.
'That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That no one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.'

"The second is from Darwin, who was wont to say: 'We cannot know the unknown, but we can do our duty.' And the third is from Stevenson, who writes of Fleming Jenkin that he used to say: 'A man must be either very wise or very vain to venture to break with any generally received idea of ethics.' These quotations will reveal to you that I reverence the moral laws founded on the teaching and experience of the past—that I am conscious of my own blindness as to the meaning and destiny of life—and that I trust only in that God who is love."

Florine Thayer McCray, writing in the Ladies' Home Journal of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, says: "The author of *The Gates Ajar* is forty-four years of age, unmarried, and lives with her father at Andover, Massachusetts, at present almost incapacitated for work by ill health. She is suffering from nervous prostration induced by her intense application to literary work. Miss Phelps was born in Boston, the daughter of Rev. Austin Phelps and granddaughter, through her mother, of the Rev. Moses Stuart, one of the brightest lights of the intellectual and theological world which at one period centered about the Seminary at Andover. She inherited the literary quality from both her parents, one of her earliest sketches being published in *Hours at Home*, the magazine which merged into the first Scribner's. It was called *Magdalen*, and gave abundant promise of the strength and emotional power which has recently found such perfect expression in the wonderful story of *Jack*. Among the precious lives sacrificed in the war of the rebellion there perished one soldier, with whom died the hopes and nearly ended the life of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. But she regained her strength and threw all her energies into philanthropic

work, and after a time resumed her writing. She was only twenty, when constant thoughts of the City of the Blest and the possible condition of one who had left the gates ajar for her, suggested the giving to the world her idea of Heaven. She was two years writing the book, and it remained two years longer in the publisher's hands, coming out in 1868. While deprecated by some of her friends as the result of a morbid feeling, and received with coolness by the more conservative part of the community, who considered it trivial, *The Gates Ajar* was so startling in its originality and suggestive of a Heaven so different from the one which a crude interpretation of the Scriptures has made less attractive to humanity than its teachers wish, so agreeably suggestive of a state whose conditions must provide for the satisfaction of the whole nature, that it touched the sympathies of humanity at large, and became universally read and discussed. It has reached a sale of over 100,000 copies in the United States, and has been translated into German, French, Dutch and Italian. Miss Phelps' best known works are *Men, Women and Ghosts*, *The Story of Avis*, *Hedged In*, *Dr. Zay*, *The Madonna of the Tubs*, *An Old Maid's Paradise*, and last the heart-breaking story of Jack, the poor fisher lad, who ruined his life and died of drink. Miss Phelps' versatility is marvelous. The vigor and sparkle of *Dr. Zay*, the pathos and sympathy in the tales of the hard lines of factory and fisher-folk, the music and wistfulness in her tales of married love, and the religious imagination and yearnings in the depiction of her ideal life of the future world are rarely combined in one nature. With all her poetry and idyllic grace, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps yet writes as Millet paints peasants, with pathetic realism and a suggestion in the setting of the sea and field and sky, that nature is beautiful and God good."

Town Topics asks: "Who shall say that the days of Chesterfieldian chivalry and repartee are dead? A story comes from Richfield Springs of Edgar Saltus, who, in his most epigrammatic mood, is nothing if he is not *moyenneur*. A pert and pretty Miss, struck by the gloomy solemnity of the Master, as they are commencing to call him, was egged on to invite Mr. Saltus to run races for peanuts. She was met by a polite though astonished refusal. A moment later she returned to the charge, amid the giggles of her contemporaries. 'Mademoiselle,' answered the Master, 'to r-refuse you once is t-to express a regret; to refuse y-you twice is to resent an impertinence.' And thence forward the Anatomist of Negation was left in peace."

Dr. John M. Crawford, whose translation of *The Kalevala*, is noted on page 300, is a resident of Cincinnati, where he has lived since his graduation from Lafayette College at Easton, Pa., in 1876. A correspondent of the *New York Times* writes: "He studied medicine in Cincinnati, and has been in active practice here ever since he received his diploma. He is now Professor of Physiology and Microscopy in Pulte Homeopathic Medical College. He says his attention was first directed to *The Kalevala* while he was at Easton by Prof. Thomas C. Porter. To the translation of *The Kalevala*, Dr. Crawford says, he gave all of his leisure time, which amounted to five hours in every twenty-four, for a period of four years. He attended to his practice during the day, and from 9 in the evening till 2 in the morning worked upon the poems. That it is of unlimited antiquity he thinks is clear from the fact that it is pagan in its ideas and illusions, and throughout the whole 23,000 lines no reference is made to other European countries. When asked whether he thought Longfellow drew from *The Kalevala*, he replied, it could

not be questioned that the meter, framework, and imagery of *Hiawatha* were derived from the great Finnish poem. Dr. Crawford is much gratified at the reception which has been given to his translation, and has decided to go to Finland in the spring for the purpose of verifying and correcting his work. 'I am convinced,' he said, in closing an interview, 'that parts of *The Kalevala* are wanting, and I wish to see what can be done toward supplying them. Then, of course, it is important that I familiarize myself with the people and also with the country, including its animal and bird life. There are animals mentioned in *The Kalevala* of which I have no other knowledge.'"

Laura C. Holloway writes: "A clever and rising young literary woman of the day is Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray of Hartford, Ct., the author of the novel *Environment*, and the biographer of the Distinguished American Women series, now appearing in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. When these papers shall have been concluded in this periodical they are to be published in book form, and as they treat of the representatives of widely varied pursuits, professions and philanthropies, the work will be a valuable contribution to our national literature. Mrs. McCray's career has but just begun, for, although she has been contributing for years to Boston, Hartford and New York papers, she has not until comparatively recently been publishing books. She is ideally situated to do literary work, and her Karma, as the Buddhists would say, is a fortunate one in this life in all respects. An only daughter, with two older brothers to pet and to wait upon her, bred in polite manners and amid surroundings the most congenial, the world was a very pleasant place for the little maiden, Florine Thayer. Among Dr. Dio Lewis's pupils at Lexington, Mass., was Miss Thayer, and among her schoolmates were Rose and Una Hawthorne. An early marriage, a pure love match, which grows dearer as the time goes on, to a young gentleman of high social position and successful business career, William B. McCray of the firm of C. C. Kimball & Co., New England managers of several prominent insurance companies, marks the third era of the career of this young writer. She is in the heyday of existence, youthful, happy, the possessor of the luxuries of modern life, and surrounded by all that makes the world attractive. Mrs. McCray's home at Hartford is in the most desirable quarter of the city, a stone's throw from Mark Twain's house, and a minute's walk from Mrs. Stowe's. The social life of Hartford is exceptionally fine, and Mrs. McCray is a pronounced feature of it.

The *Tribune*: "To an Englishman who lately visited him Mr. Whittier expressed his surprise that his guest should know so much of his poetry by heart. 'I wonder,' he said, 'thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhyme. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't; but it's good.' It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea.'"

Here is a clever paragraph from the *New York World*: "The question has arisen as to which modern novelist dresses his women with the greatest taste. It is hard to tell. Again, which female writer undresses her heroines with the most unwarranted effrontery? Perhaps it's *Amélie*, perhaps it's *Ella*, perhaps it's *Laura*. Who shall say?

LITERARY STYLE—GREAT WRITERS AND THEIR ART *

It is interesting to consider the various methods by which great writers have trained themselves to perfection in their art. The other day a contemporary took the world into his confidence, and gave us a curious history of the apprenticeship he served as a man of letters. The account of Mr. R. L. Stevenson is doubly interesting, from the fact that it is specially in style, as distinct from matter, that he has won the praise of critics. The wonderful range of his vocabulary and his singular felicity in the choice of words arrested attention at the very outset of his literary career. In his case, therefore, the method he followed in attaining this perfection has a special interest. From boyhood, he tells us, it was his habit to carry about with him a notebook and pencil, and on every possible occasion to set himself to write a description of the objects around him. Such exclusive attention to mere expression—for the subject, he tells us, was entirely indifferent to him—must, it is evident, bring with it its own drawbacks. The critics, as might have been expected, have not been slow to find in the work of Mr. Stevenson distinct evidence of this peculiar self-discipline. They have all along seen, they assert, that his capital defect, as a writer, is that his expression much outruns his thinking; and they point to his early training as the evident cause of the disproportion. It is curious, however, that a somewhat similar discipline was pursued by the most exquisite of American prose writers, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Hawthorne, as is felt even by those who find little interest in his stories, is unapproachable in the art of saying the subtlest things in the simplest and most graceful way. His art in this respect is so consummate that it can be best described in Dogberry's words, as coming by nature. Yet so far is this from being the case, that all through his life, Hawthorne had that habit which Mr. Stevenson practiced in his youth. Whenever circumstances would permit, he made a point of elaborately noting all the experiences of each day. At home, for example, he set himself to describe the minute changes of nature in his daily walks. His American note book was filled with trivial details, which can have interested him only as affording scope for practice in writing. The method of acquiring a good style practiced last century—by Adam Smith, among others—was assiduous translation from great foreign writers. From this practice it was supposed that two good results must follow. In translating a sentence we have a definite thought before us, for which we must find an exact equivalent in our own speech. Hence it was supposed that the assiduous practice of translation must necessarily teach that prime quality in all good writing—precision. Readers of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography will remember how diligently he strove to acquire a good English style. The method he chiefly practiced was one which many great writers have followed. His practice was to read over a passage from some approved author, and then in his own words strive to give the same sense. By a comparison of his own composition with the original, he was taught by that most effective of all forms of instruction—the contrast between a good and a bad model. It cannot be said that Franklin with all his industry ever attained to what is called distinction of style; he writes plainly and simply and in entire keeping with his subject, but the dryness of his manner is perhaps in some measure due to the excess-

ive practice of this mechanical method in his youth. It is easy to see, indeed, that all these methods carried to excess must result in the loss of that spontaneity and individuality which should mark every man's writing not less than his speech and demeanor. When thought and experience do not keep pace with power of expression, we may have brilliancy indeed, but never that highest grace or power which belongs only to language coming straight from the heart. There is still another discipline, to the practice of which many distinguished prose writers have attributed much of their skill in the use of language. This is the practice of verse-making in youth. Undoubtedly, of all modes of literary training this is the one most likely to lead to the best results. A curious notion once prevailed that it was impossible in the nature of things to be at once a great poet and a great prose writer. In view of the history of literature, it is strange how this idea should have arisen. For magnificence of prose style no English writer has surpassed Milton. Edmund Burke took Dryden as his model in the qualities of strength and precision. For grace and simplicity, the poets Gray, Cowper and Goldsmith hold the first place in our literature. Sainte-Beuve, the greatest of French critics, is a conspicuous example of the value of such a discipline. In his youth he mistook the true bent of his genius and cultivated poetry. He afterward discovered his mistake; but he was fully aware that he could not have chosen a better mode of preparing himself for the work he afterward did. The moral of all this is that Dogberry's remark, true enough, so far as it goes, must undoubtedly be supplemented by the maxim of Pope. The stanza of the poet, the paragraph of the prose writer, where every word seems to find its place as by some inevitable law of nature, is in reality the consummate result of an apprenticeship the most stringent and exacting in the world. "At length," exclaimed Goethe—"at length, after forty years, I have learned to write German." It surprises us to learn how hard even the most original and spontaneous of poets have toiled at their art. Burns is supposed to have owed less to premeditation than almost any other poet, yet we know that he was acquainted with all the great English poets, and that he read them in such a way that no academic training could have more successfully set all his faculties at work. Heine has the reputation of being the most spontaneous of lyrical poets; yet it was reported but the other day that one of his songs which had struck every one as being as unforced as a bird's warble, was written and rewritten some half-dozen times, the poet's blurred manuscript revealing the mental struggle that had gone to its production. Mr. Philip G. Hamerton gives these particulars of his method of work, showing that a good style comes from hard careful study. "I think that there are two main qualities to be kept in view in literary composition—freshness and finish. The best way, in my opinion, of attaining both is to aim at freshness in the rough draft, with little regard to perfection of expression; the finish can be given by copious subsequent correction, even to the extent of writing all over again when there is time. Whenever possible, I would assimilate literary to pictorial execution by treating the rough draft as a rapid and vigorous sketch, without any regard to delicacy of workmanship; then I would write from this a second work, retaining as much as possible the freshness of the first, but correcting those errors due to rapidity." Genius is, perhaps, an "infinite capacity of taking pains."

* From Chambers's Journal.

THE DEVIL—SATAN SAID TO BE OF PERSIAN ORIGIN*

Taking the word Satan in its specific sense, as a proper name, we find it in the Bible signifying a spiritual invisible being, whose vocation is to tempt and mislead mankind, and who delights in man's destruction and degradation. In the Book of Job Satan is described as being familiar with the Almighty: "And the Lord said unto Satan, whence comest thou?" (Job i., 7). During the reign of David, Satan is reported to have worked against Israel. "And Satan stood up against Israel" (I. Chronicles xxi.) When the prophet Zechariah beheld in a vision the high priest Joshua standing before an angel he saw Satan by his side to resist (Zechariah iii., 1). These biblical passages have given rise to a superstitious belief which has taken deep root, not only in the hearts of our people, but also in those of the numerous adherents of Christianity and Islam. In the New Testament Satan is identified with the devil, derived from the Greek Diabolos, and is believed to be as ubiquitous and powerful as God himself. In Matthew iv., 1, Satan is reported as having tempted Jesus. St. John calls Satan a murderer, a liar. And in Revelation xii., 7, 9, it is said: "And there was war in heaven, Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, etc. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the devil and Satan," etc. It is most astonishing that Jesus, in whom Christians believe as having been God himself, was powerless in the presence of Satan, while Michael and his angels vanquished him? In the second and seventh chapters of the Koran we read that "Satan, who is there called Eblis, having disobeyed God's order to worship Adam, was hurled down from heaven," etc. Thus has Satan become the invisible ruler of Europe, western Asia and America, corrupting the innocent, defiling the pure, and degrading individuals as well as communities. But the question arises spontaneously: Who is Satan? Has Judaism given birth to such a phantom? Are the people of Israel responsible for the existence of such a demon? In order to solve these questions, we must concur in the conclusions to which our great historians and modern Bible critics have arrived, with reference to the period when those books which mention Satan as a proper name were discovered. It has been ascertained that the books Job, Daniel, Chronicles and Kings belong to that time when the children of Israel, with exception of a few who were permitted to remain in Jerusalem, were transported by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon. There they came in contact with the Persians, whose religion consisted in fire worshiping and believing in a deity of a dual form, in Ormuzd, the creator of light and good, and Ahriman, the originator of darkness and evil. This belief of the Persians was during the time of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, improved by Zoroaster, who was the propagator of Monotheism, teaching that there was before the world's creation but one omnipotent God who, by his word, called into being two good angels, Ormuzd and Ahriman. But the latter corrupted his ways, and thus became ruler of darkness and evil. Now, as the people of Israel found in the land of their captivity a nation whose principal belief in God bore such a striking resemblance to their own, they soon became closely attached to them, and imbued with their belief in Ahriman, whose name they changed afterward into Satan, which found entrance into the Bible. Persian superstitious religious ideas took a strong hold of our people's imagination,

yes, even of that of our prophets. "The names of the angels"—says the Talmud Jerushalmi of Rosa Hashana—"did the people of Israel bring with them from Babylon during the reign of Cyrus." Thus the Christian world is indebted for the invention of Satan, who embellishes their Testament, not to the Jews, but to the Persians. Also the believers in Kabbalah are indebted for the nomenclature of angels and demons which they possess to nobody else but to the Persians. The Persian doctrines of angelology and demonology have impressed the majority of our people so that they adhere to it up to the present day. This doctrine has become the nucleus of many of our prayers. The Kabbalistic rabbis have even gone a step further, and have identified Satan with the serpent which enticed Adam and Eve to trespass against God's commandments. And gradually they have advanced him to the high position of Malach Hamovess, angel of death. Hence, one of the sages says: "Hu, Hasatan, Hu Hajezer hora, Hu Hamalach hamovess." "The Satan, the enticer to evil, and the angel of death are one and the same being." This view, however, was not shared by all rabbis. There were many who bitterly opposed it. The Talmud B'rachoth, page 33, relates: "In the place where Rabbi Chanina ben Dosa resided a serpent endangered the lives of the people. The rabbi succeeded in doing away with the serpent and convincing the people that not the serpent killeth, but sin." This story intimates the idea that Rabbi Chanina ben Dosa worked to destroy the prevalent belief that the old serpent Nachash Hakadmony was the Malach Hamovess who hurls people into untimely graves. The rabbi endeavored to show that untimely death is due to some cheth, yes, some deviation from God's precepts which are compatible with the divine and supreme laws of nature in the world.

From this it appears that the devil has no business in the Bible. He is an imposter—a standing fraud. Discussing the devil, the National Review says: "To gain his end there were no pains the devil would not take, no situation in which he would not place himself. He assumed the likeness of an elegant young man in order to lead astray a girl called Maricken. Through her means he gained more than a thousand souls, but was at last robbed of his chief victim and accomplice through the efforts of her uncle, a holy priest. He clothed himself with the body of a beautiful princess of Constantinople, lately dead, in order to marry Baldwin, Count of Flanders, on account of the unrivaled opportunities for evil which this position would give him. And he acted for thirteen years as lady's maid to a Portuguese woman named Lupa, but was robbed of his prey after all; for since, amid all her wickedness, she had not ceased to reverence St. Francis and his disciple St. Anthony, they brought her the habit of their order on her deathbed, and so saved her from the clutches of the fiend. Yet, in spite of all this zeal and versatility, he cannot be acquitted of the grave fault of sometimes wasting his time. It could, for instance, serve no great purpose for the devils to leap about the refectory tables of St. Dominic's convent. And from the time which he devoted to teaching in the Black School he did not reap an unmixed benefit; for, though 'the devil took the hindmost,' this was sometimes the man's cloak or his shadow, and his more able pupils, such as Sæmundr the Learned, learned among other accomplishments, to exorcise and cheat their great and wily teacher."

* Jewish Rabbi, in Menorah Monthly.

FROM THE ROMANCE—"WHAT DREAMS MAY COME"*

The plot of this weird book is briefly as follows: The curtain rises in Constantinople. Time, the early part of the century. Place, a reception at the house of the English Ambassador, Sir Dafyd ap Penrhyn. His wife, Lady Sionèd, is detected in an intrigue with Lionel Dartmouth, a poet, by the husband, who kills both. The scene then changes to Paris in modern days, and Harold Dartmouth, the grandson of Lionel, meets Weir Penrhyn, the daughter of Sir Iltud Penrhyn, falls in love with her, and they become engaged. Before marriage, and while Harold is visiting Weir at her home in an old Welsh castle, the lovers experience the symptoms of reincarnation—Harold is Lionel Dartmouth—Weir, Lady Sionèd. Weir's queer story of her death and resurrection, and the meeting of the ancient lovers in Harold's dramatic dream, are here given. Harold is questioning Weir regarding her childhood.

"How old were you when your mother died?"

She moved with the nervous motion habitual to her whenever her mother's name was mentioned. "I was about nine," she said.

"Nine? And yet you remember nothing of her? Weir, it is impossible that you cannot remember her."

"I do not remember her," she said.

"I saw her picture in the library to-night. She must have been very beautiful, but like you only in being dark. Otherwise, there is not a trace of resemblance. But surely you must remember her, Weir; you are joking. I can remember when I was four years of age perfectly, and many things that happened."

"I remember nothing that happened before I was nine years old," she said.

He bent down suddenly and looked into her face. "Weir, what do you mean? There is always an uncomfortable suggestion of mystery whenever one speaks of your mother or your childhood. What is the reason you cannot remember? Did you have brain fever, and when you recovered, find your mind a blank? Such things have happened."

"No," she said, desperately, as if she had nerved herself for an effort. "That was not it. I have often wanted to tell you, but I cannot bear to speak of it. The old horror always comes back when I think of it. But I feel that I ought to tell you before we are married, and I will do so now since we are speaking of it. I did not have brain fever, but when I was nine years old—I died."

"You what?"

"Yes, it is true. They called it catalepsy, a trance; but it was not; I was really dead. I was thrown from a horse a few months after my mother's death, and killed instantly. They laid me in the family vault, but my father had ice put about me and would not have me covered, and went every hour to see me, as he told me afterward. I remember nothing; and they say that when people are in a trance they are conscious of everything that passes around them. I knew nothing until one night I suddenly opened my eyes and looked about me. It was just such a night as this, only in mid-winter; the wind was howling and shrieking, and the terrible gusts shook the vault in which I lay. The ocean roared like thunder, and I could hear it hurl itself in its fury against the rocks at the foot of the castle. A lamp was burning at my feet, and by its flicker-

ing light I could see in their niches on every side of me the long lines of dead who had lain there for centuries. And I was alone with them, locked in with them; no living creature within call! And I was so deathly cold. There was a great block of ice on my chest, and slabs of it were packed about my limbs so tightly that I could not move. I could only feel that horrible, glassy cold which I knew had frozen the marrow in my bones and turned my blood to jelly; and the pain of it was something which I have no words to describe. I tried to call out, but the ice was on my chest, and I could hardly breathe. Then for a moment I lay trying to collect my thoughts. I did not know where I was. I did not know that I was in the vault of my ancestors. I only felt that I had been wandering and wandering in some dim, far-off land, looking for some one I could never find, and that suddenly I had come into another world and found rest. But although I did not know that I was in the vault at Rhyd-Alwyn, and that my name was Weir Penrhyn, I knew that I was laid out as a corpse, and that the dead were about me. Child as I was, it seemed to me that I must go frantic with the horror of the thing, stretched out in that ghastly place, a storm roaring about me, bound hand and foot, unable to cry for help. I think that if I had been left there all night I should have died again or lost my mind, but in a moment I heard a noise at the grating and men's voices.

"I must go in and see her once more," I heard a strange voice say. 'It seems cruel to leave her alone in this storm.' And then a man came in and bent over me. In a moment he called sharply, 'Madoc!—bring me the light.' And then another man came, and I looked up into two strange, eager, almost terrified faces. I heard incoherent and excited voices, then the ice was dashed off my chest and I was caught up in a pair of strong arms and borne swiftly to the house. They took me to a great blazing fire and wrapped me in blankets and poured hot drinks down my throat, and soon that terrible chill began to leave me and the congealed blood in my veins to thaw. And in a few days I was as well as ever again. But I remembered no one. I had to become acquainted with them all as with the veriest strangers. I had the natural intelligence of my years, but nothing more. Between the hour of my soul's flight from its body and that of its return it had been robbed of every memory. I remembered neither my mother nor any incident of my childhood. I could not find my way over the castle, and the rocks on which I had lived since infancy were strangers to me. Everything was a blank up to the hour when I opened my eyes and found myself between the narrow walls of a coffin." * * *

It was eleven o'clock when they parted for the night.

Dartmouth went up to his room and sat down at his desk to write a letter to his father. In a moment he threw down the pen; he was not in a humor for writing. He picked up a book (he never went to bed until he felt sleepy), and crossed the room and sat down before the fire. But he had not read two pages when he dropped it with an exclamation of impatience: the story Weir had told him was written between every line. She had told it so vividly and realistically that she had carried him with her and almost curdled his blood. He had answered her with a joke, because, in spite of the fact that he had been strongly affected, he was angry as well. He hated

* See review, page 287.

melodrama, and the idea of Weir having had an experience which read like a sensational column in a newspaper was extremely distasteful to him. He sympathized with her with all his heart, but he had a strong distaste for anything which savored of the supernatural. Nevertheless, he was obliged to acknowledge that this horrible, if commonplace experience of Weir's had taken possession of his mind, and refused to be evicted. The scene kept presenting itself in all its details again and again, and finally he jumped to his feet in disgust and determined to go to the long gallery which overhung the sea, and watch the storm. Rhyd-Alwyn was built on a steep cliff directly on the coast, and exposed to all the fury of the elements. In times of storm, and when the waves were high, the spray flew up against the lower windows.

He left his room and went down the wide hall, then turned into a corridor, which terminated in a gallery that had been built as a sort of observatory. The gallery was long and very narrow, and the floor was bare. But there were seats under the windows, and on a table were a number of books; it was a place Dartmouth and Weir were very fond of when it was not too cold.

It was a clear, moonlit night, in spite of the storm. There was no rain; it was simply a battle of wind and waves. Dartmouth stood at one of the windows and looked out over the angry waters. The billows were piling one above the other, black, foam-crested, raging like wild animals beneath the lash of the shrieking wind. Moon and stars gazed down calmly, almost wonderingly, holding their unperturbed watch over the war below. Sublime, forceful, the sight suited the somewhat excited condition of Dartmouth's mind. Moreover, he was beginning to feel that one of his moods was insidiously creeping upon him, not an attack like the last, but a general feeling of melancholy. If he could only put that wonderful scene before him into verse, what a solace and distraction the doing of it would be! He could forget—he pulled himself together with something like terror. In another moment there would be a repetition of that night in Paris. The best thing he could do was to go back to his room and take an anodyne.

He turned to leave the gallery, but as he did so he paused suddenly. Far down, at the other end, something was slowly coming toward him. The gallery was very long and ill-lighted by the narrow, infrequent windows, and he could not distinguish whom it was. He stood, however, involuntarily waiting for it to approach him. But how slowly it came, as one groping or one walking in a dream! Then, as it gradually neared him, he saw that it was a woman, dimly outlined, but still unmistakably a woman. He spoke, but there was no answer, nothing but the echo of his voice through the gallery. Some one trying to play a practical joke upon him! Perhaps it was Weir; it would be just like her. He walked forward quickly, but before he had taken a dozen steps, the advancing figure came opposite one of the windows, and the moonlight fell about it. Dartmouth started back and caught his breath as if some one had struck him. For a moment his pulses stood still, and sense seemed suspended. Then he walked quickly forward and stood in front of her.

"Sionéd!" he said in a low voice which thrilled through the room. "Sionéd!" He put out his hand and took hers. It was ice-cold, and its contact chilled him to the bone; but his clasp grew closer and his eyes gazed into hers with passionate longing.

"I am dead," she said. "I am dead, and I am so cold." She drew closer and peered up into his face. "I have found you at last," she went on, "but I wandered so far. There was no nook or corner of Eternity in which I did

not search. But although we went together, we were hurled to the opposite poles of space before our spiritual eyes had met, and an unseen hand directed us ever apart. I was alone, alone, in a great, gray, boundless land, with but the memory of those brief moments of happiness to set at bay the shrieking host of regrets and remorse and repentance which crowded about me. I floated on and on and on for millions and millions of miles; but of you, my one thought on earth, my one thought in Eternity, I could find no trace, not even the whisper of your voice in passing. I tossed myself upon a hurrying wind and let it carry me whither it would. It gathered strength and haste as it flew, and whirled me out into the night, nowhere, everywhere. And then it slackened—and moaned—and then, with one great sob, it died, and once more I was alone in space and an awful silence. And then a voice came from out the void and said to me, 'Go down; he is there;' and I knew that he meant to Earth, and for a moment I rebelled. To go back to that—But on Earth there had been nothing so desolate as this—and if you were there! So I came—and I have found you at last."

She put her arms about him and drew him down onto the low window-seat. He shivered at her touch, but felt no impulse to resist her will, and she pressed his head down upon her cold breast. Then, suddenly, all things changed; the gallery, the moonlight, the white-robed, ice cold woman faded from sense. The storm was no longer in his ears nor were the waves at his feet. He was standing in a dusky Eastern room, familiar and dear to him. Tapestries of rich stuffs were about him, and the skins of wild animals beneath his feet. Beyond, the twilight stole through a window, but did not reach where he stood. And in his close embrace was the woman he loved, with the stamp on her face of suffering, of desperate resolution, and of conscious, welcomed weakness. And in his face was the regret for wasted years and possibilities, and a present, passionate gladness; that he could see in the mirror of the eyes over which the lids were slowly falling. * * * And the woman wore a clinging, shining yellow gown, and a blaze of jewels in her hair. What was said he hardly knew. It was enough to feel that a suddenly-born, passionate joy was making his pulses leap and his head reel; to know that heaven had come to him in this soft, quiet Southern night. * * *

Dartmouth opened his eyes and looked about him. The storm had died, the waves were at rest, and he was alone. He let his head fall back against the frame of the window, and his eyes closed once more. What a dream!—so vivid!—so realistic! Was it not his actual life? Could he take up the threads of another? He felt ten years older; and, retreating down the dim, remote corridors of his brain, were trooping memories of a long regretted, troubled, eventful past. In a moment they had vanished like ghosts and left no trace; he could recall none of them. He opened his eyes again and looked down the gallery, and gradually his perceptions grasped its familiar lines, and he was himself once more. He rose to his feet and put his hand to his head. That woman whom he had taken for the ghost of one dead and gone had been Weir, of course. She had arisen in her sleep and attired herself like the grandmother whose living portrait she was; she had piled up her hair and caught her white gown up under her bosom; and, in the shadows and mystery of night, small wonder that she had looked as if the canvas in the gallery below had yielded her up! But what had her words meant?—her words, and that dream?—but no—they were not what he wanted. There had been something else—what was it?

KALEVALA—THE GREAT FINNISH EPIC POEM*

It is now nearly fifty years since the European scholars made the most remarkable literary discovery of the century, the existence of the Kalevala, or Finnish epic poem. The epic had never been committed to writing by the people of Finland, but had floated from generation to generation down the ages by repetition from one to the other. While there were men among the Finns who, like those trained to recite the Vedic poems in India, made it almost their business in life to preserve and perpetuate the Kalevala, the poem was the common property of the people, and was recited by them over their fires during the long winter months. These recitations were antiphonal in character, alternate lines being given by each to the music of the rude native harp, the Kantele. The professional minstrels, the Kanteletar, had for their great attraction this splendid epic, and they found that it never lost its attraction for their audiences. The work of recording the poem was done by Dr. Lonnrot and Matthias Alexander Castren, who made many extensive and perilous journeys to obtain the original direct from the people. In an essay upon the Kalevala, written by Prof. T. C. Porter, and published in the *Mercersburg Quarterly Review*, at Lancaster, Pa., in 1856, the following description of the editions, and the poem is given: "Lonnrot's first version in the Finnish language appeared in 1835; his second, embracing fifty runes and 22,793 lines, in 1849. Castren's translation into the Swedish, was published in 1841; Borg's (of the Lemminkainen cycle) in 1852; Le Duc's, into the French, in 1845, and Schiefner's, into the German, in the year 1852. This wonderful poem, the creation of an unknown author (if, indeed, it be the work of one and not of many minds), has sung itself, for centuries, into, if not out of, the heart of a whole nation. "The Unconscious is alone the Complete," and it seems to have been poured out instinctively as the song of a bird, from the promptings of an inward impulse. The vigor of its lines and their naïve simplicity continually remind the reader of Homer. In it, as in a mirror, are reflected with surprising distinctness the manners and customs of a primitive race, blended with their wild and fanciful mythology, whilst the physical features of the land of its birth, the lakes, the waterfalls, the craggy promontories, the gloomy pine-forests, and the wild animals peculiar to that northern region, form a background, which lends to its pictures an indescribable charm. As far as we know, there is nothing like it in any other literature, save the recent poem, whose name is cited above."

The publication of *Hiawatha*, by Longfellow, at once raised the question as to whether he had taken it from the Kalevala. As may be seen by any one who will compare the two, the resemblances are more than striking. As a matter of course, such an accusation against Longfellow did not go unchallenged, and he found many warm defenders. Those who accused him of plagiarism made out a strong case. A letter from William Howitt was published in the *London Athenæum*, in which he uses this language: "Allow me to add to the pleasure, which your interesting article on Longfellow's new poem will undoubtedly have given to the public, the information that the meter which he has adopted, and which you justly praise, is the old national meter of Finland. It is the meter of the Kalevala, the great national epic." An answer soon followed denying the fact, and pointing out the trochees of the Spanish

dramatists, Lope de Vega and Calderon, as the true prototypes. Mr. Howitt rejoins; and last of all, we have a communication from the German poet, Freiligrath, now living in London, which is certainly conclusive. He writes thus: "The case, briefly recapitulated, stands thus at present: Mr. Howitt correctly refers the measures of Mr. Longfellow's new poem to the Finns; Mr. McCarthy, on the other hand, attributes it to the Spaniards. There is not the least doubt but that Mr. Howitt, in his assertions about the measure of *Hiawatha*, is perfectly right—though perhaps he was led to them more by his poetical judgment and metrical tact, than by a precise consciousness of a fact which, once acknowledged, cannot but place the question beyond the range of further dispute. Essentially, Mr. Howitt has alluded to this fact when he speaks 'of those repetitions of epithets, phrases, and lines which abound in the Finlandic poetry;' but he seems not to be aware that these 'repetitions' not only 'abound' in the runes—that they are by no means accidental and arbitrary—but that they form altogether a characteristic and distinguishing feature of this poetry, that they are a rule and a law of it. The law, to name it at once, is parallelism, viz.: The repetition of the same thought, differently expressed, in two, sometimes even in three or four succeeding lines. Parallelism, together with a twofold sort of alliteration, is the peculiar attribute of Finlandic poetry—and a most remarkable one, I must add, indicating it would seem, an Oriental origin of these Northern songs. I will not say that *Hiawatha* is written 'in the old national meter of Finland;' but there can be no doubt that it is written in a modified Finnish meter. Apart from all internal evidence, which is of itself sufficient to put the matter beyond all question, I may mention that, in the summer of 1842, when Mr. Longfellow was on the Rhine, we often amused ourselves with the meter and subjects of the songs of Finland."

Commenting upon this, Prof. Porter says: "There can be no doubt, then, that Mr. Longfellow has used 'a modified Finnish meter,' modified, however, not by him, but by the labors of Castren and Schiefner. 'And had he no right so to do? Has any one taken out a patent for Trochaic verse?' indignantly asks an angry critic. The answer is plain. If a poet use common or well-known measures, no one blames him for keeping silence, because they have become common property, and in this case there is no danger of mistake. But, if the form of his entire epic be derived from a distant, foreign and obscure source, of which the great mass of his readers are ignorant and likely to remain so, then are they justly entitled to a knowledge of the fact at his hands—and for the very good reason—in order to render honor where honor is due. Had Mr. Longfellow invented this verse, it would stand as the most brilliant achievement of his life, and give him a fair claim to be called poet in the emphatic sense of the word. And although his name could never have been associated with it adjectively, as that of Spenser with his measure, posterity would not have been unmindful of his fame. But the resemblance does not lie in the meter only. The general plan and structure of the two poems, the Finnish and the American, are the same. Mr. Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches and History of the Indian Tribes*, which furnish the chief staple of the *Song of Hiawatha*, contain nothing but loose, disjointed, independent, fragmentary legends. There is no relation between them—

* Translated by John Martin Crawford—J. B. Alden, New York.

no such thing as a connected tale of Hiawatha and his exploits, taken down from the mouth of Indian bard, or musician,

'Nawadaha, the sweet singer;'

in other words, no nucleus of an epic. All this is the work of the poet, who has evidently chosen Kalevala as his model. The runes are alike; the preludes are alike. Both heroes are mythological personages—Wainomoinen, the son of the Storm Wind and the Daughter of the Air, who comes down into the sea and is there wooed by him, and Hiawatha the son of Mudjekeewis, the West Wind and Wenonah, whose mother, Nokomis, 'in the unremembered ages, fell from the full moon.' After numberless magical adventures, Wainomoinen, the benefactor and teacher of the people and the noblest representative of heathenism, takes his departure at the birth of the Christ-Child, whom he baptizes; Hiawatha, after leading a life similar in every respect, retires at the approach of the

Jesuit missionary, 'the Black-Robed chief, the Pale-face,' who came to the people, and

'Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour.'

Both departed in a like manner—sailed away far over the blue waves and disappeared from the eyes of the spectators, in the horizon, their boats hanging midway between heaven and earth. If this brief outline does not satisfy, a fuller comparison will convince every unprejudiced mind that the Hiawatha is fashioned strictly after Kalevala."

Were there nothing else to interest us in the latest translation of the Kalevala by Dr. J. M. Crawford, such a charge would be sufficient. But in point of fact the poem is full of beautiful imagery, and it breathes a spirit as racy and as unique as anything in literature. It will more than repay perusal, as can be seen from the brief extracts here given. The whole poem consists of fifty runes, each rune containing several hundred lines.

Prelude of Kalevala

These are words in childhood taught me,
Songs preserved from distant ages,
Legends they that once were taken
From the belt of Wainamoinen,
From the forge of Ilmarinen,
From the sword of Kaukomieli,
From the bow of Youkahainen,
From the pastures of the Northland,
From the meads of Kalevala.
These my dear old father sang me
When at work with knife and hatchet;
These my tender mother taught me
When she twirled the flying spindle,
When a child upon the matting
By her feet I rolled and tumbled.
Incantations were not wanting
Over Sampo and o'er Louhi,
Sampo growing old in singing,
Louhi ceasing her enchantment.
In the songs died wise Wipunen,
At the games died Lemminkainen.
There are many other legends,
Incantations that were taught me,
That I found along the wayside,
Gathered in the fragrant copses,
Blown me from the forest branches,
Culled among the plumes of pine-trees,
Scented from the vines and flowers,
Whispered to me as I followed
Flocks in land of honeyed meadows,
Over hillocks green and golden,
After sable-haired Murikki,
And the many-colored Kimmo,
Many runes the cold has taught me,
Many lays the rain has brought me. . . .

Bridal Counsel—Kalevala

When thy second mother hastens
To thy husband's home and kindred,
In her hand a corn-meal measure,
Haste thou to the court to meet her,
Happy-hearted, bow before her,
Take the measure from her fingers,
Happy, bear it to thy husband.
If thou shouldst not see distinctly
What demands thy next attention,
Ask at once thy hero's mother:
"Second mother, my beloved,
Name the task to be accomplished
By thy willing second daughter,
Tell me how to best perform it."
This should be the mother's answer. . . .

Prelude of Hiawatha

Should you ask me whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great Lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes:
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician and sweet-singer."
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the birds' nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the ery of the eagle!
All the wild fowl sang them to him,
In the moor-lands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chet-o-waik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mush-ko-dasa!" . . .

The Bride's Farewell—Kalevala

Then the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Beauteous bride of Ilmarinen,
Sighing heavily and moaning,
Fell to weeping, heavy-hearted,
Spake these words from depths of sorrow:
"Near, indeed, the separation,
Near, alas! the time for parting,
Near the time of my departure;
O the anguish of the parting,
O the pain of separation,
From these walls renowned and ancient,
From this village of the Northland,
From these scenes of peace and plenty,
Where my faithful mother taught me,
Where my father gave instruction. . . .

MARRIAGE—A RADICAL AND INCENDIARY OPINION*

It is not difficult to find people mild and easy-going about religion, and even politics may be regarded with wide-minded tolerance; but broach social subjects, and English men and women at once become alarmed and talk about the foundations of society and the sacredness of the home! Yet the particular form of social life, or of marriage, to which they are so deeply attached, has by no means existed from time immemorial; in fact, modern marriage, with its satellite ideas, only dates as far back as the age of Luther. Of course the institution existed long before, but our particular mode of regarding it can be traced to the era of the Reformation, when commerce, competition, the great *bourgeois* class, and that remarkable thing called "Respectability," also began to rise.

Before entering upon the history of marriage, it is necessary to clear the ground for thought upon this subject by a protest against the careless use of the words "human nature," and especially "woman's nature." History will show us, if anything will, that human nature has an apparently limitless adaptability, and that therefore no conclusion can be built upon special manifestations which may at any time be developed. Such development must be referred to certain conditions, and not be mistaken for the eternal law of being. With regard to "woman's nature," concerning which innumerable contradictory dogmas are held, there is so little really known about it, and its power of development, that all social philosophies are more or less falsified by this universal though sublimely unconscious ignorance.

The difficulties of friendly intercourse between men and women are so great, and the false sentiments induced by our present system so many and so subtle, that it is the hardest thing in the world for either sex to learn the truth concerning the real thoughts and feelings of the other. If they find out what they mutually think about the weather it is as much as can be expected—consistently, that is, with genuine submission to present ordinances. Thinkers, therefore, perforce take no count of the many half-known and less understood ideas and emotions of women, even as these actually exist at the moment, and they make still smaller allowance for potential developments which at the present crisis are almost incalculable. Current phrases of the most shallow kind are taken as if they expressed the whole that is knowable on the subject.

There is in fact no social philosophy, however logical and far-seeing on other points, which does not lapse into incoherence as soon as it touches the subject of women. The thinker abandons the thought-laws which he has obeyed until that fatal moment; he forgets every principle of science previously present to his mind, and he suddenly goes back centuries in knowledge and in the consciousness of possibilities, making schoolboy statements, and "babbling of green fields" in a manner that takes away the breath of those who have listened to his former reasoning, and admired his previous delicacies of thought-distinction. Has he been overtaken by some afflicting mental disease? Or does he merely allow himself to hold one subject apart from the circulating currents of his brain, judging it on different principles from those on which he judges every other subject?

Whatever be the fact, the results appear to be identical. A sudden loss of intellectual power would have exactly

this effect upon the opinions which the sufferer might hold on any question afterwards presented to him. Suddenly fallen from his high mental estate, our philosopher takes the same view of women as certain Indian theologians took of the staple food of their country.† "The Great Spirit," they said, "made all things, except the wild rice, but the wild rice came by chance." The Muse of History, guided by that of Science, eloquently protests against treating any part of the universe as "wild rice;" she protests against the exclusion of the ideas of evolution, of natural selection, of the well-known influence upon organs and aptitudes of continued use or disuse, influence which every one has exemplified in his own life, which every profession proves, and which is freely acknowledged in the discussion of all questions except those in which women form an important element. "As she was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be——!"

There is a strange irony in this binding of women to the evil results in their own natures of the restrictions and injustice which they have suffered for generations. We chain up a dog to keep watch over our home; we deny him freedom, and in some cases, alas! even sufficient exercise to keep his limbs supple and his body in health. He becomes dull and spiritless, he is miserable and ill-looking, and if by any chance he is let loose, he gets into mischief and runs away. He has not been used to liberty or happiness, and he cannot stand it.

Humane people ask his master: "Why do you keep that dog always chained up?"

"Oh! he is accustomed to it; he is suited for the chain; when we let him loose he runs wild."

So the dog is punished by chaining for the misfortune of having been chained, till death releases him. In the same way we have subjected women for centuries to a restricted life, which called forth one or two forms of domestic activity; we have rigorously excluded (even punished) every other development of power; and we have then insisted that the consequent adaptations of structure, and the violent instincts created by this distorting process, are, by a sort of compound interest, to go on adding to the distortions themselves, and at the same time to go on forming a more and more solid ground for upholding the established system of restriction, and the ideas that accompany it. We chain, because we *have chained*. The dog must not be released, because his nature has adapted itself to the misfortune of captivity.

He has no revenge in his power; he must live and die, and no one knows his wretchedness. But the woman takes her unconscious vengeance, for she enters into the inmost life of society. *She* can pay back the injury with interest. And so she does, item by item. Through her, in a great measure, marriage becomes what Milton calls a "drooping and disconsolate household captivity," and through her influence over children she is able to keep going much physical weakness and disease which might, with a little knowledge, be readily stamped out; she is able to oppose new ideas by the early implanting of prejudice; and, in short, she can hold back the wheels of progress, and send into the world human beings likely to wreck every attempt at social reorganization that may be made, whether it be made by men or by gods.‡

† See Tylor's *Primitive Culture*.

* Mona Caird in *Westminster Review*. This article has created a great stir in England. For further particulars see editorial comment.

‡ With regard to the evil effects of ignorance in the management of young children, probably few people realize how much avoidable pain

Seeing, then, that the nature of women is the result of their circumstances, and that they are not a sort of human "wild rice," come by chance or special creation, no protest can be too strong against the unthinking use of the term "woman's nature." An unmanageable host of begged questions, crude assertions, and unsound habits of thought are packed into those two hackneyed words.

Having made this protest, we propose to take a brief glance at the history of marriage, then to consider marriage at the present day, and finally to discuss the marriage of the future. We begin with a time when there was no such thing as monogamy, but it is not necessary for our purpose to dwell upon that age. The first era that bears closely upon our subject is the matriarchal age, to which myths and folk-lore, in almost all countries, definitely point. The mother was the head of the family, priestess, and instructor in the arts of husbandry. She was the first agriculturist, the first herbalist, the initiator (says Karl Pierson) of all civilization. Of this age many discoveries have lately been made in Germany. The cave in which the mother took shelter and brought up her family was the germ of a "home." The family knew only one parent: the mother; her name was transmitted, and property—when that began to exist—was inherited through her, and her only. A woman's indefeasible right to her own child of course remained unquestioned, and it was not until many centuries later that men resorted to all kinds of curious devices with a view of claiming authority over children, which was finally established by force, entirely irrespective of moral right.

The idea of right always attaches itself in course of time to an established custom which is well backed by force; and at the present day even persons of high moral feeling see no absurdity in the legal power of a man to dispose of his children contrary to the will of their mother. Not only does the man now claim a right to interfere, but he actually claims sole authority in cases of dispute. This would be incredible were it not a fact.

During the mother-age, some men of the tribe became wandering hunters, while others remained at home to till the soil. The hunters, being unable to procure wives in the woods and solitudes, used to make raids upon the settlements and carry off some of the women. This was the origin of our modern idea of *possession* in marriage. The woman became the property of the man. His own by right of conquest. Now the wife is his own by right of law.

It is John Stuart Mill, we believe, who says that woman was the first being who was enslaved. A captured wife probably lost her liberty even before animals were pressed into man's service. In Germany, in early times, women were in the habit of dragging the plough. This and many similar facts, we may remark in passing, show that there is no inherent difference in physical strength between the two sexes, and that the present great difference is probably induced by difference of occupation extending backward over many generations.

The transition period of the mother-age to the father-age was long and painful. It took centuries to deprive the woman of her powerful position as head of the family, and of all the superstitious reverence which her knowledge of primitive arts and of certain properties of herbs, besides her

influence as priestess, secured her. Of this long struggle we find many traces in old legends, in folk-lore, and in the survival of customs older than history. Much later, in the witch-persecutions of the Middle Ages, we come upon the remnants of belief in the woman's superior power and knowledge, and the determination of man to extinguish it.* The awe remained in the form of superstition, but the old reverence was changed to antagonism. We can note in early literature the feeling that women were evil creatures eager to obtain power, and that the man was nothing less than a coward who permitted this low and contemptible influence to make way against him.

During the transition period, capture-marriages, of course, met with strenuous opposition from the mother of the bride, not only as regarded the high-handed act itself, but also in respect to the changes relating to property which the establishment of father-rule brought about. Thus we find a hereditary basis for the (no doubt) divinely instilled and profoundly natural repugnance of a man for his mother-in-law! This sentiment can claim the authorities of centuries, and almost equal rank as a primitive and sacred impulse of our nature with the maternal instinct itself. Almost might we speak of it tenderly and melliflously as "beautiful."

On the spread of Christianity and the ascetic doctrines of its later teachers, feminine influence received another check. "Woman!" exclaims Tertullian with startling frankness, "thou art the gate of hell!" This is the keynote of the monastic age. Woman was an ally of Satan, seeking to lead men away from the paths of righteousness. She appears to have succeeded very brilliantly! We have a century of almost universal corruption, ushering in the period of the Minne-singers and the troubadours, or what is called the age of chivalry. In spite of a licentious society, this age has given us the previous germ of a new idea with regard to sex-relationship, for art and poetry now began to soften and beautify the cruder passion, and we have the first hint of a distinction which can be quite clearly felt between love as represented by classical authors and what may be called modern or romantic love—as a recent writer named it. This nobler sentiment, when developed and still further inwoven with ideas of modern growth, forms the basis of the ideal marriage, which is founded upon a full attraction and expression of the whole nature.

But this development was checked, though the idea was not destroyed, by the Reformation. It is to Luther and his followers that we can immediately trace nearly all the notions that now govern the world with regard to marriage. Luther was essentially coarse and irreverent towards the oppressed sex; he placed marriage on the lowest possible platform, and, as one need scarcely add, he did not take women into counsel in a matter so deeply concerning them. In the age of chivalry the marriage-tie was not at all strict, and our present ideas of "virtue" and "honor" were practically non-existent. Society was in what is called a chaotic state; there was extreme license on all sides, and although the standard of morality was far severer for the woman than for the man, still she had more or less liberty to give herself as passion dictated, and society tacitly accorded her a right of choice in matters of love. But Luther ignored all the claims of passion in a woman; in fact, she had no recognized claims whatever; she was not permitted to object to any part in life that might be assigned her; the notion of resistance to his decision never occurred to him—her rôle was one of duty and of service; she figured as the legal property of a man, the safeguard against sin, and the victim of that vampire "Respectability" which

is endured, and how much weakness in after-life is traceable to the absurd traditional modes of treating infants and children.

The current ideas are incredibly stupid; one ignorant nurse hands them on to another, and the whole race is brought up in a manner that offends, not merely scientific acumen, but the simplest common-sense.

* *Sex-Relations in Germany.* By Karl Pierson.

henceforth was to fasten upon, and suck the life-blood of all womanhood.

The change from the open license of the age of chivalry to the decorum of the Philistine régime was merely a change in the *mode* of licentiousness, not a move from evil to good. Hypocrisy became a household god; true passion was dethroned, and with it poetry and romance; the commercial spirit, staid and open-eyed, entered upon its long career, and began to regulate the relations of the sexes. We find a peculiar medley of sensuality and decorum: the mercenary spirit entering into the idea of marriage, women were bought and sold as if they were cattle, and were educated, at the same time, to strict ideas of "purity" and duty, to Griselda-like patience under the severest provocation. Carried off by the highest bidder, they were gravely exhorted to be moral, to be chaste, and faithful and God-fearing, serving their lords in life and in death. To drive a hard bargain, and to sermonize one's victims at the same time, is a feat distinctly of the Philistine order. With the growth of the commercial system, of the rich burgher class, and of all the ideas that thrive under the influence of wealth when divorced from mental cultivation, the status of women gradually established itself upon this degrading basis, and became fixed more firmly as the *bourgeois* increased in power and prosperity.

Bebel speaks of Luther as the interpreter of the "healthy sensualism" of the Middle Ages.* Any "healthy sensualism," however, which did not make itself legitimate by appeal to the Church and the law was rigorously punished under his system. Women offenders were subject to hideous and awful forms of punishment. Thus we may say that Luther established, in the interests of sensuality and respectability, a strict marriage system. He also preached the devastating doctrine which makes it a duty to have an unlimited number of children. Of course he did not for a moment consider the woman in this matter; why should a thick-skinned, coarse-fibred monk of the sixteenth century consider sufferings which are overlooked by tender-hearted divines of the nineteenth century? The gentle Melancthon on this subject says as follows: "If a woman becomes weary of bearing children, that matters not; let her only die from bearing, she is there to do it." This doctrine is not obsolete at the present day. It is the rule of life among the mass of our most highly respectable classes, those who hold the scales of public morality in their hands, and whose prerogative appears to be to judge in order that they be not judged.

As an instance of the way in which an exceptionally good man can regard this subject—his goodness notwithstanding—we may turn to the Introduction, by Charles Kingsley, to *Brook's Fool of Quality*, which Kingsley edited. A short account is given of the life of Brook, who flourished (in a very literal sense) in the time of the Restoration, and who was saved, as his biographer points out in joy and thankfulness, from the vices of that corrupt age by an early marriage. Kingsley goes on to describe the home where all that is commendable and domestic reigned and prospered. He dwells lovingly on that pleasant picture of simple joys and happy cares, upon the swarms of beautiful children who cluster round their father's knee and rescue him from the dangers of a licentious age. Kingsley mentions, just in passing, that the young wife watches the happy scene from a sofa, having become a confirmed invalid from the number of children she has borne during the few years of her married life. But what of that? What of the anguish and weariness, what of the thousand painful disabilities which that young woman has suffered before her nature

yielded to the strain—disabilities which she will have to bear to her life's end? Has not the valuable Brook been saved from an immoral life? (Of course Brook could not be expected to save himself!—we are not unreasonable.) Have not Propriety and Respectability been propitiated? And the price of all this? Merely the suffering and lifelong injury of one young woman in a thoroughly established and "natural" manner; nothing more. Kingsley feels that it is cheap at the price. *Brook is saved! Hallelujah!*

It is difficult to think without acrimony of the great reformer, conscious though we may be of the untold benefits which he has bestowed upon mankind. It is because of Luther that women are martyred daily in the interests of virtue and propriety! It is to Luther that we owe half the inconsistencies and cruelties of our social laws, to Luther that we owe the extreme importance of our marriage-rite, which is to make the whole difference between terrible sin and absolute duty.

"The Catholic Church had before Luther taught that marriage was a sacrament. We should be the last to defend the truth of such a conception, but we must call attention to the fact that it emphasized something beyond the physical in the conjugal relation, it endowed it with a *spiritual* side. The conception of marriage as a spiritual as well as physical relation seems to us the essential condition of all permanent happiness between man and wife. The intellectual union superposed on the physical is precisely what raises human above brute intercourse. . . . We believe that the spiritual side must be kept constantly in view if the sanctity of marriage is to be preserved. Here it is that Luther, rejecting the conception of marriage as a sacrament, rushes, with his usual impetuosity, into the opposite and more dangerous extreme."*

Luther in destroying the religious sanctity of marriage destroyed also the idea of spiritual union which the religious conception implied; he did his utmost to deprive it of the elements of real affection and sympathy, and to bring it to the very lowest form which it is capable of assuming. It was to be regarded merely as a means of avoiding general social chaos; as a "safeguard against sin;" and the wife's position—unless human laws have some supernatural power of sanctification—was the most completely abject and degraded position which it is possible for a human being to hold.

That Luther did not observe the insult to womanhood of such a creed is not to be wondered at, since the nineteenth century has scarcely yet discovered it. Of course from such ideas spring rigid ideas of wifehood. Woman's chastity becomes the watch-dog of man's possession. She has taken the sermon given to her at the time of her purchase deeply to heart, and chastity becomes her chief virtue. If we desire to face the matter honestly, we must not blink the fact that this virtue has originally no connection with the woman's own nature; it does *not* arise from the feelings which protect individual dignity. The quality, whatever be its intrinsic merits, has attained its present mysterious authority and rank through man's monopolizing jealousy, through the fact that he desired to "have and to hold" one woman as his exclusive property, and that he regarded any other man who would dispute his monopoly as the unforgivable enemy. From this starting-point the idea of a man's "honor" grew up, creating the remarkable paradox of a moral possession or attribute, which could be injured by the action of some other person than the possessor. Thus also arose woman's "honor" which was lost if she did not keep herself solely for her lord, present or to come. Again, we see that *her* honor has reference to some one other than herself, though in

* *Martin Luther: his Influence on the Material and Intellectual Welfare of Germany.*—THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. New Series, No. CXXIX, January, 1884, pp. 38-39.

* Bebel on *Women*.

course of time the idea was carried further, and has now acquired a relation with the woman's own moral nature, and a still firmer hold upon the conscience. However valuable the quality, it certainly did not take its rise from a sense of self-respect in woman, but from the fact of her subjection to man.

While considering the development of this burgher age, one must not forget to note the concurrence of strict marriage and systematic or legalized prostitution. The social chaos of the age of chivalry was exchanged for comparative order, and there now arose a hard-and-fast line (far more absolute than had existed before in Germany) between two classes of women: those who submitted to the yoke of marriage on Luther's terms, and those who remained on the other side of the great social gulf, subject also to stringent laws, and treated also as the property of men (though not of *one* man). We now see completed our own way of settling the relations of the sexes. The factors of our system are: respectability, prostitution, strict marriage, commercialism, unequal moral standard for the two sexes, and the subjection of women.

In this brief sketch we have not dwelt upon the terrible sufferings of the subject sex through all the changes of their estate; to do so in a manner to produce realization would lead us too far afield and would involve too many details. Suffice it to say that the cruelties, indignities, and insults to which women were exposed are (as every student of history knows) hideous beyond description. In Mongolia there are large cages in the market-place wherein condemned prisoners are kept and starved to death. The people collect in front of these cages to taunt and insult the victims as they die slowly day by day before their eyes. In reading the history of the past, and even the literature of our own day, it is difficult to avoid seeing in that Mongolian market-place a symbol of our own society, with its iron cage, wherein women are held in bondage, suffering moral starvation, while the thoughtless gather round to taunt and to insult their lingering misery. Let any one who thinks this exaggerated and unjust, note the manner in which our own novelists, for instance, past and present, treat all subjects connected with women, marriage, and motherhood, and then ask himself if he does not recognize at once its ludicrous inconsistency and its cruel insults to womanhood, open and implied. The very respect, so called, of man for woman, being granted solely on condition of her observing certain restrictions of thought and action dictated by him, conceals a subtle sort of insolence. It is really the pleased approval of a lawgiver at the sight of obedient subjects. The pitiful cry of Elsie in *The Golden Legend* has had many a repetition in the hearts of women age after age—

"Why should I live? Do I not know
The life of woman is full of woe!
Toiling on, and on, and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise
Which this world never satisfies!"

So much for the past and its relation to the present. Now we come to the problem of to-day. This is extremely complex. We have a society ruled by Luther's views on marriage; we have girls brought up to regard it as their destiny; and we have, at the same time, such a large majority of women that they cannot all marry, even (as I think Miss Clapperton* puts it) if they had the fascinations of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra rolled into one. We find, therefore, a number of women thrown on the world to earn

their own living in the face of every sort of discouragement. Competition runs high for all, and even were there no prejudice to encounter, the struggle would be a hard one; as it is, life for poor and single women becomes a mere treadmill. It is folly to inveigh against mercenary marriages, however degrading they may be, for a glance at the position of affairs shows that there is no reasonable alternative. We cannot ask every woman to be a heroine and choose a hard and thorny path when a comparatively smooth one, (as it seems,) offers itself, and when the pressure of public opinion urges strongly in that direction. A few higher natures will resist and swell the crowds of worn-out, underpaid workers, but the majority will take the voice of society for the voice of God, or at any rate of wisdom, and our common respectable marriage—upon which the safety of all social existence is supposed to rest—will remain, as it is now, the worst, because the most hypocritical, form of woman-purchase. Thus we have on the one side a more or less degrading marriage, and on the other side a number of women who cannot command an entry into that profession, but who must give up health and enjoyment of life in a losing battle with the world.

Bebel is very eloquent upon the sufferings of unmarried women, which must be keen indeed for those who have been prepared for marriage and for nothing else, whose emotions have been stimulated and whose ideas have been colored by the imagination of domestic cares and happiness. Society, having forbidden or discouraged other ambitions for women, flings them scornfully aside as failures when through its own organization they are unable to secure a fireside and a proper "sphere" in which to practice the womanly virtues. Insult and injury to women is literally the key-note and the foundation of society.

Mrs. Augusta Weber amusingly points out the inconsistencies of popular notions on this subject. She says: "People think women who do not want to marry unfeminine; people think women who want to marry immodest; people combine both opinions by regarding it as unfeminine for women not to look forward longingly to wifehood as the hope and purpose of their lives, and ridiculing and contemning any individual women of their acquaintance whom they suspect of entertaining such a longing. They must wish and not wish; they must by no means give, and they must certainly not withhold, encouragement—and so it goes on, each precept cancelling the last, and most of them negative." There are, doubtless, equally absurd social prejudices which hamper a man's freedom, by teaching girls and their friends to look for proposals, instead of regarding signs of interest and liking in a more wholesome spirit. We shall never have a world really worth living in until men and women can show interest in one another, without being driven either to marry or to forego altogether the pleasure and profit of frequent meeting. Nor will the world be really a pleasant world while it continues to make friendship between persons of opposite sexes well-nigh impossible by insisting that they *are* so, and thereby in a thousand direct and indirect ways bringing about the fulfillment of its own prophecy. All this false sentiment and shallow shrewdness, with the restrictions they imply, make the ideal marriage—that is, a union prompted by love, by affinity or attraction of nature and by friendship—almost beyond the reach of this generation. While we are on this part of the subject, it may be worth while to quote a typical example of some letters written to Max O'Rell on the publication of *The Daughters of John Bull*. One lady of direct language exclaims fiercely: "Man is a Beast!" and she goes on to explain in gleeful strains that, having been left a small fortune by

* *Scientific Meliorism*. By Jane Hume Clapperton.

a relative, she is able to dispense with the society of "the odious creature." Of course Max O'Rell warmly congratulates the "odious creature." "At last," another lady bursts forth, "we have some one among us with wit to perceive that the life which a woman leads with the ordinary sherry-drinking, cigar-smoking husband is no better than that of an Eastern slave. Take my own case, which is that of thousands of others in our land. I belong to my lord and master, body and soul; the duties of a house-keeper, upper nurse, and governess are required of me; I am expected to be always at home, at my husband's beck and call. It is true that he feeds me, and that for his own glorification he gives me handsome clothing. It is also true that he does not beat me. For this I ought, of course, to be duly grateful; but I often think of what you say on the wife and servant question, and wonder how many of us would like to have the cook's privilege of being able to give warning to leave."

If the wife feels thus, we may be sure the husband thinks he has his grievances also, and when we place this not exaggerated description side by side with that of the unhappy plight of bored husbands commiserated by Mrs. Lynn Linton, there is no escaping the impression that there is something very "rotten in the state of Denmark." Amongst other absurdities, we have well-meaning husbands and wives harassing one another to death for no reason in the world but the desire of conforming to current notions regarding the proper conduct of married people. These victims are expected to go about perpetually together, as if they were a pair of carriage-horses; to be forever holding claims over one another, exacting or making useless sacrifices, and generally getting in one another's way. The man who marries finds that his liberty has gone, and the woman exchanges one set of restrictions for another. She thinks herself neglected if her husband does not always return to her in the evenings, and the husband and society think her undutiful, frivolous, and so forth if she does not stay at home alone, trying to sigh him back again. The luckless man finds his wife so *very* dutiful and domesticated, and so *very* much confined to her "proper sphere," that she is, perchance, more exemplary than entertaining. Still, she may look injured and resigned, but she must not seek society and occupation on her own account, adding to the common mental store, bringing new interest and knowledge into the joint existence, and becoming thus a contented, cultivated, and agreeable being. No wonder that while all this is forbidden we have so many unhappy wives and bored husbands. The more admirable the wives, the more profoundly bored the husbands!

Of course there are bright exceptions to this picture of married life, but we are not dealing with exceptions. In most cases, the chain of marriage chafes the flesh, if it does not make a serious wound; and where there is happiness the happiness is dearly bought, and is not on a very high plane. For husband and wife are then apt to forget everything in the absorbing but narrow interests of their home, to depend entirely upon one another, to steep themselves in the same ideas, till they become mere echoes, half creatures, useless to the world, because they have run into a groove and have let individuality die. There are few things more stolidly irritating than a very "united" couple. The likeness that may often be remarked between married people is a melancholy index of this united degeneration.

We come then to the conclusion that the present form of marriage—exactly in proportion to its conformity with orthodox ideas—is a vexatious failure. If certain people have made it a success by ignoring those orthodox ideas, such instances afford no argument in favor of the institu-

tion as it stands. We are also led to conclude that modern "Respectability" draws its life-blood from the degradation of womanhood in marriage and in prostitution. But what is to be done to remedy these manifold evils? how is marriage to be rescued from a mercenary society, torn from the arms of "Respectability," and established on a footing which will make it no longer an insult to human dignity?

First of all we must set up an ideal, undismayed by what will seem its Utopian impossibility. Every good thing that we enjoy to-day was once the dream of a "crazy enthusiast" mad enough to believe in the power of ideas, and in the power of man to have things as he wills. The ideal marriage then, despite all dangers and difficulties, should be *free*. So long as love, and trust, and friendship remain, no bonds are necessary to bind two people together; life apart will be empty and colorless; but whenever these cease the tie becomes false and iniquitous, and no one ought to have power to enforce it. The matter is one in which any interposition, whether of law or of society, is an impertinence. Even the idea of "duty" ought to be excluded from the most perfect marriage, because the intense attraction of one being for another, the intense desire for one another's happiness, would make interchanges of whatever kind the outcome of a feeling far more passionate than that of duty. It need scarcely be said that there must be a full understanding and acknowledgment of the obvious right of the woman to *possess herself* body and soul, to give or withhold herself body and soul exactly as she wills. The moral right here is so palpable, and in its denial implies ideas so low and offensive to human dignity, that no fear of consequences ought to deter us from making this liberty an element of our ideal, in fact its fundamental principle. Without it, no ideal could hold up its head. Moreover, "consequences" in the long run are never beneficent where obvious moral rights are disregarded. The ideal of a perfectly free marriage would imply the possibility of any form of contract being entered into between the two persons, the State and society standing aside, and recognizing the entirely private character of the transaction.

The economical independence of woman is the first condition of free marriage. She ought not to be tempted to marry, or to remain married, for the sake of bread and butter. But the condition is a very hard one to secure. Our present competitive system, with the daily increasing ferocity of the struggle for existence, is fast reducing itself to an absurdity, woman's labor helping to make the struggle only the fiercer. The problem now offered to the mind and conscience of humanity is to readjust its industrial organization in such a way as to gradually reduce this absurd and useless competition within reasonable limits, and to bring about in its place some form of co-operation, in which no man's interest will depend on the misfortune of his neighbor, but rather on his neighbor's happiness and welfare. It is idle to say that this cannot be done; the state of society shows quite clearly that it *must* be done sooner or later; otherwise some violent catastrophe will put an end to a condition of things which is hurrying towards impossibility. Under improved economical conditions the difficult problem of securing the real independence of women, and thence of the readjustment of their position in relation to men and to society, would find easy solution.

When girls and boys are educated together, when the unwholesome atmosphere of social life becomes fresher and nobler, when the pressure of existence slackens (as it will and *must* do), and when the whole nature has thus a chance

to expand, such additions to the scope and interest of life will cease to be thought marvelous or "unnatural." "Human nature" has more variety of powers and is more responsive to conditions than we imagine. It is hard to believe in things for which we feel no capacity in ourselves, but fortunately such things exist in spite of our placid unconsciousness. Give room for the development of individuality, and individuality develops, to the amazement of spectators! Give freedom in marriage, and each pair will enter upon their union after their own particular fashion, creating a refreshing diversity in modes of life, and consequently of character. Infinitely preferable will this be to our own gloomy uniformity, the offspring of our passion to be in all things exactly like our neighbors.

The proposed freedom in marriage would of course have to go hand-in-hand with the co-education of the sexes. It is our present absurd interference with the natural civilizing influences of one sex upon the other that creates half the dangers and difficulties of our social life, and gives color to the fear of those who would hedge round marriage with a thousand restraints or so-called safeguards, ruinous to happiness, and certainly not productive of a satisfactory social condition. Already the good results of this method of co-education have been proved by experiment in America, but we ought to go farther in this direction than our go-ahead cousins have yet done. Meeting freely in their working-hours as well as at times of recreation, men and women would have an opportunity for forming reasonable judgments of character, for making friendships irrespective of sex, and for giving and receiving that inspiring influence which apparently can only be given by one sex to the other.* There would also be a chance of forming genuine attachments founded on friendship; marriage would cease to be the haphazard thing it is now; girls would no longer fancy themselves in love with a man because they had met none other on terms equally intimate, and they would not be tempted to marry for the sake of freedom and a place in life, for existence would be free and full from the beginning.

The general rise in health, physical and moral, following the improvement in birth, surroundings and training, would rapidly tell upon the whole state of society. Any one who has observed carefully knows how grateful a response the human organism gives to improved conditions, if only these remain constant. We should have to deal with healthier, better equipped, more reasonable men and women, possessing well-developed minds, and hearts kindly disposed towards their fellow creatures. Are such people more likely to enter into a union frivolously and ignorantly than are the average men and women of to-day? Surely not. If the number of divorces did not actually decrease there would be the certainty that no couple remained united against their will, and that no lives were sacrificed to a mere convention. With the social changes which would go hand in hand with changes in the status of marriage, would come inevitably many fresh forms of human power, and thus all sorts of new and stimulating influences would be brought to bear upon society. No man has a right to consider himself educated until he has been under the influence of cultivated women, and the same may be said of women as regards men.† Develop-

ment involves an increase of complexity. It is so in all forms of existence, vegetable and animal; it is so in human life. It will be found that men and women as they increase in complexity can enter into a numberless variety of relationships, abandoning no good gift that they now possess, but adding to their powers indefinitely, and thence to their emotions and experiences. The action of the man's nature upon the woman's and of the woman's upon the man's, is now only known in a few instances; there is a whole world yet to explore in this direction, and it is more than probable that the future holds a discovery in the domain of spirit as great as that of Columbus in the domain of matter.

With regard to the dangers attending these readjustments, there is no doubt much to be said. The evils that hedge around marriage are linked with other evils, so that movement is difficult and perilous indeed. Nevertheless, we have to remember that we now live in the midst of dangers, and that human happiness is cruelly murdered by our systems of legalized injustice. By sitting still circumspectly and treating our social system as if it were a card house which would tumble down at a breath, we merely wait to see it fall from its own internal rottenness, and then we shall have dangers to encounter indeed! The time has come, not for violent overturning of established institutions before people admit that they are evil, but for a gradual alteration of opinion which will rebuild them from the very foundation. The method of the most enlightened reformer is to crowd out old evil by new good, and to seek to sow the seed of the nobler future where alone it can take root and grow to its full height: in the souls of men and women. Far-seeing we ought to be, but we know in our hearts right well that fear will never lead us to the height of our ever-growing possibility. Evolution has ceased to be a power driving us like dead leaves on a gale; thanks to science, we are no longer entirely blind, and we aspire to direct that mighty force for the good of humanity. We see a limitless field of possibility opening out before us; the adventurous spirit in us might leap up at the wonderful romance of life! We recognize that no power, however trivial, fails to count in the general sum of things which moves this way or that—towards heaven or hell, according to the preponderating motives of individual units. We shall begin, slowly but surely, to see the folly of permitting the forces of one sex to pull against and neutralize the workings of the other, to the confusion of our efforts and the checking of our progress. We shall see, in the relations of men and women to one another, the source of all good or of all evil, precisely as those relations are true and noble and equal, or false and low and unjust. With this belief we shall seek to move opinion in all the directions that may bring us to this "consummation devoutly to be wished," and we look forward steadily, hoping and working for the day when men and women shall be comrades and fellow-workers as well as lovers and husbands and wives; when the rich and many-sided happiness which they have the power to bestow on one another shall no longer be enjoyed in tantalizing snatches, but shall gladden and give new life to all humanity. That will be the day prophesied by Lewis Morris in *The New Order*—

"When man and woman in an equal union
Shall merge, and marriage be a true communion."

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness, but, after seven years of union, not one of them is compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal and every family gathering, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.

*Mr. Henry Stanton, in his work on *The Woman Question in Europe*, speaks of the main idea conveyed in Legouvé's *Histoire des Femmes* as follows: "Equality in difference is its key-note. The question is not to make woman a man, but to complete man by woman."

†Mrs. Cady Stanton believes that there is a sex in mind, and that men can only be inspired to their highest achievements by women, while women are stimulated to their utmost only by men.

IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Loved and Lost—George Arnold

Have you sent her all her letters? Have you given her back her ring?
 Have you tried to forget the haunting songs that you loved to hear her sing?
 Have you cursed the day you met her first—thanked God that you were free,
 And said in your inmost heart, as you thought, "She never was dear to me"?
 You have cast her off; your pride is touched; you fancy that all is done;
 That for you the world is bright again, and bravely shines the sun;
 You have washed your hands of passion; you have whistled her down the wind—
 Oh! Tom, old friend, this goes before—the sharpest comes behind!
 You will learn this, Tom, hereafter, when anger has cooled, and you
 Have time for introspection; you will find my words are true;
 You will sit and gaze in your fire alone, and fancy that you can see
 Her face with its classic oval, her ringlets fluttering free,
 Her soft blue eyes wide opened, her sweet red lips apart,
 As she used to look in the golden days when you dreamed she had a heart.
 Whatever you do, wherever you turn, you will see that glorious face
 Coming with shadowy beauty to haunt all time and space;
 Those songs you wrote for her singing will sing themselves into your brain
 Till your life seems set to their rhythm, and your thoughts to their refrain—
 Their old, old burden of love and grief—the passion you have forsworn—
 I tell you, Tom, it is not thrown off so well as you think, this morn!
 But the worst, perhaps the worst of all, will be when the day is flown,
 When darkness favors reflection, and your comrades leave you alone;
 You will try to sleep, but the memories of unforgotten years
 Will come with a storm of wild regret—mayhap with a storm of tears.
 Each look, each word, each playful tone, each timid little caress,
 The golden gleam of her ringlets, the rustling of her dress,
 The delicate touch of her ungloved hand, that woke such an exquisite thrill,
 The flowers she gave you the night of the ball—I think you treasure them still—
 All these will come till you slumber, worn out by sheer despair,
 And then will hear vague echoes of song on the darkened air—
 Vague echoes, rising and falling, of the voice you know so well,
 Like the songs that were sung by the Lurlei maids sweet with a deadly spell!
 In dreams her heart will ever be yours, and you again will see
 Fair glimpses of what might have been—what now can never be.
 And as she comes to meet you, with a sudden wild unrest,
 You stretch your arms forth lovingly, to fold her to your breast;
 But the Lurlei-song will faint and die, and with its fading tone
 You wake to find you clasp the thin and empty air alone;
 While the fire-bell's clanging dissonance on the gusty night-wind borne,
 Will seem an iron-tongued demon's voice, laughing your grief to scorn.
 Oh! Tom, you say it is over—you talk of letters and rings—
 Do you think that Love's mighty spirit, then, is held by such trifling things?
 No! If you once have truly loved, you will still love on, I know,
 Till the church-yard myrtles blossom above, and you lie mute below!
 How is it, I wonder, however? Faith teach us little here
 Of the one we have loved and lost on earth—do you think they will still be dear?
 Shall we live the lives we might have led? Shall those who are severed now
 Remember the pledge of a lower sphere, and renew the broken vow?
 It almost drives me wild when I think of the gifts we throw away,
 Unthinking whether or no we lose life's honey and wine for aye!
 But then again 'tis a mighty joy—greater than I can tell—
 To trust that the parted may sometime meet—that all may again be well.
 However it be, I hold that all the evil we know on earth
 Finds in this violence done to Love its true and legitimate birth,
 And the agonies we suffer when the heart is left alone,
 For every sin of humanity should fully and well atone.
 I see that you marvel greatly, Tom, to hear such words from me,
 But if you knew my innermost heart, 't would be no mystery.
 Experience is bitter, but its teaching we retain;
 It has taught me this: Who once has loved, loves never on earth again!
 And I, too, have my closet with a ghastly form inside—
 The skeleton of a perished love, killed by a cruel pride.
 I sit by the fire at evening, as you will some time sit,
 And watch in the roseate half-light the ghosts of happiness flit;
 I, too, awaken at midnight, and stretch my arms to enfold
 A vague and shadowy image, with tresses of brown and gold.
 Experience is bitter, indeed—I have learned at a heavy cost
 The secret of Love's persistency—I, too, have loved and lost!

My Uninvited Guest—May Riley Smith—Cosmopolitan

One day there entered at my chamber door
A presence whose light footfall on the floor
No token gave; and, ere I could withstand,
Within her clasp she drew my trembling hand.

"Intrusive guest," I cried, "my palm I lend
But to the gracious pressure of a friend.
Why comest thou unbidden and in gloom
Trailing thy cold gray garments in my room?"

"I know thee, Pain! Thou art the sullen foe
Of every sweet enjoyment here below;
Thou art the comrade and ally of Death,
And timid mortals shrink from thy cold breath.

"No fragrant balms grow in thy garden beds,
Nor slumbrous poppies droop their crimson heads;
And well I know thou comest to me now
To bind thy burning chains upon my brow."

And though my puny will stood straightly up,
From that day forth I drank her pungent cup,
And ate her bitter bread—with leaves of rue
Which in her sunless gardens rankly grew.

And now, so long it is, I scarce can tell
When Pain within my chamber came to dwell;
And though she is not fair of mien or face,
She hath attracted to my humble place

A company most gracious and refined,
Whose touches are like balm, whose voices kind:
Sweet Sympathy with box of ointment rare;
Courage, who sings while she sits weaving there.

Brave Patience, whom my heart esteemeth much,
And who hath wondrous virtue in her touch;
Such is the chaste and sweet society
Which Pain, my faithful foe, hath brought to me.

And now upon my threshold there she stands,
Reaching to me her rough yet kindly hands
In silent truce. Thus for a time we part,
And a great gladness overflows my heart;

For she is so ungentle in her way,
That no host welcomes her, or bids her stay:
Yet, though they bolt and bar their house from thee,
To every door, O Pain, thou hast a key!

If I Should Die To-night—Robert C. V. Myers

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance
Would soften in the old familiar way;
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night

Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

My Wolves—Francis Gerry Fairchild—Scribner's Magazine

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for me,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him
As the spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane
That flit like specters through my brain;
And I dream of the times long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;

Three pairs of eyes at the window pane
Are burned and branded into my brain
Like signal lights at sea.

Lais—Sidney Fairfax

Is the flame but of shame that dances and dies
In the pleading deeps of thy childish eyes?—
Are the serpents of sin but asleep in the lair
Thou hast twined for them here in thy radiant hair?—
Is it blood of thy victims that ripples and drips
Through roses of ruin, to laugh on thy lips?
What strange, sweet presence of evil is thine,
Thus dainty and deadly, oh sister of mine?

While our virtues but reign among virtues dethroned,
And the rod forborne, and the crime condoned,
And the sin, and the tear, and the rain, and the flowers
But make up the sum of this being of ours,
What terrors have seized thee,—what ills beyond prayer
Oh, Priestess of Sorrow, of raiment so rare,—
That naught may atone for this sweet sin of thine,
Though bitter the penance be, sister of mine?

Thou wert artless through storms of hot pulses to shun,
Where Love and her sister embraced and were one,
And the woman of Thessaly, casting her stone,
Wears the scorn of thy guilt as a screen for her own;
Yet thy kiss-betrayed womanhood shameth its foe
In the crust thou hast shared with the sister in woe,—
In the pearls of sweet pity and patience that shine
Through the wreck of thy purity, sister of mine.

Lo, a bud may be bruised, yet the spring is not done,
And the day does not die for a spot on the sun,
And the penitent prayer and the chastening tear,
Are but frozen to hate by the ceaseless sneer!
Oh! the pity of wine into hemlock turned,
And of ill that is born when the good is spurned,
For the deeps of my being are mirrored in thine,
Thou art near to me, kin to me, sister of mine.

VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

Fashions at Home and Abroad—Globe-Democrat

American women are accustomed to being called the best-dressed women in the world, and in a certain way and to a certain extent this is correct. They have more money and more leisure than the women of any country in the world, more freedom in the use of both, and not being so much hampered by circumstances and traditions, they can draw from all sources and collect in the sum total of their dress something of all other women's best. In other countries—though there is no longer in "society" the distinction and division created by purely national costume—there are differences quite perceptible to trained eyes, which show both the influence of temperament and the controlling nature of circumstance. The German women, for example, have an exquisite perception of color. They excel in color combination. They produce the loveliest embroidery in colors upon linens and other fabrics for household uses; but they do not put it into their dress—that is, there is nothing of it seen in the ordinary dress of the masses. There are two reasons for this: one is their poverty, the other a public opinion which condemns the workingwoman if she shows any evidence of willingness to attract attention by the gayety of her attire. If she is above the rank of the peasant, and must be seen upon the street or in public in her efforts to earn her daily bread, her dress must be black, or absolutely neutral, to preserve herself from remark, or at least from the inference that she was frivolous. The workingwomen of France are bound in very much the same way; but they have acquired more pecuniary independence; they control almost all the retail business of the country, and if they had the taste for which they receive the credit, would have worked out beautiful ideas. But at this moment France is very much like America; it receives its ideas second-hand, and only imposes certain sumptuary laws through the wickedness of its men, who procure whatever is made attractive to their eyes and imagination. In England it is different. Englishwomen are a type by themselves, and with the energy of the Saxon and the tenacity of the Briton, originate ideas and create conditions which influence the rest of the world. The American woman is French and English when she is not wholly Irish or German, while the Austrian woman is French and German, and in her independence and activity is a constant reminder of the American. But the American woman has a little of all in her dress. She will wear lace like the Austrian, a practical walking dress like the Englishwoman, all the draperies and caprices of the French demi-monde, blends colors like an oriental, and loves fur like a Russian. Sooner or later, moreover, she gratifies her tastes. The girl who dreamed dreams in a cotton sun-bonnet, wears \$6,000 worth of lace in a London drawing-room, where, as an American, she is the equivalent of a duchess. The woman who spent half her life cooking upon a rickety stove in a log cabin, is a serene old lady in her later years, who takes her nieces to Europe and wears sealskin coats and India shawls worth a small fortune.

The Progressive Dinner Party—Boston Record

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 Your presence is requested at a PROGRESSIVE
 DINNER PARTY at the summer residence of Mr. and
 Mrs. —, at Ocean Spray, Friday evening, Sept. 27, 1888.

This was the invitation received. The progressive dinner party is one of the novelties that the present summer

season has evolved, and as far as can be learned is purely Bostonese. The tables are placed out of doors upon the smooth lawn. Overhead are strings of many colored "Jap" lanterns woven into fantastic shapes and designs. Each guest as he enters the grounds is handed a handsome little menu card. Upon this is printed a diagram of the table, giving the exact location of seat which it is expected he will occupy. The first course is brought on and disposed of. Then there is music, and each person present arises from his seat, and the gentlemen pass to the left around the ladies' chairs at their side and take the first vacant seat. At the end of each course this programme is repeated. "And what for?" At the ordinary dinner party there is always a coterie of bores. Their company no one desires, yet some one must sit beside them. It is a host possessing more than earthly wisdom who can select members of a company and arrange all of them so that each will be happy in the enjoyment of the conversation of a pleasant companion. Doctors, lawyers and ministers will all talk shop a little, and some one will be discomfited by having to listen to their chatter during the entire evening. Under the new order of things each guest has a new companion for every course. Besides, the exercise of changing places must, so it is said, be productive of good digestion.

The Secret of a Beautiful Mouth—Troy Times

A woman with every other natural charm is not beautiful without a mouth that adds a new suggestiveness to her loveliness. She ceases to be even pretty if, when she speaks, her breath is hot and feverish, or worse still, is absolutely tainted. Naturally she does not know this, and it is only proper that somebody belonging to her should tell her. If it comes from her teeth it is something very quickly remedied. If it comes from her digestion, then it is her doctor's business to get her in good order; but very often in this country of invalid women it comes from the use of very strong medicines. Physicians advise for this the use of lemons, claiming that they are the most purifying of all fruits, and the aromatic odor produced by lemons rubbed on the teeth, gums and lips lasts longer than any other. For a feverish breath that results from the stomach a few drops of lime water used as a gargle, or better still, a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a little water will have the desired effect. Half the badly-shaped mouths that are the sorrows of the young women of to-day result from their being permitted when they were children to suck their fingers; one of the prettiest women in town has coarse, thick lips, that came from having been allowed when she was going to sleep to put her thumb in her mouth; while another whose lips protrude in the center and whose mouth is large blames her mother for allowing her to find consolation in her two forefingers. If persuasion will not break a child of this habit, then stronger means should be resorted to, and if necessary its hands should be tied together. Another very unfortunate habit among schoolgirls, and which results in thickening the lips and making them supersensitive, is the continual biting of the lower lip. The entire shape of the face is spoiled in this way, for when nature molded it there was not the intention that the lower lip should be larger and a coarse look given to the face. Red lips are the announcement of good health, and good health is the fashion; women who have very determined wills frequently get into the bad habit of drawing their lips together in a way they think expresses determination; the lips are very pliable and natu-

rally assume the position which is oftenest given to them, so she who feels on pleasant terms with the world at large, who makes it a point only to say pleasant things, will have about her mouth that something that the French call "riante"—the look that tells of a laugh without the sound and a smile that is not a smirk. It took a Frenchman to say this: "To be beautiful a woman must not talk much, or she will contract her mouth in an unbecoming manner."

A Long Wedding Tour—New York World

Undoubtedly the longest honeymoon tour on record is that recently completed by Mr. Sigourney and his wife. George Sigourney married Miss Imogene Henriques in Buffalo in 1882. Mr. Sigourney is the son of a wealthy Californian, and Miss Henriques lived in one of the small towns near Buffalo. Their cards caused a good deal of comment, for they read, "Mr. and Mrs. Sigourney. At home, Thursday, in Sacramento, California, beginning May 10, 1888," for all the interval they contemplated spending on a bridal tour. Neither had traveled to any great extent, and both were fond of movement and adventure, and anxious to see the world, so concluding that if they once settled down they probably would never have the energy to complete their proposed explorations, they agreed to travel for six years. Five days after their marriage they left this port for England, with letters of credit to every quarter of the globe. After going through Great Britain and Ireland carefully, they fairly covered every point of special interest in France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Russia. They visited Greece, Denmark, Turkey, China, Japan; sailed up the Nile, visited the Canary Islands, Borneo, Guinea, Persia, and spent nearly a year in traveling through India. From Australia they crossed to the south of Africa, and from there to South America. Commencing at Patagonia they traveled north, zigzagging through Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and after exploring Mexico and the West Indies, returned to England, where they remained the last six months of the allotted time. Of their four children, the twins were born in St. Petersburg, Russia, and are boys now of five years. The girl was born in China, and the youngest boy in Brazil. Mr. Sigourney says it is impossible to estimate the number of miles they have covered, as they so often recrossed their track, besides which he made no attempt to keep count. The journey cost them about \$75,000. Both are darkly bronzed, and have gained something like fifty pounds apiece. They have curios from every land they have visited, and in their train a Russian nurse for the twins and a Brazilian to take care of the two younger children. They arrived in New York, went immediately to Buffalo, thence to Sacramento, where they began to receive their friends on May 10, as was announced on their cards.

Society's Pet Foible—Harper's Magazine

The cynic wants to know what is gained for any rational being when a city full of women undertake to make and receive formal visits with persons whom, for the most part, they do not wish to see. What is gained, he asks, by leaving cards with all these people and receiving their cards? When a woman makes her tedious rounds why is she always relieved to find people not in? When she can count upon her ten fingers the people she wants to see, why should she pretend to want to see the others? Is any one deceived by it? Does anybody regard it as anything but a sham and a burden? Much the cynic knows about it! Is it not necessary to keep up what is called society? Is it not necessary to have an authentic list of pasteboard acquaintances to invite to receptions? And what would become of us without receptions? Everybody likes to give them. Everybody flocks to them with great alac-

rity. When society calls the roll, we all know the penalty of being left out. Is there any intellectual or physical pleasure equal to that of jamming so many people into a house that they can hardly move, and treating them to a Babel of noises in which no one can make herself heard without screaming? There is nothing like a reception in any uncivilized country. It is so exhilarating! When a dozen or a hundred people are gathered together in a room, they all begin to raise their voices and to shout like pool sellers in the noble rivalry of "various langwidges," rasping their throats into bronchitis in the bidding of the conversational ring. If they spoke low, or even in the ordinary tone, conversation would be impossible, but then it would not be a reception, as we understand it. But does society—that is, the intercourse of congenial people—depend upon the elaborate system of exchanging calls with hundreds of people who are not congenial? Such thoughts will sometimes come by a winter fireside of rational-talking friends, or at a dinner party not too large for talk without a telephone, or in the summer time by the sea, or in the cottage in the hills, when the fever of social life has got down to a normal temperature. We fancy that sometimes people will give way to a real enjoyment of life, and that human intercourse will throw off this artificial and wearisome parade, and that if women look back with pride, as they may, upon their personal achievements and labors, they will also regard them with astonishment. Women, we read every day, long for the rights and privileges of men, and the education and serious purpose in life of men. And yet, such is the sweet self-sacrifice of their nature, they voluntarily take on burdens which men have never assumed, and which they would speedily cast off if they had. What should we say of men if they consumed half their time in paying formal calls upon each other merely for the sake of paying calls, and were low-spirited if they did not receive as many cards as they had dealt out to society? Have they not the time? Have women more time, and, if they have, why should they spend it in this Sisyphus task? Would the social machine go to pieces—the inquiry is made in good faith and solely for information—if they made rational business for themselves to be attended to, or even if they gave the time now given to calls they hate to reading and study and to making their households civilizing centers of intercourse and enjoyment, and paid visits from some other motive than "clearing off the list?" If all the artificial round of calls and cards should tumble down, what valuable thing would be lost out of our life?

Curiosities of Cost—The Decorator and Furnisher

Cost is of course a very unsafe measure of value in many instances, and yet there is a not unnatural curiosity on the part of the general public to know the mere money estimation in which certain more or less beautiful articles are held. Here are a few somewhat remarkable examples of lavish expenditure: The highest priced piano in America is owned by Mr. H. G. Marquand of this city. The works were made by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, and the case, which was built in London, was designed and painted by Alma Tadema. It cost \$46,000. Sir Donald Smith of Montreal is the owner of the costliest piano ever made in this country. It is also a Steinway, and the case was made by Pottier & Stymus. It cost when landed in Montreal \$27,000. The most expensive sideboard ever made in the United States is owned by Judge Harry E. Packer of Mauch Chunk, Pa. It covers the whole side of a room, and was built by Herts Bros. for \$47,000. It is a marvel of elaborate and beautiful carving. Mr. Marquand is also the possessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was \$26,000. Mr. J. W. Mackey furnished about

\$75,000 in weight of silver, and paid Tiffany & Co. \$120,000 for the work on his dinner service, which thus represents \$195,000. The costliest string of pearls in the country belongs to a New York lady, and cost \$51,000. Another New York lady had a solitaire diamond ring, for which she paid Tiffany & Co. \$48,000. The late Mrs. Morgan paid \$250,000 for her necklace. Mrs. Hicks-Lord is the owner of a diamond necklace which cost \$250,000. The famous picture by Meissonier, called "1807," was painted for the late Mr. A. T. Stewart. At the sale of his gallery Mr. Henry Hilton bought it for \$66,500, and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum, where it now hangs, the costliest painting in America. Sir Donald Smith is the possessor of the highest priced painting in Canada. "The Communicants," by Jules Breton, cost at the Seney sale \$45,000. Mr. W. W. Corcoran of Washington paid the highest recorded price for an American picture. It is Church's "Niagara," and the price was \$13,000. It was reported that Legrand Lockwood paid \$25,000 for Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yosemite," but, at the distribution of his effects, the picture brought less than \$6,500.

Boston's Novel Entertainment—Table Talk

Cultured Boston has inaugurated a quite new "fad" in entertaining. Less-cultured folk might say the idea, quoted as "original," owes its conception to the once popular "fifteen puzzle." In issuing invitations to an evening party, a gentleman sent cards to ten young ladies and nine young gentlemen. Inclosed was a handsomely engraved card bearing the word "Causerie," followed by the line from "Paradise Lost," "With thee conversing, I forget all time." No little curiosity was aroused. When the nineteen guests had assembled the host presented ten current topics for discussion, and instead of the gentlemen writing their names on the ladies' dance cards, the latter flitted about and selected their partners for a chat. As there was one lady too many, zest was added to the choice. But fifteen minutes were allowed for each conversation, when at the tinkle of a bell a new move was made. The "left out" lady reports as having the best time of all. Moving from couple to couple she ascertained "just how popular Mrs. Cleveland is in the country," "how many cigars the average man smokes in the course of the day," and "the one and only correct recipe for preparing Boston beans."

To the Highest Bidder—London Standard

Men do not acquire their better halves nowadays in civilized nations as the result of the tossing up of a coin or the cast of a die, nor are Englishmen—though Frenchmen still believe the fable—in the habit of taking their spouses with a halter round their neck to Smithfield, and there sell them by public auction to the highest bidder. Russia, however, seems to form an exception, if we are to believe an advertisement relative to a lottery for which tickets can be bought for about a rouble each in the town of Smolensk. There is only one prize to be drawn, and it consists of the entire sum yielded by the sale of the tickets, amounting to 5,090 roubles, together with a young lady described as of noble blood. The tickets are sold only to males, and the lucky drawer of the prize will have to marry the damsel if he takes the 5,000 roubles. If, however, he be already married, he is at liberty to turn over the money and the lady to any friend whom he may wish to put in for such a good thing. If the winner should be willing to marry, but is not found to the damsel's taste, then they are to be dispensed from matrimony and permitted to divide the roubles. We surmise that unless the prize-winner should happen to be an eligible young bachelor, the spinster will prefer the last method of settlement, the more so as she has described herself as being not only no longer young, but also poor.

French Ideas of Dress—Philadelphia Times

Here lies the secret of French ascendancy in the matters of dress; beyond all other nations France possesses the sense of the eternal fitness of things. Just run through the different grades of society and note how the French adapt means to ends, how they understand the suitable. Here is a French peasant woman, with heavy stockings, wooden shoes or pattens, short skirt of some coarse material, loose blouse, a small flannel kerchief tightly pinned over the shoulders, and a handkerchief of some bright color holding her hair neatly in place. Look on that picture and now on this:—Here is an English workingwoman hampered with a large faded shawl, with a long, full skirt of thin, cheap material edged at bottom with a flounce all tattered and torn, shod with a pair of cast-off boots, and to cap the climax some lady's discarded bonnet trimmed with a faded flower or feathers that have been dampened with fog till they look like the "fretful porcupine." A little higher, you get in England the factory and workshop girl with her ill-fitting coat reaching to the knee, with a dress that must have back drapery though the quality of material may not run to more than one fold, with loud, broad-brimmed hat, shoes that are dirty and run down at the heel. In Paris you will see this "young person's" social equal tripping along in slippers suited to the weather, in plain full dress, in tidy white cap and large spotless apron. Go up one rung higher on the social ladder and you see in London small tradesmen's daughters, or shop assistants, overdressed and tricked out in shabby finery. In France you find the same girl neatly dressed and with no head covering in the street, for the beautiful, real lace caps that have for generations passed from mother to daughter are not put on until years have crowned the head with gray. In short, the French know exactly what is suitable for any given occasion, for any given employment. They, unlike most other nations, with native instinct avoid what is *mal à propos*.

Selling Ideas to Artists—N. Y. Mail-Express

An ingenious girl has hit upon an ingenious method of self-support. Some time ago she was bitten by the amateur photographic mania, and became an adept at catching picturesque views. With one of those clever little detective cameras she amused herself whenever her fancy led her about the city, picking up here an old apple-woman, with skirts fluttering and cape bonnet blown back by an unkindly breeze, there a ragged news-girl with her bundle of papers, yon a group of babies tumbling on the grass in the park, and somewhere else an Italian woman with a huge bag of stale crusts balanced on her head, full of artistic possibilities. The girl has something of an artist's temperament, and though she could neither paint nor draw, she had an eye for the essential features of a picture, and for what would or would not compose well. Many of her photographs were really pictures, and being caught instantaneously, preserved all the spirit, action and freshness of life. An artist friend saw them one day, and to her surprise offered to buy half a dozen of the best for suggestions for studio work. Two or three days' dwelling upon the idea thus given her bore fruit. She was in want of money and resolved to turn what had been play into work. She and her camera are out every sunny day, from 10 o'clock until 3 nowadays, and an hour in the "dark room" of an evening brings out some of the characteristic scenes of city life transferred to her negatives and ready to be transformed into cash. Her work has quite a vogue among the studios, and clever suggestions are often taken from it. She finds her best market for figure pieces. An attitude, a smile, an expression, often serves as a revelation of some queer phase of humanity.

THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF FOREIGN BRILLIANTS

Italian—Petrarch—Love's Fidelity—Earl of Surrey

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
 Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice :
 In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen ;
 In presence prest of people mad or wise ;
 Set me in high, or yet in low degree ;
 In longest night, or in the shortest day ;
 In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be ;
 In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray ;
 Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
 In hill or dale, or in the foaming flood ;
 Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
 Sick or in health, in evil fame or good,
 Hers will I be ; and only with this thought
 Content myself although my chance be naught.

French—Ronsard—Love in Old Age—C. Kegan Paul

When very old, at eve, while candles flare,
 Chatting and spinning by the fire you sit,
 And, marveling, you hum the lines I writ,
 Say : Ronsard sung me once when I was fair.
 Then every serving-maid who slumbers there,
 Nodding above her task with drowsy wit,
 Hearing my name, will rouse at sound of it
 And bless your name, your deathless praise declare.
 A disembodied ghost, I shall have laid
 My bones to rest beneath the myrtle shade,
 While you, a crone, crouch o'er the embers' glow,
 Mourning my love and your sublime disdain ;
 Live, trust me, wait not for to-morrow's pain,
 But cull to-day life's roses as they blow.

German—Heine—To My Mother—Matilda Dickson

I've kept a haughty heart thro' grief and mirth,
 And borne my head perchance a thought too high ;
 If even a king should look me in the eye
 I would not bend it humbly to the earth :
 Yet, dearest mother, such the gentle worth
 Of thy benignant presence, angel-mild,
 It ever hath my proudest moods beguiled,
 And given to softer, humbler feelings birth.
 Was it thy mind's calm penetrative power,
 Thy purer mind, that secretly came o'er me,
 And unto Heaven's clearer light upbore me ;
 Or did remembrance sting me in that hour,
 With thoughts of words and deeds which pierced unkindly
 That gentle heart, still loving me so blindly.

Spanish—Had I a Thousand Souls—John Bowring

Had I a thousand souls with which to love thee,
 I'd throw them all, delighted at thy feet ;
 Had I uncounted gold wherewith to move thee,
 'Twould seem unworthy all, and incomplete :
 I fain would be an Argus but to view thee,
 And a Briareus round thy charms to cling ;
 Another Orpheus to play music to thee,
 A Homer thy perfections all to sing.
 I would be May to clothe thee with its splendor,
 And Love itself adoring to caress thee ;
 I'd call on fame, to speak my passion tender,
 I'd fain be the world's king, to serve and bless thee,
 A sun to be thy light and thy defender,
 And heaven itself forever to possess thee.

Portuguese—Camoens—Love in Church—J. J. Aubertin

The souls of all were sad in solemn prayer,
 Owning the mercy of their Lord Divine ;
 While in His holy presence so benign,
 The tribute that was due they offered there :
 My heart till then was free from every care,
 Till then my fate had traced an equal line,
 When lo ! some eyes, too high and pure for mine,
 Assaulted all my reason, unaware.
 The novel vision struck me wholly blind ;
 From strangeness sprang the magic charm displayed
 By that soft presence, all angelical.
 And can I no alleviation find ?
 Oh ! why in births hath Human Nature made
 Difference so great, and we her children all !

Swedish—Rosenhane—Love's Hallowed Ground—Gosse

Deep in a vale where rocks on every side
 Shut out the winds, and scarcely let the sun
 Between them dart his rays down one by one,
 Where all was still and cool in summer-tide,
 And softly, with her whispering waves that sighed,
 A little river that had scarce begun
 Her silver course, made bold to fleet and run
 Down leafy falls to woodlands dense and wide,
 There stood a tiny plain, just large enow
 To give small mountain-folk right room to dance,
 With oaks and limes and maples ringed around ;
 Hither I came, and viewed its turf askance,
 Its solitude with beauty seemed aglow,—
 My love had walked there and 'twas holy ground !

Greek—Rhangabe—Love, the Consoler—E. M. Edmond's

Behold, sweet love, all things on this our earth
 Have been prepared with leavening of tears !
 With tears, delight—with tears, renown appears,—
 With mingled tears hath every joy its birth.
 O'er land and sea Man passes, still at strife ;
 He passes—memories, footprints, leaving none,
 With tears mute science following alone,
 Grows old—and dies—ere he hath studied Life.
 His vague desires across black chaos sail,
 He hopes—his hopes untimely withering fail.
 Winged shadows he pursues,—on, on, they move.
 Yet creeping through the darkness gently gleams
 For him the illuming light of one star's beams ;
 One smile alone—one smile—consoles him—Love.

Polish—Mickiewicz—The Rock of Aiudah—Garnett

Aiudah ! See the blackening waves advance
 Against the shore, like armies to the fray,
 Then break in silvery clouds, while rainbows dance
 In the long lines of diamonded spray !
 They strike, they break, they die on the lagoon.
 Like stranded whales, their long triumphant swell
 Now hides the prostrate shore ; retreating soon
 They leave the pearl, the coral, and the shell.
 So youthful bard, will Passion's surges roll
 On thy young heart, but do thou seize the lyre
 And wake the soul of music, at her hymn
 The threatening floods will suddenly retire,
 And on the strand of thy delivered soul
 Leave songs whose splendors never shall be dim.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS AND QUEER

Is this Power Memory?—The Youth's Companion

It is an experience familiar enough to many persons that they find themselves at times in places where their surroundings seem to have been known to them before; and yet they know that this is the first time they have ever been upon the spot. In some instances the recognition may be due to a picture of the place, seen somewhere at some time, of which all recollection was lost except the impression it made. Or it may be that the place has been described under circumstances which are wholly forgotten, or an account of it has been read, so minute and so interesting as to have made the impression received more lasting than any circumstance attending it. We are able, in some instances, to trace the impression, by suggestion and association, back to some such origin. This leads us to infer that in cases where we are unable to do this, it is because suggestion or association fails us. If we deny that memory has anything to do with these impressions, then they become mysteries, and such mysteries as haunt and perplex a sensitive mind. It is more reasonable to admit the possible weakness and untrustworthiness of our faculties than to suppose that anything has happened contrary to the course of nature. Upon the view presented above, it will be seen that if one's own memory fails, it is useless for him to go to another person for a solution of the difficulty; but this is just what is commonly done, and so we have many instances given where the mystery seems very wonderful. The following are good examples: A gentleman relates that upon one occasion he had to make a call in a square in the north of London, where certainly he had never been before; and upon arriving there, all at once an impression came over him that he knew the square well, and that at the other end of it was an old pump, and he walked round to see; and, strangely enough, one was there just as he had pictured it. A doctor who had been called in to see a patient at a house he had never, to his knowledge, visited before, relates as a curious fact that, on being ushered into the dining-room, a feeling came over him that he knew it quite well, and that he recollected a certain peculiar knot in the shutter. So much was he impressed that he actually opened the shutter, and there was the knot exactly in every essential as he had imagined it.

The Strange Key of Death—American Notes and Queries

About 1600 a stranger named Tebaldo established himself as a merchant in Venice. He became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, and, asking her hand, was rejected, the young lady being already affianced. Enraged, he set himself to plan revenge, and, being a skillful mechanic, he invented a formidable weapon. This was a large key, the handle of which could be turned easily. Being turned, it discovered a spring, which, when pressed, sent out from the other end of the key a needle of such fineness that it entered the flesh and buried itself there, leaving no external trace. With this weapon Tebaldo waited at the church door till the maiden he loved passed in to her marriage. Then, unperceived, he sent the slender needle into the breast of the bridegroom, who, seized with a sharp pain from an unknown cause, fainted, was carried home, and soon died, his strange illness baffling the skill of the physicians. Again Tebaldo demanded the maiden's hand, and was again refused. In a few days both her parents died in a like mysterious manner. Suspicion was excited, and on examination of the bodies the small steel instrument was found in the flesh.—There was universal

terror; no one felt that his own life was secure. The young lady went into a convent during her mourning, and, after a few months, Tebaldo begged to see and speak with her, hoping now to bend her to his will. She, with an instinctive horror of this man, who had from the first been displeasing to her, returned a decisive negative; whereupon Tebaldo contrived to wound her through the grate. On returning to her room she felt a pain in her breast and discovered a single drop of blood. Surgeons were hastily summoned. Taught by the past, they cut into the wounded part, extracted the needle, and saved her life. Tebaldo was suspected, his house was searched, the key discovered, and he perished on the gallows. There is a tradition that Duke Francis of Padua had a poisoned key of a similar character, which unlocked his private library. When he desired to rid himself of an obnoxious member of his household or suite he would send him to bring a certain volume from his book-case. As the key was turned in the lock, out shot a poisoned needle, stabbed the hand of the holder, and instantly shot back again. Examination of the hand revealed only a small, dark blue spot, but in a few moments the person grew strangely giddy, and would be found on the floor, apparently in a fit. In twenty-four hours he would be dead, and a verdict rendered—"apoplexy."

Hindu Ghost Charms—The London Graphic

The dread of ghosts is common to all the aboriginal races of India, from which it has been very generally adopted by their Aryan conquerors, and even by the lower classes of Mohammedans. All ghosts are believed to be mischievous, and some of them bitterly malicious, and the only means employed to oppose their rancor is to build shrines for them, and to make them offerings of a fowl, a pig, or, on grand occasions, of a buffalo. Any severe illness, and more especially any epidemic disease, such as smallpox or cholera, is attributed to the malignancy of certain of these spirits, who must be propitiated accordingly. The man-tiger is, perhaps, the most dreaded of all these demon ghosts; for when a tiger has killed a man the tiger is considered safe from harm, as the spirit of the man rides upon his head and guides him clear of danger. Accordingly, it is believed that "the only sure mode of destroying a tiger who has killed many people is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of his victims, thereby depriving him of their valuable services." The ghosts most propitiated are of those who have met a violent or untimely death, whether by design or by accident, including poison and disease. Even women who die in the childbed pang or wretches who are hanged for their crimes are believed to have the same powers of causing evil to the living as those who have been killed by tigers or by lightning, or by any other violent cause. All these deified spirits are often distinguished by some term denoting the manner of their death; thus, the "Toddy Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by falling from a toddy (palm) tree; the "Tiger Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by a tiger; the "Lightning Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by lightning; the "Snake Ghost," and so on. The ghosts of women who die during pregnancy or in childbirth are supposed to be specially powerful and vindictive. Most of the deceased persons whose spirits are now worshiped were the ancestors of some of the aborigines; and, as General Cunningham, the head of the archaeological survey of India, says, their worship is generally local, and confined to the limits occupied by the respective tribes to which

they belonged. The ceremonies observed in propitiating the ghost consist mainly of the offerings of goats, fowls, or pigs, as well as flowers and fruits, of the recitation of prayers, and of the singing of certain mantras, or charms, the last being the most important of all. These charms, which are always sung by men at the different shrines, are of two different kinds: "the Sabara charms" (Sabara being the name of one of the aboriginal tribes) and the "mystical incantations." The former are addressed to the deified ghosts of the dead, the performances being generally carried out in the country, or the place where the corpse was burned; and the latter are used to compel spirits to appear and receive the orders of the performer.

The Architect and the Devil—Cornhill Magazine

All over the north of Europe the greatest aversion is felt to be the first to enter a new building or go over a newly-built bridge. If to do this is not thought everywhere and in all cases to entail death, it is considered supremely unlucky. Several German legends are connected with this superstition. The reader, if he has been to Aix-la-Chapelle, has doubtless had the rift in the great door pointed out to him, and has been told how it came there. The devil and the architect made a compact that the first should supply the plans and the second gain the kudos; and the devil's pay was to be the first who crossed the threshold when the church was built. When the building was nearly complete the architect's conscience smote him, and he confessed the compact to the bishop. "We'll do him," said the prelate; that is to say, he said something to this effect in terms more appropriate to the century in which he lived and to his high ecclesiastical office. When the procession formed to enter the structure for the consecration the devil lurked in ambush behind a pillar, and fixed his wicked eye on a fine fat and succulent little chorister as his destined prey. But, alas! for his hopes! this fat little boy had been given his instructions, and, as he neared the great door, loosed the chain of a wolf and sent it through. The Evil One uttered a howl of rage, snatched up the wolf, and rushed away, giving the oak door a kick that split it as he passed.

A Strange Religious Sect—The London Chronicle

Some time ago I drew attention to a very remarkable phase of religious fanaticism in the little village of Tolox, in the province of Malaga, which led to a State prosecution. The devotees of the religion, I may call to mind, were led to believe by their leader, a woman, who declared herself a prophetess, that the highest form of religion was to conduct the mundane affairs of this life in the simple garb of Adam and Eve before the fall. This was bad enough, and led, as I have said, to the intervention of the crown, but it was not their only divergence from the ways of ordinary mortals, another portion of their doctrine being to inflict upon themselves wounds in the hands, breast and feet, such as are shown in representations of the Crucifixion. They also burnt all their worldly possessions, in the belief that a higher power would provide them with food. Their behavior was such, that the government felt called upon to interfere, and a number of leaders of this strange sect were put upon their trial. Already the most extraordinary revelations have been made, apart from what may be called the spiritual manifestations which these misguided people declare have been made to them. The most interesting feature in connection with the trial has been the experiments in hypnotism which have been made on the defendants by medical specialists—this being the first time hypnotism has been resorted to in Spain in the interests of justice. In nearly every case the defendants proved to be "good" subjects. Many of the experiments tried by the doctors were of the most extraor-

dinary character. One of the accused, for instance, when in a state of hypnotism, on being ordered to perspire, broke out almost instantly in a state of profuse perspiration, while another, who was ordered to ascend a very high mountain, being the while in an ordinary room, behaved as if he were actually climbing, his breathing becoming difficult and his heart beating violently. When this man was told that he had reached the summit and might rest there awhile, the symptoms of exhaustion gradually disappeared.

Curious Beliefs About Rainbows—Chicago Herald

The rainbow is frequently credited with great power for good or evil. It is a widespread belief that it hides great riches, or brings fortune or good luck with it. In Suabia it is said to rest on bowls of gold; in Hungary, that cups of silver will be found where it touches the earth or water, and the finder will divine the future. It is quite likely that a shoe cast over it will fall on the other side filled with gold, as it is believed in Berne and among Suabian peasants. The difficulty is to get it over. In Carinthia it is a hat. Czech tradition says that if iron or other base metal be cast into the rainbow it will turn to gold, and similar things are recorded of it in the Tyrol. In many parts of Germany a golden key, or a treasure, is said to be found where the bow touches the earth; in Portugal, a silver hen; and in modern Greece, a curious Byzantine coin, called a Constantine coin. Any one finding this will be endowed with marvelous power. In Norway it is said that a cup and spoon, with a kind of gruel, will be found where the bow rests. It is also believed to bestow health. Among the Letts, if you can reach the bow and touch it, you will have the healing power. The water found beneath the arch will, it is believed, cure those afflicted with demoniacity. Old women keep this water in trenches dug in the ground or in a hollow tree, but not in the house, where it will lose its force or bring some disaster to the household. It is also said that flocks should not be pastured where the bow rests, or they will fall sick. German peasants say the touch of the bow will render plants odorant. On the other hand, in some departments of France, the rainbow is said to injure plants on which it rests, to dry up vines and to ruin the harvest. In Bohemia, also, it withers up the herbage, say the peasants. In the Ukraine you must not put out your tongue at the rainbow, or it will dry up. In Hungary there is a Vila or fairy sitting on the water where the rainbow touches it, and whomsoever she sees first will die. Esthonians say the bow is but the scythe used by the thunder to chase wicked souls. In Austro-Hungary the sick are not allowed to lie stretched at full length when the first bow of spring appears, for it is thought they would die if permitted to do so. Many ordinary tasks must not then be performed for fear of evil.

The Negro Fortune-Teller—Philadelphia News

I had but to cross her palm with silver and she was ready to tell my past, present and future. Being reasonably familiar with my past and present and not especially anxious to fathom the deep mysteries of the future, I persuaded her to talk on other than my personal matters, revealing to me many of the strange superstitions and beliefs of her race. In making a journey, she said, the foot of a rabbit kept in the vest pocket or worn as a charm about the neck will ward off evil and endow with Samsonic strength the wearer. The paw of a coal black cat, she assured me, would protect the wearer against the bite of any canine irrespective of its condition or the appearance of the person. When a frightened bird, strayed from its forest home, comes fluttering about your dwelling and attempts to obtain an entrance, close your windows, for if

it succeeds in getting within your walls a death will occur in your household shortly. Another death warning is to hear the lowing of cows late in the night. The harmless noisy little screech owl's quivering, harrowing cry is considered by the negro to be a harbinger of death. If the bird obtains an entrance into his house, he will at once attempt to undo the spell the bird has cast upon him or his family. Placing the shovel in the fire and allowing it to become red hot, sprinkling salt upon the blazing coals, turning his shoes with their soles against the wall, are but a few of his numerous methods for accomplishing this.

The Wonders of Dreams—Baltimore Sunday News

It is often urged that there can be nothing in dreams from the fact that, although now and then one may prove prophetic, in myriads of instances they fail. If it were possible to find only a single coincidence—or, indeed, two or three, or even half a dozen—there might be sound reason in such an argument; but the truth is there are thousands of cases of well authenticated dreams that are known to have come out truth, or to have been precursors and signs of future events. Many books have been written on the science of interpreting dreams, chiefly by the ancients, some in the middle ages, and at least one in our time. The latter is by Mr. Frank Seafeld, and is worth looking into. The interpretations seem very absurd, inasmuch as it is impossible to find any connection in the majority of instances between the vision and the circumstance it is supposed to prefigure. With respect to some, however, the association is clearer. Thus we are told, and it is commonly accepted, that to dream of a horse—a white horse, according to certain authorities, bay, according to others, is a sign of speedy news. Here, of course, the affinity is clear enough. To dream of catching fish is an indication that money is coming, also self-evident, as the scales of fish suggest silver, and the capture of fish is something naturally associated with luck. Not so satisfactory is the doctrine that a funeral pre-shadows a wedding, and a wedding a funeral. The rule of contraries is, however, for some unknown reason, one of the strongest foundations of the whole mystic art. Thus, one of the best possible dreams is that of being hanged, while to be crowned a king is held to be a sure token of ruin. If there be any basis for a belief in dreams at all it is extremely improbable that there can be formed any system of interpretation that will apply generally. When certain occurrences or appearances take place in sleep, which seems, from repeated coincidence, to have a prophetic significance, the mass of evidence in the literature upon this subject rather demonstrates that the elucidation is of a special character and applies only to the one individual. Charlotte Brontë, for instance, never dreamed of an infant that something unfortunate did not follow. The present writer has for many years had a special dream in the form of a regiment of soldiers marching by, and it has seldom failed to be the apparent augury of something agreeable. Of dreams which turned out exactly true there are many authentic stories. Alexander's death was foretold in a dream of Endemius, and the dream of Calphurnia in which she saw Cæsar killed is historic. Marius and Sylla were both similarly warned, and Cyrus, according to Xenophon, of the very hour. The vision of Socrates was very strange—a white lady came to him and quoted a certain line of Homer in the ninth book. There are modern instances even more extraordinary. Archbishop Laud dreamed that in the moment of his greatest glory he should sink to perdition. The grandfather of the poet Goethe was confident that the latter would be elected councilor of Frankfort because he saw in sleep the person who had formerly filled the seat and died in it appear and offer the vacant place to

Goethe. Goethe proved successful. The mother of Cardinal Bembo dreamed she saw Giusto wound him in the hand. Later on they had an altercation, and that event took place. Of all the stories of dreams none are more extraordinary than those relating to the death of Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, and later of the wicked Lord Lyttleton. The Countess of Denbigh, sister of the Duke, dreamed that she was riding with him in a coach when the people gave a loud cry and she was told it was a shout of joy at the dangerous illness of the Duke. She had scarcely related this dream when the Bishop of Ely came to tell her that her brother had been assassinated. Parker, an officer of the wardrobe to the king, had been an old favorite of Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke of Buckingham. One night, while Parker was asleep in Windsor Castle, he saw the figure of Sir George enter and approach his bedside. The old man entreated him to warn the Duke of the danger of following the counsels of certain persons and of inspiring the enmity of the people. This vision was repeated three times, and on the last visit the specter drew a dagger from beneath the folds of his gown, and said: "This will end my son, and do you, Parker, also prepare for death." The dream was narrated to both the Duke and his mother, and when they parted for the last time at Whitehall, after he had been out upon a day's hunting, the lady sank down in an agony of tears. The prophecy was terribly fulfilled.

Superstitions of the Arabs of Algiers—Harper's Monthly

Next to a commercial grandee you will find a patriarch versed in the Koran, and possessing the power of writing extracts from the Book of the Prophet, and through them and his own venerated mediation of insuring the individual—made happy possessor of the valuable document by paying a few sous—against disease, bad luck, the evil eye and innumerable misfortunes. A charming old acquaintance of mine, near whose sanctified abode I made several studies, and took refuge when it rained, seemed to have an extensive practice in writing these charms on eggs, perhaps three times a week, at one sou each. These charms are more frequently written on paper, to be folded and inclosed in amulets, which are generally square or triangular in shape, and made of silk, leather, and tin. As they believe in the efficiency of these scraps of paper, so are they superstitious about paper generally; they object, for instance, to going before French authorities to settle their grievances against each other, preferring verbal discussions of their case in presence of their *cadi*, for they fear that all sorts of harmful words may be written besides the name of God—and subsequently used to their condemnation. Children wear them around the neck or tied to their cap; men and women wear them on their person, sometimes above the elbow, and in their garments; horses have them attached to the band passing across their chest to protect them from the evil eye. Those worn by the women of the higher and wealthier classes are inclosed in richly engraved cases of gold and silver, and suspended to chains slung over the shoulder and passing around the waist. They add greatly to the richness of their costume, and form part of their wealth. "Tell me, Baia, what do you do when you fall ill? I suppose you call in a doctor?" "Oh, no; the men may do so when they are sick, for our Arab doctors are far superior to the French; but we women go to the *marabout*; he writes a few words from certain chapters in the Koran, such as these, 'God is the best protector,' 'He is the most merciful of those who show mercy,' or, 'A guard against every rebellious devil,' etc. This paper we chew and swallow, and with a little water which he gives us from the sacred well, in a few days we recover."

FOLLOWING THE SEA—A STORY OF ADVENTURE*

At the time of "the great earthquake of '68," I was at Africa, Peru. I have not a map by me, and am not certain that Africa is not in Chili, but it can't make much difference; there was an earthquake all along there.

Sam Baxter was with me; I think we had gone to make a railway, or something. On the morning of the "quake" Sam and I had gone down to the beach to bathe. We had shed our boots and begun to moult, when there was a slight tremor of the earth, as if the elephant who supports it was pushing upward, or lying down and getting up again. Next the surges, which were flattening themselves upon the sand and dragging away such small trifles as they could lay hold of, began racing out seaward, as if they had received a telegraphic dispatch that somebody was not expected to live.

When the sea had receded entirely out of sight, we started after it; for, it will be remembered, we had come to bathe; and bathing without some kind of water is not refreshing in a hot climate. For the first four or five miles the walking was very difficult. The ground was soft, there were tangled forests of seaweed, old rotting ships, rusty anchors, human skeletons, and a multitude of things to impede the pedestrian. The floundering sharks bit our legs as we toiled past them, and we were constantly slipping down on the flat fish strewn about like orange-peel on a sidewalk. Sam, too, had stuffed his shirt front with such a weight of Spanish doubloons from the wreck of an old galleon, that I had to help him across all the worst places. It was very dispiriting.

Presently, away on the western horizon, I saw the sea coming back. It occurred to me then that I did not wish it to come back. A tidal wave is nearly always wet, and I was now a good way from home.

The same was true of Sam, but he did not appear to think of it in that way. He stood quite still a moment with his eyes fixed on the advancing line of water; then turned to me, saying very earnestly:

"Tell you what, William; I never wanted a ship so bad from the cradle to the grave! I would give more for a ship!—more than for all the railways and turnpikes you could scare up! I'd give more than a hundred, thousand, million dollars! I would—I'd give all I'm worth for—just—one—little—ship!"

To show how rightly he could part with his wealth, he lifted his shirt out of his trousers, unbosoming himself of his doubloons, which tumbled about in, a golden storm.

By this time the tidal wave was close upon us. Call that a wave! It was one solid green wall of water, higher than Niagara Falls, stretching as far as we could see to right and left, without a break in its towering front! It was by no means clear what we ought to do. The moving wall showed no projections by means of which the most daring climber could hope to reach the top. There was no ivy; there were no window-ledges. Stay! there was the lightning rod! No, there wasn't any lightning rod. Of course, not!

Looking despairingly upward, I made a tolerably good beginning at thinking of all the mean actions I had wrought in the flesh, when I saw projecting beyond the crest of the wave a ship's bowsprit, with a man sitting on it, reading a newspaper! Thank fortune, we were saved!

Falling upon our knees with tearful gratitude, we got up

again and ran—ran as fast as we could, I suspect; for now the whole fore-part of the ship bulged through the water directly above our heads, and might lose its balance any moment. If we had only brought along our umbrellas!

I shouted to the man on the bowsprit to drop us a line. He merely replied that his correspondence was already very onerous, and he hadn't any pen and ink. Then I told him I wanted to get aboard. He said I would find one on the beach, about three leagues to the south'ard, where the Nancy Tucker went ashore. At these replies I was disheartened. It was not so much that the man withheld assistance, as that he made puns. Remember we were running like the very devil all this time. Presently, however, he folded his newspaper, put it carefully away in his pocket, went and got a line, and let it down to us just as we were about to give up the race. Sam made a lunge at it, and got it. I laid hold of his legs, the end of the rope was passed about the capstan, and as soon as the men on board had had a little grog, we were hauled up. I can assure you that it was no fine experience to go up in that way, close to the smooth vertical front of water, with the whales tumbling out all round and above us, and the sword-fishes nosing us pointedly with vulgar curiosity.

We had no sooner set foot on deck, and got Sam disengaged, than the purser stepped up with book and pencil.

"Tickets, gentlemen."

We told him we hadn't any tickets, and he ordered us to be set ashore in a boat. It was represented to him that this was quite impossible under the circumstances; but he replied that he had nothing to do with circumstances. Nothing would move him till the captain, who was really a kind-hearted man, came on deck and knocked him down.

We were now stripped of our clothing, chafed all over with stiff brushes, rolled on our stomachs, wrapped in flannels, laid before a hot stove in the saloon, and strangled with scalding brandy. We had not been wet, nor had we swallowed any sea water, but the surgeon said this was the proper treatment. I suspect, poor man, he did not often get the opportunity to resuscitate anybody; in fact, he admitted he had not had any such case as ours for years. It is uncertain what he might have done to us if the tender-hearted captain had not thrashed him into his cabin, and told us to go on deck.

By this time the ship was passing above the town of Africa, and we were about to go astern and fish a little, when she grounded on a hill-top. The captain hove out all the anchors he had about him; and when the water went swirling back to its legal level, taking the town along for company, there we were, in the midst of a charming agricultural country, but some distance from any port.

At sunrise next morning we were all on deck. Sam sauntered aft to the binnacle, cast his eye carelessly upon the compass, and uttered an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Tell you, captain," he called out, "this has been a direr convulsion of nature than you have any idea. Everythin's been screwed right round. Needle points due south!"

"Why, you cussed lubber!" growled the skipper, moving up and taking a look, "it p'int's d'irectly to labbard, an' there's the sun, dead ahead!"

Sam confronted him with a gaze of ineffable contempt.

"Now, who said it wasn't dead ahead?—tell me that. Shows how much you know about earthquakes. 'Course, I didn't mean just this continent, nor just this earth. I tell you, the whole thing's turned!"

* An American story from The London Figaro

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR—VICTUALS AND DRINK

Chinese Restaurants—Wong Chin Foo—The Cosmopolitan

There are eight thriving Chinese restaurants which can prepare a Chinese dinner in New York, almost with the same skill as at the famous "Dan Quay Cha Yuen" (Demonico's) of Shanghai or Canton. These places are most thronged on Sunday, when the Chinese laundrymen of New York and neighboring cities come in for a general good time. Unlike Americans, the Chinese do not generally pay by the dishes ordered, but by the tables or spreads, called by the Chinese "Gzuh." A first-class spread includes about forty courses, and it takes two days to finish the feast. It cost \$50. A second-class spread, with twenty-eight courses, costs \$40. A third-class spread, with eighteen courses, costs \$25. The cheapest spread contains eight courses for \$8. This is the lowest price for which a man can order a formal dinner in a first-class Chinese restaurant. But then the spread is made for any number of people within twelve. If a man simply wants to eat a short meal, for himself and a friend or two, he can get ready-made dishes of fish, chicken, duck, pigs' feet, rice, tea, etc., cheaper than in any other restaurant, besides many dishes, peculiar to Chinatown. The prices run from 5 cents to 25 cents. The foods are all chopped in small pieces, rendering knives and forks unnecessary. The Chinese table implements are chopsticks, of ivory or bone, a tiny little teacup and a porcelain spoon. A staple dish for the Chinese gourmand is chow chop svey, a mixture of chickens' livers and gizzards, fungi, bamboo buds, pigs' tripe, and bean sprouts stewed with spices. The gravy of this is poured into the bowl of rice with some — (the prototype of Worcestershire sauce), making a delicious seasoning to the favorite grain. The tea is made by pouring hot water over the fresh Oolong in a cup, and covering it with a small saucer to draw. Then pushing back the saucer a little, you pour off the fluid into a smaller cup, and add more hot water to the grounds again. This may be repeated five or six times, and the last cup will be nearly as strong as the first. The Chinaman always takes spirits with his meals, pouring the rice whiskey into a tiny cup from a pewter pot. But he always drinks moderately, and never apart from his meals. For this reason drunken Chinamen are very rarely seen. When a party of Chinamen sit around a table, one dish of each kind of food is served, and all pick from the same dish with the chopsticks. When there are several courses, the earlier dishes are never removed, and by the time a good dinner has been served the table is literally buried with dishes. The stoves, if they can be called such, are curiosities in themselves. They are long ranges built of low, broad bricks. In the top are great pits, into which are firmly built iron gridirons imported from China for frying, boiling or steaming purposes. Two of the brick ranges have only open pits, and there are places where the whole hogs are occasionally hung upon iron bars and roasted. They provide very quick and sure facilities for turning out a large roast of any kind in beautifully brown and crisp style. Coal is never used in these Chinese kitchens; only hay and hickory wood. At least five hundred Americans take their meals regularly in Chinese restaurants in orthodox Chinese fashion with chopsticks. This may be partly because Chinese diet is skillfully prepared, so that certain dishes work certain medicinal results. The hygienic functions of cooking elevate the kitchen director in China to high social status. Many of these Americans have acquired Chinese gastronomical

tastes, and order dishes like mandarins; but as a rule the keepers do not cater to any other trade than Chinese.

Sleeping After Meals—Westminster Review

There is a widespread superstition, cherished by the great majority of the people, that to sleep immediately after they have taken food is to endanger health, to favor the onset of apoplexy, etc.—a superstition based on the assumption that during sleep the brain is normally congested. There is, no doubt, such a thing as congestive sleep, but during normal sleep the brain is anæmic. When a person has taken a fairly abundant lunch or dinner the stomach demands a special influx of blood wherewith to accomplish its work of digestion; no organ can more easily comply with that demand than the brain, which, when in full activity, is suffused with a maximum amount of the vital fluid. But a derivation of blood from the brain to the stomach can only take place, except in exceptionally full-blooded and vigorous persons, on the condition that the cerebral functions be meanwhile partially or wholly suspended. Hence many people after taking dinner feel indisposed for mental action, and not a few long for sleep. The already partially anæmic brain would fain yield up to the stomach a still further supply of blood and yield itself up to refreshing sleep. Doing so it gains new strength; meanwhile digestion proceeds energetically; and, soon, body and mind are again equipped to continue in full force the battle of life. But superstition, the child of ignorance, intervenes, declares that sleep during digestion is dangerous, admonishes the would-be sleepers to struggle against their perilous inclination, and though telling them that after dinner they may sit awhile, assures them of the adage, "after supper walk a mile." The millions of its victims continue, therefore, the strife to which it condemns them, and ignore the suggestions offered to them by the lower animals, who have always practiced the lessons of sound physiology by sleeping after feeding whenever they are allowed to do so. Hence the human brain and human stomach of such victims contend with each other during the digestive process; the brain, impelled by superstition, strives to work and demands blood to work with, while the stomach, stimulated by its contents, strives to carry on its marvelous chemistry, and demands an ample supply of blood for the purpose. The result of the struggle is that neither is able to do its work well; the brain is enfeebled by being denied its natural rest during the digestive process, and the healthy function of the stomach speedily and surely degenerates into dyspepsia.

The Meaning of Macaroni—The Golden Argosy

The well-known childish tradition that,

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony—
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it Macaroni,"

is not so absurd, after all, in the light of recent discovery. Macaroni is a favorite dish with many people, and its manufacture an important industry in many Italian and French cities. It is a wheaten paste, prepared in the form of hollow tubes of different diameters, and is served at dinners in various styles, for entrées or desserts. It is said to have had its birth and christening in Sicily in this way: Once upon a time a wealthy noble of Palermo owned a cook not only accomplished beyond compare in the practice of his profession, but gifted by nature with an inventive genius. One day, in a rapture of culinary composition, this great

artist devised the farinaceous tubes which all love so well, and the succulent accessories of rich sauce and grated parmesan, familiar to those who have partaken of "macaroni also" in South Italy. Having filled a mighty china bowl with this delicious compound, he set it before his lord—a gourmand of the first water—and stood by, in deferential attitude, to watch the effect of his experiment. The first mouthful elicited the ejaculation "Cari!" idiomatically equivalent to "excellent" in English, from the illustrious epicure. After swallowing a second modicum he exclaimed "Ma cari," or, "Excellent indeed." Presently, as the flavor of the toothsome mess grew upon him, his enthusiasm rose to even higher flights, and he cried out, in a voice tremulous with joyful emotion, "Ma, caroni!—Indeed, most supremely, sublimely, superlatively excellent!" In paying this verbal tribute to the merits of his cook's discovery he unwittingly bestowed a name upon that admirable preparation which has stuck to it ever since.

Vegetable Beefsteak—The English Mechanic

This fungus (*Festulina hepatica*), which resembles a great red tongue protruding from three stems, when once known can never be mistaken for any other species. When young it is a dull, pale purplish red, but becomes more red and passes through brown to black as it decays; the under side is cream color, with minute red points occasionally, becoming yellowish red as it grows. It generally confines itself to old (and often prostrate) oaks; but in Epping Forest it is not uncommon on the beech, and it has been observed on the chestnut, walnut, willow and other trees. Although such a large fungus, frequently weighing from four to six pounds, its growth is very rapid, soon appearing and again disappearing, on ancient trunks in the autumn. When cut, broken or bruised it distils a copious red juice like beef gravy. "When grilled," says Dr. Badham, "it is scarcely to be distinguished from broiled meat;" and Berkeley describes it as "one of the best things he ever ate, when prepared by a skilled cook." There is a slight acid flavor in the fungus when cooked, which adds considerable piquancy to the dish; it is extremely tender, succulent and juicy, and resembles tender steak or tongue in a remarkable manner, the juice it distils being in taste and appearance like gravy from an excellent broiled rump steak. Of course it should be gathered when quite young, fresh and clean, and at once prepared for the table in the following manner: Wash and dry, cut into thin slices half an inch wide, soak in scalding water for five minutes, and stew with butter and herbs; yolk of egg may then be added, and serve hot, or simply stew with a good steak, adding a scallion and parsley, salt and pepper as seasoning.

Cold Water Before Breakfast—Mail-Express

A thin, tall man got up early the other morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and coming downstairs ordered two glasses of water at the liquid refreshment counter. The trained bartender smiled, but handed out two large glasses full of pure cold water. The man smacked his lips and said it was a healthy drink before breakfast, and one that he recommended. "You look thin, sir?" "Yes, I do, but if I had not drunk cold water before breakfast I might have been in my grave long ago. I am a physician, or rather was one before I retired, and have made a study of liquids. Water, drunk freely before meals, has a very beneficial result, for it washes away the mucus secreted during the intervals of repose. The membrane thus cleansed is in much better condition to receive food and convert it into soluble compounds. In the morning the accumulation of mucus is specially marked, when the gastric walls are covered with a thick, tenacious layer. Now food entering the stomach at this time, will become covered with this

tenacious coating, which for a time protects it from the action of gastric ferments, and so retards digestion. Your man with a tubular contracted stomach, with its puckered mucous lining and viscid contents, a normal condition in the morning before breakfast, is not suitable to receive food. A glass of water washes out the stomach, gives tone, and prepares the alimentary canal for the morning meal."

Wholesome Stimulants—The Medical Record

Milk heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body or mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy that they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects. "There is many an ignorant, over-worked woman who fancies she could not keep up without her beer; she mistakes its momentary exhilaration for strength, and applies the whip instead of nourishment to her poor, exhausted frame. Any honest, intelligent physician will tell her that there is more real strength and nourishment in a slice of bread than in a quart of beer; but if she loves stimulants it would be a very useless piece of information. It is claimed that some of the lady clerks in our own city, and those, too, who are employed in respectable business houses, are in the habit of ordering ale or beer at the restaurants. They probably claim that they are 'tired,' and no one who sees their faithful devotion to customers all day will doubt their assertions. But they should not mistake beer for a blessing or stimulus for strength. A careful examination of statistics will prove that men and women who do not drink can endure more hardship and do more work and live longer than those less temperate."

A Characteristic Tartar Breakfast—Blackwood's Magazine

I went into one of the stone-built recesses, where several of our Tartars were crouching round a small grass-root fire, and was considerably edified by watching them cooking and dispatching their morning repast. To begin with, a very dirty copper vessel was put on the fire and filled with some green weed like nettles, barley, flour and water. While one of the men stirred this pottage round and round with a wooden ladle, another produced some raw meat—a bit of the dong I had shot. This he proceeded to tear up into small strips and throw them on the fire, every now and then popping a raw lump into his mouth and masticating it with the greatest apparent gusto. Even the bits on the fire were quickly disposed of after being merely singed. As soon as the pottage was considered ready it was ladled out into little wooden cups, like the whisky "quaighs" of the Highlands, minus the handles, which each man produced from inside the breast of his dirty woolen coat, and gulped up from them with a prodigious amount of noise. After being replenished again and again until the pot was emptied, the cups were carefully licked clean and redeposited from whence they had been taken. Another course of flesh was about to be partaken of after the manner of the first, but a regard for my own appetite for breakfast prevented my waiting to see it discussed. These hardy Tartars are quite independent of any other dishes beyond their little wooden bowls. In these they mix their suttoo (meal made from barley) with water and salt, and make an expeditious repast of it.

RANDOM READING—THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

The Secret of Happiness in Marriage—The Boston Courier

Thomas Jefferson wrote the following excellent advice. There is a great deal of human nature and good sense in it: Harmony in the married state is the first thing to be arrived at. Nothing can preserve the affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the other of more value than any object whatever on which the wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life. And no opposition in a single instance will hardly in itself produce alienation, yet every one has his pouch into which all these little oppositions are put, and while this is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he or she finds his or her affections wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common, indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife in common conversation; a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says; a desire always to demonstrate and make him feel himself in the wrong, especially in sympathy. Nothing is so goading on the part of either. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his view. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant? and if important, let it pass for the present, and wait for a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of revising the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these simple rules of prudence.

Age and Occupation—The Nineteenth Century

Of the professions, the church takes the lead in healthiness and longevity. The death-rate of the clergy is only about one-half of that of the medical profession, and is only closely approached by that of gardeners and farmers. This applies to the higher as well as to the lower ranks of the clergy. I have taken the trouble to ascertain from the obituaries in the "Annual Register," and from other sources, the ages at death of all the bishops and deans of the Church of England that have died during the past twenty years. I find that of forty-two bishops and deans who died during this period, the average lifetime was seventy-two years and eight months. The bishops had rather the advantage of the deans in one respect, for the nineteen bishops who died during this period lived on an average seventy-six years, two months, and fifteen days, whereas twenty-three deans only lived an average of sixty-nine years, eight months, and twenty-six days. But the deans had the advantage of the bishops in another respect, for the oldest dean—Dean Garnier of Winchester, who died at ninety-eight years of age—beat the oldest bishop—Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, who died at ninety-one years of age—by seven years, and ran Canon Beadon very close, who lived to be one hundred! Seven of the bishops lived to be over eighty—viz.: Llandaff, eighty-four; Winchester, eighty-four; Chichester, eighty-three; St. Asaph, eighty-two; Salisbury, eighty-one, and Chester, eighty-one, together with Bishop Phillpotts, ninety-one, already mentioned; and seven deans lived to over eighty—viz.: Exeter, eighty-eight; Salisbury (Hamilton), eighty-seven; Gloucester, eighty-six; Dean Close, eighty-five; Ripon

(McNeill), eighty-four, and St. David's, eighty, besides Dean Garnier at ninety-eight, mentioned above. The youngest bishop at death was Dr. Woodford, of Ely, who died at sixty-five years of age, and the youngest dean was the Dean of Bangor, who died at the early age of forty-seven. I have also ascertained for purposes of comparison the ages at death of the judges of the superior courts who died during the same period. Forty-nine judges, whose ages I have been able to ascertain, died at the average age of seventy-two years, one month, and fourteen days—an average somewhat less than that of the bishops and deans together, considerably less than the bishops taken separately, and somewhat higher than the deans taken alone. The two oldest judges were Lord St. Leonards, aged ninety-three, and Dr. Lushington, aged ninety. No judge rivals Dean Garnier's ninety-eight years. The two youngest were Thesiger, at forty-two, and Jackson, at forty-nine. Twelve of the judges were over eighty—viz.: Brougham, eighty-nine; Erle, Kindersley, and Pollock, eighty-seven; Coleridge and Wensleydale, eighty-six; Chelmsford, eighty-four; Fitzroy, Kelly, Stuart, and Byles, eighty-three; Martin and Ryan, eighty-two.

The Longest Speech on Record—Toronto Globe

The longest speech on record is believed to have been that made by Mr. De Cosmos, in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending, the passage of which would take from a great many settlers their lands. De Cosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a given day, the act of confiscation would fail. The day before the expiration of the limitation, De Cosmos got the floor about 10 A. M., and began a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by one or two o'clock he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and De Cosmos was speaking still—he had not more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till next noon and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it; but, as it came on to dusk, they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded him a chance to discuss and gain time. They tried to shout him down; but that gave him a breathing space, and, finally, they settled down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy, no adjournment for dinner, no chance to do more than wet his lips with water, no wandering from his subject, no sitting down. Twilight darkened; the gas was lit, members slipped out to dinner in relays and returned to sleep in squads; but De Cosmos went on. The Speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing and trying to look wide awake. Day dawned, and the majority slipped out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It cannot be said that it was a very logical, eloquent, or sustained speech. There were digressions in it, repetitions also. But still the speaker kept on; and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence. And a single man, who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were almost shut and

bleared and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours and saved the lands.

The Survival of the Fittest—Science

At a meeting held at the Mansion House, London, on June 8th, in support of a scheme for establishing polytechnic institutes in South London, a speech was delivered by Lord Salisbury, in which he pointed out that if the law of the "survival of the fittest" is to hold, there must be a rapid improvement in the human race at no distant day. Lord Salisbury, after passing in review the efforts which have been made in London to meet the demand for technical instruction, concluded as follows: "I have only one more word to say, just to call your attention to another aspect of this case and commend it to your efforts. We live in a time when men multiply fast, but apparently the means of supporting them do not multiply as rapidly; when there is vehement competition, and occasionally intervals of deep depression. And if you should look more closely, you will find that one cause, at least, of this phenomenon is that man, as the mere owner of muscle, is being edged out by another and more powerful competitor. Merely as an agent of physical force, as the possessor of the power of labor, the steam engine is a competitor which drives him easily out of the market. And more and more the mere unskilled laborer is being made unnecessary by the development of the forces which mechanical science has discovered. And as the world goes on, you must expect this tendency to increase; you must expect mechanical force to become more varied and more powerful and more cheap, and the competition by human arms and limbs to become more hopeless. But there is one region where the machine can never follow the human being, and that is in the exercise of thought. In skill, in cultivated mind, in the power to adapt the processes of thought to the laws of nature, in all that we call 'skilled labor' of the highest kind—in that, man must always have a monopoly, and need fear no encroachment from the competition of the steam engine. It is to the development of his powers in that respect that the increase in the means of subsistence, and the opening of new paths of self-support, must be found. On all of us, in whatever position we are, is pressing as one of the most anxious subjects of public care, the discoveries of methods by which the teeming millions of this country shall be able to maintain themselves in a prosperous, decent, and comfortable condition. We cannot find in their unskilled labor a satisfaction of that want. The difficulties are enhanced by the fact that our neighbors in other countries have been sensible of the superiority which skilled education can confer, and have not been slow to take advantage of it. If we will not be left behind in the race, if we desire to find any satisfactory solution for the deepest and most inscrutable problem of our time, if we wish our complex community and high civilization to be maintained secure from all the dangers which the presence of unfed, unprosperous, untaught millions must bring upon them, we shall do our utmost to give a healthy and a rapid development to the secondary education of the great working classes."

The Folly of Belief in Luck—Boston Globe

In lotteries and kindred forms of gambling men reject trust in other folks' luck and believe instead in coincidences and dreams. They find the number on which they finally stake their faith in all manner of absurd and unmeaning ways. All the tens of thousands of ticket holders in a great lottery have selected their number in some way satisfactory to themselves, about which we hear nothing when the result is a failure, as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it necessarily is. But when the result chances

to be a success, as in a small proportion of cases it must be, the whole story is gravely related in the papers, as though the number actually bringing the prize had been determined beforehand by some scientific process of reasoning and success assured by the exercise of good judgment or ingenuity. Yet how preposterous such stories invariably are, and what an insult it is to men of sense to expect them to accept such inanities as worth considering. M. N. of X. Y. Z., we are gravely told, "was fortunate in securing the great prize by his happy hit in selecting the winning number, 180,175, as indicated by the year of his mother's birth, 1801, followed by her age, 75, at her death." Whatever number had been drawn, we may be sure that a similar story would have been forthcoming, and a story perfectly true, too, only absolutely unmeaning. Yet thousands of foolish folks think that the winning number in every lottery is always determined in some such way—the real fact being that the winning number in any fair lottery is any whatever, but that since every one who ventures the price of a ticket is sure to hit upon some casual combination having as much connection with the lottery as the pegs in his boots with the stars in the Great Bear, the number of the winning ticket cannot but correspond with one or other of these casual combinations. Yet it is idle to inveigh against the folly of such fancies and superstitions. They have existed in all ages, and among all races from time immemorial. Carrying in themselves their own contradiction, they also carry in themselves what to believers in luck appears their full confirmation. For he does not observe that the ideas about luck which run through his mind are contradictory, and in their self-contradiction provide for every event. When success comes to him by following one idea about luck, his faith in luck is confirmed; but when failure arrives he is not a whit less satisfied that he holds the true faith about luck, for he has another doctrine about that event also. Resolved into its component factors, the common belief about luck involves these two doctrines: First, luck lasts long; second, luck cannot last forever. The event of any trial is bound to correspond with one or the other doctrine, and since no one can guess beforehand just how long luck will last, when the luck which has lasted long will change, every venture is pure guesswork with the believer in luck, and there is no certainty in the results—except this, that when luck continues, all the winners will say they knew they could trust in that long-lasting luck, while when luck changes, the winners will proclaim as loudly they knew luck was bound to change.

Sights Underneath the Ocean—The Golden Argosy

At a recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in New York, Prof. A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, described the physical and geological character of the seabottom off our coast, especially that which lies beneath the Gulf Stream: "The depths of the ocean teem with life. Sharks are seen by thousands, and countless dolphins; but it seems strange that not a fishbone is ever dredged up. A piece of wood may be dredged up once a year, but it is honeycombed by the boring shell fish, and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand. This shows what destruction is constantly going on in these depths. If a ship sinks at sea with all on board, it would be eaten by fish with the exception of the metal, and that would corrode and disappear. Not a bone of a human body would remain after a few days. It is a constant display of the law of the survival of the fittest. Nothing made by the hand of man was dredged up after cruising for months in the track of ocean vessels excepting coal clinkers shoved overboard from steamships. As to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea there has been much dispute. Animals

dredged from below seven hundred fathoms either have no eyes, or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding. Another strange thing is, that if the creatures in those lower depths have any color, it is of orange or red, or reddish orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimp and crabs have this brilliant color. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens inclines toward purple. Not a green or blue fish is found. The orange red is the fish's protection, for the bluish-green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or red fish appear of a neutral tint, and hides it from its enemies. Many animals are black, others neutral in color. Some fish are provided with boring tails, so that they can burrow in the mud. Finally, the surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like a sea-beach, showing that it is the eating house of vast schools of carnivorous animals. A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shells, digests the meat, and spits out the rest. Crabs crack the shells and suck out the meat. In that way come whole mounds of shells that are dredged up."

The Freedom of the City—Youth's Companion

Now and then it is announced in the newspapers that some eminent man—usually an Englishman, but occasionally a foreigner—has been "presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box." The last to receive this honor was the Marquis of Hartington, upon whom it was conferred in April, in recognition of his political character and services. This custom is an ancient one, and is attended with much elaborate ceremony. It is voted to a distinguished man by the corporation of the city of London; a day is appointed; the Common Council gathers in official costume in the ancient Guildhall; certain members are appointed, who vouch for the worthiness of the recipient of the honor, and who are called "compurgators;" the new "freeman" signs the roll; and then the Lord Mayor, clad in the robes of his office, presents the eminent man with a richly ornamented gold box, in which is placed the certificate of his "freedom of the city." There are four ways in which a man may become what is called a "freeman of London." The first is, by inheritance. The sons of one who is already a freeman have the right to be also enrolled as freemen of the city. The second is, by "servitude or apprenticeship to a master already a freeman." The third is, by redemption, or purchase; and the fourth is, by vote of the Corporation, conferring the freedom of the city as a gift, this being an honorary distinction. All these methods are a part of the very ancient system of the municipal government of London City, features of which, indeed, may be traced as far back as to the Saxon period of English history. The freedom of the city is conferred upon eminent men for a great variety of achievements. It is given to statesmen when they have done some signal act of statecraft or have won some notable success in diplomacy; to great captains or sailors who have given luster to British arms, or, in other countries, have had a brilliant career; to men of science, discoverers, explorers, and philanthropists. It is also frequently conferred on royal personages. On the roll of the freemen of the city by gift during the present century are to be found the famous names of Pitt, Brougham, Peel, Russell, Cobden, Beaconsfield, and Salisbury, for their success as statesmen; Wellington, Nelson, Garibaldi, Napier of Magdala, and Wolseley, for deeds of war; Jenner, Rowland Hill, and Shaftesbury, for philanthropy; M. de Lesseps for engineering science, and Livingstone for discovery. The royal dukes of Kent and Sussex and Prince Albert were added to the list, and the Prince of Wales and his son, Prince Albert Victor, derive their "freedom of the city" by

inheritance. Mr. Gladstone is a freeman by purchase. Three great Americans—General Grant, George Peabody, and Henry M. Stanley—have also been presented with the freedom of the city. As a practical fact, the receiving of the freedom of the city by gift of the Corporation is an honor, high indeed, but without many substantial privileges. A freeman of the city has the right to vote for aldermen and councilmen, and is eligible for those offices.

Enterprising Parisian Reporting—San Francisco Chronicle

One of the most brilliant feats of French reporting is the following. It happened at the time when the great Traupmann murder case was agitating Paris and France, and when everybody was eager for details: A reporter, who had the matter in hand, left Paris for Cernay, where the father of Traupmann resided. He arrived, called on the justice of peace and the commissaire de police, invited them to follow him to the mairie, took his seat in the judge's chair, and with unparalleled audacity, ordered the garde de champetre to go and bring before him the assassin's father. The officers did not say a word; and the reporter had conquered them by his air and demeanor. When the father of Traupmann was brought before him, the reporter interrogated him as though officially commissioned to do so. The result of the cross-questioning was that the boy had written to his father on the eve and on the day of the crime. "Monsieur de commissaire," says the reporter, "please to go to the witness's house and seize these letters." The functionary obeyed; the letters were brought, and the reporter read them, found them full of evidence of Traupmann's guilt, copied them carefully, and with a solemn air. Then, with respect, he handed over the originals to the justice of the peace, asked him to seal them carefully, and keep them for the further use of the court. The reporter put the copies into his pocket, saluted the gentlemen, and left. It was one o'clock in the afternoon, and the train that was to bear his letter to Paris would not leave before evening. If he sent his precious burden by that train it would be too late for the morning edition of his paper. Besides, he met two other Paris reporters, who had just arrived, and who would soon learn the news at Cernay, and send it on to Paris at the same time he did his report. What does he do? He goes up to his brother reporters and says, "I am dying of hunger, my friends. Let us breakfast together. You go to the tavern there and order a good dejeuner, with plenty of wine, you know, and I'll come presently." The two reporters did as he bade them, while our friend jumped into a wagon, and had himself driven to the station; after hard begging and giving money, he was allowed to leave on a luggage train, then about to start, caught a passenger train for Paris at a junction farther on, and arrived at the office of his prelate at night. He communicated his information, and the first page, which was already "closed up," was reset. The next morning eighty thousand copies were sold.

On a Certain Deficiency in Women—Universal Review

In the present writer's eyes that disability consists almost entirely in the feminine incapacity or radical disinclination (the word matters little) for serious, concentrated and continued thought. And this again derives in a great measure from the crowded life, the gregarious habits, the sheep-like following and halting of educated women. Whether it is imposed upon them or accepted by them, the result, so far as art and morals are concerned, remains the same. There is scarcely, we venture to affirm, one man in a thousand who, at some time in his life, has not felt and indulged the impulse to step out from the rank and file of his familiars and his contemporaries, and envisage his own nature stripped of its forms and its sur-

roundings; not a man, worthy of the name, but has searched for and found himself—has hewn out his own convictions, and wrestled like Jacob through the long nights of his youth with the stern-browed angel of revelation. And all this implies voluntary solitude; it implies an impassioned interest in the impersonal, and a continuous habit of the mind. And are such things, then, finally denied to the larger half of our adult population? To the writer the question is shorn of much of its harsher significance by the fact that, to him, to use an arbitrary simile, woman has always played the part of the sky in the world's fair landscape; like the sky, uplifted, remote and changing, obscured by a hundred inexplicable clouds, and brightened by strange, long, shining radiances, of which no man yet has caught the innermost meaning. He has been content to consider her hitherto as a thing apart—an expression of interest, of goodness and of loveliness, but not, as he admits, as a dusty fellow worker. To that last new and formidable personage he would humbly address a few concluding words. As briefly thus: To attempt art, to undertake to give any expression of life which shall be worthy of the name, is a very serious matter. In the more ordinary commerce of life, woman's wit, her variety, her quick curiosity and power of assimilation, may easily mark the absence of a more sustained reflection. And it is not the man who suffers by this loose-fibered habit of the feminine mind. There is mystery enough and delight in the nature of the simplest-tempered woman to content your most exacting sage. No doubt there were moments when Shakespeare himself held his breath in marvel over plain Anne Hathaway. But art is more exacting than mere life. Adaptability of mind, suppleness of emotion, enthusiastic appreciation of what is best in the work of others, even talent, are not enough in themselves to shatter what Mr. Ruskin defines as "the candied agglomeration of thoughts and habits foreign to the true life, brittle, obstinate and icy, which can neither bend nor grow, but must be crushed or broken to bits if it stand in our way." Without serious thought behind it—a serious habit of thought—talent, of which the world is full, lowers to the merest monkey trick of the imagination; a thing pliable to fashion, at once reigning over and dependent upon the idlest whims of the day. And thought is the legitimate child of solitude. What the crowd gives is, at its best, but an average goodness. "Alone spring the great streams."

Where the Day Begins—Chambers's Journal

According to the way in which this arrangement is now carried out, the first land that the new day dawns upon is Easter Island, about 230 miles west of the coast of Chili, South America. That is to say, the 2d of July breaks here within a few hours of the 1st, having broken on the American coast to the east, and the two days run on alongside—the 2d in Easter Island and places west, the 1st in all places on the American continent. We may, therefore, realize this idea—that at 7.20 o'clock any morning of our lives in Great Britain the next day is commencing in the world, and is to be found at this little island in the Pacific Ocean, whence, in due course, it will travel round to us. But to have thus the start of the world is not an unmitigated advantage to these islanders. Suppose one of them sails east to America, what is the result? He will find that they keep the day there under a different date, and he will have to reckon one day in his calendar twice over to put himself right with their notions. On the other hand, if an American crosses from east to west this wonderful magic line where the day begins, he will find the dates in this fresh part of the world are one in advance of him, and he must needs strike a day out of his calendar to keep up

with the times. This fact was curiously illustrated in the case of Magellan, the Portuguese captain, who sailed around the world from east to west in 1522, and having crossed the magic line of "day's birth" in his wanderings, his calendar became, of course, a day in arrear. The sailors were completely ignorant of this, and finding, on landing at home, that their Sabbath was falling on a Monday, they accused one another of tampering with the reckoning. It was not for some time that the true and simple explanation of the wonderful loss of time was discovered.

Curiosities of Color in Nature—London Tit-Bits

Of the many curious things about color, not the least interesting are those which illustrate the assimilation of color in the animal and vegetable world. The most extraordinary resemblances are met with in all parts of the world. In the Arctic Circle the animals are white as the snow among which they live. In the dark Russian forests the bear is black or tawny; in the Arctic region it is white. The fox in England is brown as the undergrowth among which it moves, while its Arctic brother is of a silver color. The camel is the color of the sand over which it travels, and many other animals acquire the prevailing tint of their habitations. This singular similarity of color is noticeable in tropical countries. In the West Indies is to be found a peculiarly colored pigeon. Round its white breast is a thin band of black which stretches along the wings, and covers the whole of the back. In shape and color it resembles an English dove. On the wing it is a splendid object for the sportsman, but when it seeks the shelter of the trees it becomes absolutely invisible. At the first intimation of danger the bird flies into a species of eucalyptus, which grows in great abundance in the West Indies, and when the sun is shining on the leaves, the play of color is so identified with the plumage of the bird that the latter cannot be seen at the distance of a few yards. One moment they are in the air, gleaming with color, the next moment they fade absolutely from sight by assimilating so closely to the foliage of the trees in which they seek shelter. A recent traveler in India gives an account of the difficulty he experienced in detecting tigers in the jungle grass. They are chiefly found in the vicinity of rivers, hiding among the long, spiky grass which grows near the streams. On an English pasture the tiger would be a prominent object, but near the jungle rivers the body color of the animal is so closely related to the color of the dry river sand, while the brown, spiky grass harmonizes with the black stripes on the monster's hide, that sportsmen are puzzled when native beaters point out the object of their search. The traveler in question stated that at a distance of twenty yards he was obliged to fix his gaze for several minutes in the direction indicated before he detected the animal in its lair, so deftly concealed was it by the identity of color. Dr. Wallace, the well-known writer on the theory of natural selection, has made an exhaustive inquiry into these relations of color. Pursuing his investigations on a recent visit to the tropics, he one day noticed a beautifully-colored butterfly of a species unknown to him. Dr. Wallace attempted to catch it, but the insect sought frequent refuge in the bushes, invariably selecting those on which the leaves were decaying in the hot sun. The moment it alighted among the brown leaves it became invisible to casual observation and not until the bush was shaken did the insect fly out, and display its iridescent colors. Carefully watching the bush, Dr. Wallace was surprised to find what he believed to be a decaying leaf suddenly assume life and activity, and bursting into the colors of the rainbow, fly gayly and merrily out into the warm Summer sunshine.

THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Monsieur Bourgeois at the Picnic—Galignani's

I veel go on two condeetions : first, zat I pay my share—in advance. Second, zat I am not on zee comeetee. At zee last peek-neek, vee vere zree on zee comeetee ; zee proprietaire of my house, zee zentleman of zee newspaper, and mee. Zee ladees brought beegeon pies, zey brought sandweeches, zey brought geenger beer. But I had to breeng lobsters, I had to breeng filets de bœuf, I had to breeng champagne—because I vas on zee comeetee. Om-neebuses, museek, rowboats ! Ah, pourboires everywhere ! I could not ask zee proprietaire and hees guests to pay—because hee would not have repaired my veendows. I could not ask zee zentleman of zee newspaper and hees guests to pay—because hee would have put everybodee's name in zee newspaper, except mine. I could not ask my guests to pay. Zee people ate my deeshes ; and I had to eat of only zeir deeshes—because I vas on zee comeetee. Zee proprietaire made zee lobster salade, and carved zee filets de bœuf. Zee zentleman of zee newspaper took zee cork-screw of my penknife, zere vas no ozer anyvhere—(can you tell mee vhere is zat deer leetle penknife vith an ivory handle ?) Hee made zee corks fly, and poured my champagne full in zee beegest glasses. I had to help everybodee—because I vas on zee comeetee. Zey drank my health ; I had to vas zee plates—because zey vere my plates. Zee champagne vas pleasant ; zee dreenkers felt freesky. Zee proprietaire zrew some bread at zee fat ladee ; shee zought it vas zee judge ; she zrew some at hees eye. He zrew some at her, but heet zee colonel's vife. Shee zrew some at zee judge. Everybodee laughed, everybodee zrew bread. Vhat an example for my daughter ! I have brought her up for twentee years vith eeconomy. Eef shee leaves only as beeg as her leetle feenger of bread at dejeuner, shee finds it under her napkeen at dinner, and shee must swallow it. I say to her : "Mam'zelle, eef you leave so much bread to-day, so much to-morrow, so much zee day after, so much every day—it ees a sin !—at zee end of zee year, you have lost so much of your dot." When zey had vaisted two loaves of good fresh bread, zey took zee ball of zee leetle girl of zee doctor, and, like beeg cheeldren, zey played at tennees. Zey had no raquettes : it did not matter, zey played vith my plates ; because my plates vere clean ; and zey played teel my plates vere broken. Zee fat ladee fell on zee grass. I had to carry her—because I vas on zee comeetee. Her ugly pug dog, vith a broken nose, carried off a piece of filet de bœuf beeger zan I eat in one veek. Zee fat ladee laughed vile I carried her ; everybodee bravoed, and I had to look happee—I vas—No ; I veel go on two condeetions : first, zat I pay my share—in advance ; second, zat I am not on zee comeetee.

The Honest Old Soul—The Chicago Mail

We think we are moving along at a rapid rate in this steam generation of ours. But we do not know just what the gait is until we meet some honest old soul from the settlements, who has not had an opportunity of keeping abreast of the times. It is his innocence that amuses, but we are too prone to laugh at his ignorance. There is something else in it—a study showing progression. I met one of these old men the other day in a bank. He had some business transaction there. He faltered on the lintel of the door, and asked if "this" was the Illinois Savings and Trust Company. He was informed that it was. He glanced at the floor and saw in the doorway a foot-mat of rubber, on which was the name of the bank. "They ain't

doin' as much bizness as they was," said the old man. "When I fust done bizness with 'em they had the sign over the door. Now they've got it on the floor." The old man was instructed on the foot-mat progress. "Then this ben't the sign, but a mat to wipe your boots on?" "Yes, sir." "Well, that beats me. I reckon when I go back and tell Samanthly about this she'll go off into hysterikes and say I've left the Prohibition party agin." He walked in and looked about the room. The wainscoting of the handsome room is of polished marble, and the floor is of tiling. The old man looked around, and asked : "Anybody dead?" "No." "Looks like a graveyard. So much marble everywhere. I didn't know but what it was a new-fangled tombstone, a kind of family buryin' ground right down town, you know. I've heern a good deal told about Chicago men bein' mighty busy. I thought maybe they died here, and the people alive was too busy to take the dead out to the graveyard." This was explained to him by the visitor who had been acting as guide. "What's them brass things on the bottom of the counter?" he asked. "Those are foot-rests." "What?" "Foot-rests; rails upon which the customer puts one of his feet, as a sort of rest, when he is attending to business." "Wher's the chairs?" "They have none. They have these foot-rests so that a man can rest without sitting down." "Rests while he is standing up?" "Yes, sir." "On one foot?" "Yes; first one foot and then the other." "Like an old goose I've got down on the farm." "It is quite an idea." "I thought you said it was a foot-roost?" "Well, same thing—foot-rest." "Well, that beats me. I don't think I'll say anything about that when I get home. They'd never believe it in the world. They'd swear I had 'em." "You ought to go behind there and see the lock on the safe. It is a nice piece of work. It is as fine as a watch, in fact it runs like one. When the man closes the vault in the afternoon, he can't get it open himself until the clock-work runs a certain number of hours." The old man looked over his glasses. The veins in his temples stood out from the surface. "Don't ask me to look at anything of that sort," he said; "I don't believe it. I wouldn't believe it if I seed it. You've treated me all right, stranger, and I ain't got nothin' agin you, but I don't want you to tell me any more. I seed the sign on the door-mat. I see the foot-roosts on the counter, where a man rests on one foot while he is transactin' his bizness. Mebby I can tell Samanthly about that, and by her smellin' my breath mebby she may believe me. But she wouldn't live with me, stranger, if I was to tell her that clock yarn. I guess I'll git the money on this check, standin' on one foot while I do, and then I must be shovin' up the creek."

He Came Fully Prepared—The Chicago Tribune

"You don't know what love is, Mr. Swackhammer," protested the beautiful girl, with a smile of incredulity on her face; "the sentiment you entertain for me is only a passing fancy. When it has had its brief day and you look at it in the cold light of reason you will be surprised that you ever mistook so palpable a delusion for the genuine thing it assumes to represent." "But hear me, Miss Garlinghouse," exclaimed the young man, calm, yet earnestly; "am I not old enough to know my own—" "It is not a question of age, Mr. Swackhammer," interposed Miss Garlinghouse, still smiling incredulously, "but of scientific demonstration. As you are probably aware, I

have devoted myself for the last two or three years to a severe course of scientific study, and I have acquired the habit, perhaps unconsciously, of accepting nothing as true that is not demonstrable by the inexorable rules of mathematics or the soundest process of logical induction. Science has become with me the touchstone of all things, asserted, claimed or proposed, and—" "But how do you apply the rules of science to matters of the heart?" inquired the young man. "How can you subject my love to the test of a mathematical or scientific demonstration?" "In this way, Mr. Swackhammer. The action of the passion or emotion of love upon the very sympathetic ganglia of the human organism causes certain well-established and clearly-defined phenomena. When you speak to me of love I look for the appearance of those phenomena. From a scientific point of view they are not satisfactory. The tremor in your voice is not sufficiently pronounced. Your articulation is not thick and husky. The color in your face is hardly a shade paler than its normal hue, and you have no nervous movements of the hands. Do you think a mere assertion can disprove the evidence—" "Alvira Garlinghouse," came impetuously from the lips of the young man, as he rose to his feet, "there are facts in mental as well as physical science that are not wholly beneath your notice. Some men are gifted with a marvelous faculty of self-control, so far as external manifestations are concerned. Beneath the apparently unmoved exterior that you have subjected to a scientific test, there rages a volcano of passion. Do you doubt it? I will demonstrate it to a mathematical certainty. I foresaw the scepticism with which you would receive my avowal and came prepared. Listen to the beating of my heart." And with a quick movement he drew from beneath his waistcoat the flexible tube of a stethoscope and placed it against her ear. "Count the pulsations!" he continued. "They will run nearly one hundred to the minute. Normal heart-beat, seventy pulsations. Note the revelation of deathless love conveyed by this respirometer!" And he produced another flexible tube. "Respiration per minute, twenty-eight! Twenty-eight, Alvira—count them—twenty-eight! Normal respiration per minute, from fourteen to twenty in adults. Observe the mathematical certainty of tempestuous passion demonstrated by my temperature!" And opening his tightly-closed left hand, he showed her a small thermometer. "Temperature, Alvira, one hundred and twelve degrees! Normal temperature, about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit! Have I proved my love?" "Alpheus," murmured the lovely girl, as she placed her lips at an accessible angle, "you have! you have!"

The Mystery of Electric Lightning—The Evansville Courier

Nothing is more commendable, in this age of progress and invention, than to try and keep abreast of the times, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge. Such a spirit was that which influenced an Evansville negro to make some inquiries of an electrician, and behold how he was rewarded! A colored gentleman, who, from his domesticated appearance might be regarded as a member in good standing of the Lime Kiln Club, walked timidly into the electric light station a few evening since, and, after his surroundings had been courteously taken in, timidly ventured to ask: "Boss, would you please, sah, tell me what makes that light?" "Yes, uncle; that light is produced by electricity." "What is dat, boss?" "What? Electricity you mean?" "Yes, sah." "Electricity, according to the modern theory of the conservation and correlation of forces, is a mode of motion of the molecules of matter." "Yes, sah." The old gentleman seemed paralyzed with amazement, and assuming a still humbler atti-

tude, asked: "Boss, what makes dat light git brighter sometimes?" "The gravitation of the upper carbon, retarded by magnetic influence." "Dat's what I thought made it do dat way; now, how does you squirt de kerosene through de wires?" "That is not kerosene; it is the manifestation of friction that is offered by the resistance of an imperfect conductor to a highly excited electric condition of the metal in the apparatus, caused by the molecular disturbance induced by motion and magnetism." The old gentleman wore a broken-up expression, and, after collecting his scattered thoughts, he wiped the perspiration off the end of his nose, and, completely subdued, asked if he could have a drink of water. After refreshing himself and thanking his informant, he was heard to remark: "Dey hain't none of these niggahs knows how de white folks make dat light but me. Hey! Hey! Yow!"

It was a great idea—The New York Herald

There was a lively time in the Thirtieth street station house yesterday morning. No such babel of tongues has been heard in New York in many a day, and the very best efforts of Ollendorff were completely snowed under. The cause of the rumpus was a woman who, while she had a tongue and could undoubtedly use it when she wished, could not make herself understood. Now, of course everybody knows of the learning of the New York policemen. What they do not know of languages, dead or living, is not worth anybody's while to think about. So everybody was surprised on Sunday night when a policeman came in with a young woman whose only blemish appeared to be a desire to impart some information in an unknown but not unmusical tongue. An interpreter—one of those fellows who speak bad French, worse German, and frightful English—tackled the case with official promptness, but with no success. One after the other the policemen tried, but failed, and then the great Unknown was given lodging for the night, with an intimation—in pantomime, of course,—that the department would solve the mystery in the morning or disrupt itself. So while the station house was wrapped in slumber, the learned men sat up and pondered. By dint of coaxing, the young woman had been induced to write something on a card before retiring. The something that she wrote looked like this:—

MOTO INSBU.

The wise men examined this sideways, lengthways, backward and upside down. They discussed it from every standpoint, and finally came to the conclusion that it was Volapük and meant "Go to thunder." In the morning, having sent out for other wise men, they arraigned the Unknown before them. She smiled and warbled a few words, which fell, however, on dull ears. "Vacuus cantat coram latrone viator," said Tims, the orator of the department. "Phat's that?" asked a philosopher, suspiciously. "The penniless traveler sings before the highwayman," said the Latin scholar; "its a quotation from a famous Latin writer." The sound of classical Latin had no effect on the Unknown. "Try her with Greek," said somebody. "Ask her what she wants?" "Ti Bovhei?" No answer. "Ask her where she lives?" "Où demeurez-vous?" No answer. "Wo wohnen sie?" Not even a smile. "Ove dimorate voi?" Face perfectly calm, with rather a wearied expression of eyes. "Adonde vive?" The Unknown sat down and gazed at the sky through the open door. "Ubi est tua domus," said another, falling back on Latin again, but the little birds picking their breakfast from the street were more interesting. "Ump-i-pick na quogue elak?" "In heaven's name what's that?" asked Acting Captain Schmittberger. "That is Choctaw for the same thing we

have been asking her for the past two hours." By this time one of the court interpreters had arrived. The official interpreter listened coldly to what had been already done, shrugged his shoulders, smiled a trifle sarcastically, and began. He gave it to her in police court German, Coroner's office German, east side German, Morrisania German, and wound up with Williamsburg German, but the Unknown sighed for her breakfast and looked sad. The official interpreter grew red in the face, gave it as his opinion that the woman talked no language that a New York interpreter was bound to listen to, and went away. Then the wise men went into a back room and twitted each other on their wisdom, after which they came out again and tried Hebrew, Irish, Syrian and Sanscrit with no effect. "Try her with written signs," said Sergeant Lane, the fisherman. Sergeant Sheldon, the chaplain, prepared this:—

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It was a marked success. The Unknown's eyes sparkled and she spoke, but the words that fell rapidly on the strained ears had no meaning. So they all sat and stared at her silently, even reproachfully. The interrogation point seemed to awaken interest, but that was all. "Washee shirtee?" asked one with sudden inspiration, at the same time tapping the white covering of his swelling heart. The Unknown only smiled an honest international smile. Silence reigned again for several minutes, broken only by Acting Sergeant Albertson, who was nervously turning over the pages of a polyglot dictionary in the hope of finding something. "Perhaps she can write. Try her again," said a wise man, giving her a pencil and paper. "Say" shouted another wise man, with a convulsive start, "let us ask her in English." "Where—do—you—live?" said Schmittberger, smiling. With a smile equally as sweet the Unknown wrote:—"Mena Bertha Kaskas, 259 West Twentieth street." At this address it was learned that the Unknown had gone to church and had forgotten her own number at No. 473 Third avenue. The wise men are all going to prefer charges against each other.

The Old Rebel Yell—The Houston Post

A singular dramatic incident occurred in the superior court-room at Waynesboro during the trial of the Rogers brothers for the killing of the Symeses, father and son. The killing occurred at McBean's Station in October last. Eminent counsel had been engaged by the prosecution and defense, for both parties were prominent and wealthy. The evidence closed, and the speaking began Friday morning, continuing all during the day. When the court assembled after tea the seats and the aisles within the bar were crowded with ladies, while without a dense throng of men filled up the auditorium. It was before this assembly that Mr. Twiggs began his argument. Twiggs is an eloquent speaker, practiced in and noted for his oratorical graces. In the course of his three-hours' address he at one time referred in the most feeling manner to the courage and devotion of women. The hour, the occasion, the audience, and the dim light from which the rapt faces were bent upon him, all combined to form a surrounding well calculated to inspire the orator to his greatest effort. He closed his address upon the women as follows: "At the battle of Gettysburg Gen. Pickett was ordered to begin the charge which was to make him famous. As he went into the terrible battle his young bride on horseback followed him. When the hail of death was beating down men on all sides, and the plunging shot and shell mingled their fierce screams with the moans and cries of the mangled, Pickett suddenly found himself in the presence of his wife. In an agony of fear for her safety he cried out

to her, as she sat cool and collected as a veteran: 'Go back! Go back! For God's sake go back to the rear!' 'No,' replied the devoted woman, 'in the hour of danger a wife's place is by her husband's side.' At this moment through the court-room there rang out one wild, thrilling cry which nearly lifted the excited throng to its feet. It was the old rebel yell, heard upon a hundred battlefields and never to be forgotten. A deep silence followed. All eyes were turned toward the outer circle. Then Judge Royne's cold voice was heard bidding the sheriff arrest the offender. A man was seen dodging through the crowd, and the judge continued: "The man who is leaving is probably the one wanted." "No, Judge," exclaimed a voice, slowly; "I am the man." The speaker stood in the aisle with folded arms, quietly contemplating the bench. "I shall have to fine you \$10, then, for disturbing the court." "Very well, your Honor, I shall pay the money," said the man, without moving; "but I meant no disrespect. I was a confederate soldier at Gettysburg, and just could not help from hollering." The ladies present sprang to their feet, and in an instant the money was made up and paid to the clerk. The involuntary yell of the old soldier was an irresistible tribute to womanhood.

A Pathetic Border Funeral—Unidentified

It was a touching sight to see how the boys stood around the dead body of Briggs and endeavored to hide their emotion and failed. The tears ran down the face of Arkansaw Bob like rain off the gable end of a corn-crib, and Ted Williams and Jim Henderson and several more bowed their heads while their forms shook with the sobs they would not allow to escape. The boys dug a grave on the banks of the Brazos River, and that night as the clouds drifted away and the moonlight fell upon the snow-covered ground and sparkled the ice-laden limbs of the forest trees, we laid poor Briggs down in his narrow resting-place. The only requiem that was sung was the roar of the turbid Brazos as it surged along on its way to the sea—a mass sung by nature. When the grave had been filled Jim Henderson said: "I think we ought to have some kind of service. It ain't right, by a darn sight, to go away without sayin' somethin' over the grave—any you fellows got a Bible?" No one had a Bible, nor had any one seen one in a number of years. "Well, suppose some one says a sort of prayer?" The boys scratched their heads, glanced at one another for a moment, and then looked away off into the woods. Finally some one whispered, "Sish! Arkansaw Bob's goin' to pray," and he did.

"O, Lord!" he said; "I guess in your opinion I'm pretty tough, but I ain't askin' nuthin for myself—it's for Briggs. He is dead now but was as white a man as ever walked. He never did no man a hurt, and he had a heart in him as big as a mule, and no one as I've heard ever said a word agin him. I don't know as what I say will have much influence, but Briggs stood well with us down here, and although I don't know much about his career, or his history, or his family, he was a man you could bank on every clatter. He gave a sick Mexican four dollars and fifty cents once for medicine, and then turned right around and nursed him through a fever, but the infernal Greaser hadn't been well more'n two days before he stole Briggs' saddle-bags. Ah! Lord, there ain't any preacher nowhere 'round here, or we'd had him to say something more p'inted to you than I can say it. I never pattered any with the Bible, and can't just now remember a hymn song, but I'm a man of my word—I mean what I say—and Briggs, if he gets a chance, will make a good record in heaven as any one that ever got there. He had, away down in his heart, something that was square and as true as steel and, O, Lord! you mustn't go back on that kind of a man, 'cause they're too skeerce in these parts. Amen."

The prayer was as rough as Bob, but no more sincere, as was evidenced by his tearful eye and trembling lip. After the prayer, the boys ranged themselves on one side of the grave, and, drawing their six-shooters, fired a salute over

their dead comrade, and while the sharp reports were still echoing through the forest, they turned and left the scene.

An Old Negro's Sorrow—Arkansas Traveller

An old negro sat on a stump. His hat had fallen on the ground, and so absorbed was he in meditation that he paid no attention to a lizard that was lazily crawling on his leg. A white man came along and spoke to him. He threw up his head with a sudden start and the lizard ran away through the dry leaves. "Good morning, Henderson." "Good mornin', Mr. Tom; good mornin'. Hopes you's been well, sah." "Yes, passably, but why have you been sitting here so long all doubled up? While I was way over yonder on the top of the hill, I saw you sitting on that stump." "Mr. Tom, I'se de mos' miserable man in dis yare worl' an' I pledge you mer word, sah, dat I hopes dat de lightnin' may come outen dat cloud dat's risin' yander an' strike me dead. Hole on, now, Mr. Tom. Doan say er word. Doan say dat I oughter be 'shamed o' myse's fur makin' sich er 'spression. Wait tell you yare he facks an' den you'll say I oughter be slaughtered like er steer. I uster be er monst'us bad man, Mr. Tom. I uster git drunk and gamble an' invite dem black niggers frum ober de creek ter tread on de flap o' mer jeans. I kep' dis thing up fur er laung time, tell one day dar come ter mer house er little boy. I neber had er chile bo'n to me 'fo' dis an' I felt, I did, like I could jump over a ten-rail fence, staked an' ridered. I fell in lub wid him. I did, sah, an' he wuz the fust human bein' I eber lubed, fur I doan know nuthin' 'bout my mudder ez I wuz sold erway frum her 'fo' I kin reckolleck. Ez that boy gunter grow i gunter git ter be er better man. Mer wife neber had no 'fluence ober me, an' she was 'stonished at de work o' dat chile, an' so wuz I, Mr. Tom. Wall, it run erlaung dis way fur 'fo' years an' it wuz a rar' thing dat I got drunk an' gambled. In de ebenin', we'en de sun got so low that it shined slantin' through de saplins on de hill, I would go on 'stead o' gwine down to de steamboat landin' an' mixin' wid dem roust-about niggers. De face o' dat little boy would come up 'fo' me—yas, sah, I'd see suthin' dat would sorter make me do this way (he lifted his shoulders) an' dar would 'pear ter hang, right in front o' me, de picter o' dat little chile. I couldn' walk erway frum no picter like dat, Mr. Tom, so I'd just go on home an' frolic with dat little angel. I uster gin him all the nickels an' dimes I could, an' one day he got it all changed inter er silver dollar. My Lawd, he wuz de proudis' little ting I eber seed. 'I gwine buy daddy er hoss afterw'ile so he won't hatter walk,' said he, ez he hil de bright dollar in his han'. 'You better buy suthin' fur yo'se'f,' s'I. 'No,' sez he, 'wanter buy er hoss fur you.' 'One ebenin' ez I wuz gwine home, Mr. Tom, I met er pusson—er man dat I hadn't seed fur er mighty long time. He wuz er man dat had 'comerdated me wunst wen I wuz mighty nigh starvin'. Ah, Lawd, de man dat has 'comerdated us is de one dat ken lead us ter de quickest an' deepest sorrow. He wanted me ter go wid him ter de steamboat landin'. I went. He wanted me ter jine er little game o' craps. I done dat. He wanted me ter drink. I done dat. I kep' er playin' an' er drinkin' till I los' whut little money I had. Den I wuz mad. Den I knowed dat I could beat dem fellers ef I hed er few mo' dimes. I couldn't borrar no money. Er thought struck me. Wush it had er killed me. I slipped home, got inter de house widout nobody seein' me an' got my little boy's pocketbook offen de shelf. Dar wuz de dollar—bright, fur he had been rubbin' it on de flo'. I went back to de landin' an' played. I los' de dollar an', 'bout half drunk, I went home. Wen I got dar I hearn my boy cryin'. Wife sed he had tuck er chill. Wen I got down by the pallet w'ar

he wuz layin', he says: 'Daddy, I los' my dollar. Won't you he'p me look fur it?' Er pain hit me in de heart. I tole er black lie. 'Yas,' s'I, 'daddy will fine it fur you.' He cried. Some o' his tears fell on my han' an' scalded me. I pressed my head to de flo' an' cussed merse'f. De naixt mawnin' we sunt fer er doctor. De man shook his head. 'Daddy, won't you fine my dollar?' said de little man. 'Yes, angel,' s'I. 'Go out an' look fur it.' 'I will atter a w'ile,' s'I. He shet his eyes an' 'peared ter be ersleep. Wen he opened 'em he said: 'Did you fine my dollar?' 'No, little man.' 'Did you look in de smoke house?' 'Yas.' 'Did you look——' He choked, an' den, Mr. Tom, my angel wuz dead. Go on, Mr. Tom; doan stay yare an talk ter me. Go on an' leave me! sah."

The Obliging Lady Boarder—Detroit Free Press

"Oh, I'll not be the least trouble," said the lady boarder, who had wheedled the mistress of a select boarding-house into taking her for six months, although the mistress had said that she never, never would take another woman to board. "I don't blame you for not wanting to board women," said the lady boarder, while laying off her wrap in her room, "most of them are so troublesome and finicky, but I think you'll find I'm not one of that sort. I just take things as I find them, and make no fuss at all. Now, I'll just wash my hands, and—see—could you get me a little white castile soap instead of this cocoanut oil kind?" "I'll see," said the landlady. "And about the towels—I never use crash quite so rough as this, and I'd like a Turkish towel on the rack all the time." "Well." "Thank you. I'm determined not to be troublesome after I once get settled, and I—don't you think this dressing-case would look better on this side of the room?" "I don't know." "Seems to me it would. Supposing you call a servant up and let us see how it will look moved; and while she's here I believe I'll change the bed to the other corner—that is, if you've no objections." "Oh, none at all." "Thank you. I don't really care much, but then—O, would it be too much trouble to have a cup of hot water sent up to my room an hour before each meal? I think it does me good." "I suppose I can arrange that," says the landlady, gloomily. "Thanks; you are kind. Now, I guess I'll—O, I wonder if there is any hot water in the bath room? I'd like to run in and just wash out a few little things that I never send to the laundry. And I wonder if I'd be much in the way if I ran down into the kitchen and ironed them when they're dry? I'll not be a bit of trouble." "The cook may object," says the landlady, blandly. "I don't mind myself." "Oh, I'll get around her easy enough. Trust me for that. I always do out my handkerchiefs and small pieces wherever I board, and I—O, while I think of it, I'd like to mention that I never drink anything but green tea, and if it wouldn't be too much trouble I'd like my bread without a bit of salt in it. Perhaps it's only a notion, but I can't eat salted bread." "I hardly know how to manage that," says the landlady, dubiously. "O, it'll be easy enough. When you bake just make one loaf without salt in it. See? I hope you won't take a bit of trouble on my account if I'm sometimes too late for my meals. Sometimes I may be out shopping, or may feel a little lazy in the morning and won't get up, but I'll soon find out where things are in the pantry, and will just help myself without troubling any one. I like hot cakes for breakfast the year round, and, somehow, no kind of steak agrees with me but sirloin. Would you mind ringing for a servant and having her lower the window a little from the top? O, I see the blankets on the bed are white. It's only a notion of mine, but I really prefer red ones." This strikes the landlady so dumb that she can say nothing, and the obliging boarder guiltlessly rattles on.

SPECIAL VERSE TOPIC—CHOICE INTAGLIOS

The Faded Pansy—Curtis Hall—Lippincott's

My garden-beds are sweet with bloom ;
Each flower its pride appears ;
But this faded pansy's faint perfume
Has drenched my eyes with tears.

Love—Arthur C. Dawson—The Parisian

If love be but a dream,
Let us prolong the lie,—
Since 'tis so sweet to seem,
Slumber, nor wake to sigh !
If with the dream away
Our happiness must fly,
Before that break of day
Let us in terror die !

The Mission of Tears—J. Buckham—S. S. Times

Weep, if thou wilt ; for tears are good.
Ay, tears are like the gentle rain
That bringeth flowers in the dark wood,
And maketh meadows green again.

Our tears are blest, though rivers flow ;
Such moving springs our nature needs.
Deep through these stony hearts they go,
And turn the mill-wheels of good deeds.

Death's Power—Ida A. Ahlborn—America

Death, the Alexander bold,
With his sword he cleaves asunder
Tangled cord and mystic fold,
Life's vexation and its wonder.

Forgetting Wrongs—Dr. S. Madden

Some grave their wrongs on marble ; he, more just,
Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them on the dust ;
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind ;
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not escape the Almighty's eye.

Jacqueminot—Bessie Chandler—American Magazine

Who is there now knows aught of his story ?
What is left of him but a name ?—
Of him who shared in Napoleon's glory
And dreamed that his sword had won him his fame !

Ah ! the fate of a man is past discerning !

Little did Jacqueminot suppose,
At Austerlitz or at Moscow's burning,
That his fame would rest in the heart of a rose !

At the Making of the Hay—Samuel M. Peck

When the whip-poor-wills are calling,
And the apple-blooms are falling,
With a tender tint forestalling
Summer's blush upon the grass ;
Where the little stars are keeping
Watch above the meadow sleeping,
And the jack-o'-lantern 's peeping,
I will meet my bonnie lass.

I will seek her. I will find her.
I will slyly steal behind her ;
And with kisses I will blind her
Till she sets the happy day !
And when the barley 's heading,
And the summer rose is shedding,
Oh, there 'll be a merry wedding
At the making of the hay !

Life and Death—Sir Wm. Jones—From the Persian

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled,
So live that sinking on thy last long sleep
Thou then may'st smile while all around thee weep.

Two Truths—Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson

"Darling," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you ;" and his eyes were wet.
"I would not hurt you for the world ;
Am I to blame if I forget ?"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried,
"Forgive ! I knew that it was not
Because you meant to hurt me, sweet—
I knew it was that you forgot."

But all the same, deep in her heart
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet—
"When love is at its best, one loves
So much that one cannot forget."

The Rare Jewel of Content—Wellbye

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit ;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain ;
Seldom it comes—to few from heaven sent—
That much in little—all in naught—content.

Perfect Trust in God—Mrs. Mary Riley Smith

God's plans, in lilies pure and white, unfold ;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart ;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

The Sour Grape—Wisdom of the Brahmin
Heart, be not thou the grape that underneath the leaves
Hides, that it may not be the prey of garden thieves.
No thief has found that grape ; but ah ! no sunbeam's power
Has reached its dark retreat, and so that grape is sour.

The Cantatrice—Chas. L. Thompson—Independent

A daughter of the gods, she sang
Of glory, love and art,
In godlike notes, o'er marble lips,
And from a marble heart.

Oh ! Memnon statue ! Could I woo,
And wed, and make her mine,
I'd break her queenly heart—and then
Her song would be divine.

The Quest—Margarette Lippincott—Travellers Record

I mocked at Life—"Give me the gift you hold !"
Sighing, she offered me a crown of gold.
"Nay," I besought, "The boon I crave is higher !"
Smiling, she handed me a brand of fire.

I spoke to Death—"Unfold your mystery !"
And held Life's torch above my head to see ;
When lo ! there shone beyond Death's prison bars
The holy glitter of eternal stars.

How Many Times ?—Thomas Lovell Beddoes

How many times do I love thee ? Dear !
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity—
So many times do I love thee, Dear !

How many times do I love, again ?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain
Unraveled from the trembling main
And threading the eye of a yellow star—
So many times do I love again.

WONDERFUL STORIES—THE GOLD-BUG*

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.—*All in the Wrong.*

Many years ago, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the main land by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted during summer by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of the western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burdening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens;—his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdam. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was

secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabeus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of *scarabæi* at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G—, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What?—sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory nut—with two jet-black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are——"

"Dey aint no tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebbly a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the mean time I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer;" and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this is a strange *scarabeus*, I must confess: new to me: never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head—which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under my observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand. "Oh—yes—well,

* Edgar Allan Poe.

it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull*—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?"

"The *antennæ*!" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them;" and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumble it, apparently to throw it into the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper, turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now?—how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it!—him neber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"Very sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he aint—he aint find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebbly bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, taint worf while for to git mad about de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all aint de matter wid him—but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time —"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgers on de slate—de queerest figgers I ebber did see. Ise gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come—but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly."

"Eh?—what?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow—don't flog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand it—but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey aint bin noffin unpleasant since den—'twas fore den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dare."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug—dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere about de head by dat goole-bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff, too. I nebbber did see sich a deuced bug—he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you—den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de big mouff, myself, no how, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece of paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper, and stuff piece ob it in he mouff—dad was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream about de goole so much, if taint cause he bit by de goole-bug? Ise heerd bout dem goole-bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? why cause he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel;" and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

"MY DEAR—

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but no, that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the main land. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. Do come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

"Ever yours,

"WILLIAM LEGRAND."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could he possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan I know, and debbil take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know, too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail.

With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural luster. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G—.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since

Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus*!"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was inclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round, black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug —"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and —"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next —"

"You are mistaken," he interposed, "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the main land, and in this expedition we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad!—but stay—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes, I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any ex-

cess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabeus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "we shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the main land, proceeded in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far must go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will!—de goole bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—"what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—d—n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can

carry it up by this string—but, if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin any how. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron Tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The risk of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a short halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Eber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, three, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

"By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity, was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd to venture pon this limb very far—tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand, in a quivering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up for sar-tain—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now!—that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro, in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought venture out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself!—what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis berry hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now, listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is, replied the negro, very promptly—"most out to the eend now."

"Out to the end!" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-amarcy! what is dis here pon de tree?"

"Well!" cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why taint noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebry bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then! find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why, dare aint no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—tis my left hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,

"Is the lef eye ob de skull pon the same side as de lef hand of de skull, too?—cause de skull aint got not a bit of a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do with it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dare below?"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illuminated the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabeus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg with great nicety into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no special relish for such amusement at any time, and at that particular moment would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his phantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabeus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions—especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas—and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but at length I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors would have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelping of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He, at length, became so obstreperous that we grew fearful of his giving alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity;—or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand; for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the further depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had

thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence toward home.

We had taken perhaps a dozen steps in this direction, when with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables, from between his clinched teeth—"you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! aint this here my lef eye for sartin?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter, "the game's not up yet; and he again led the way to the tulip-tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when we reached its foot, "come here; was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outward, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat the crows could get at de eyes good, without any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed, by several yards, from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his paws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two com-

plete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of bi-chloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trelliswork over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upward a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunder-stricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them remain there, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy,

"And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Aint you shamed ob yourself, nigger?—answer me dat!"

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest, reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as

equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the east.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety—French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy;—three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments;—nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings;—rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember;—eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes;—five gold censers of great value;—a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly-chased vine-leaves and bacchanalian figures; with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time-keepers valueless; the works having suffered more or less, from corrosion—but all were richly jeweled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination and the intense excitement of the time had, in some measure, subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterward I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had

some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment, when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact, that unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being, unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But, when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the main land, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown toward him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long-boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon after we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G—. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—not a paper—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask 'where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus*?"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. You, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and you were in the act of inspecting

it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the character shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the re-application of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature; because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite, had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief;—but do you know that Jupiter's silly words about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he

appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still remaining entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterward reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided attempts, to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense, is well-known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found, involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downward, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having re-heated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

53†††305)6*; 4826)4†.4†); 806*; 48†8¶60)85; 1†); :†*
8†8(88)5*†; 46(88*96*?; 8)*†(485); 5*†2:*†(4956*2(5*
—4)8¶8*; 4069285); 6†8)4††; 1(†9; 48081; 8:8†1; 48†85; 4)
485†528806*81(†9; 48(88; 4(†?34; 48)4†; 161; 188; †?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such,

however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import."

"In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English."

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table, thus:

Of the character 8 there are 33.

;	"	26.
4	"	19.
†)	"	16.
*	"	13.
5	"	12.
6	"	11.
†1	"	8.
o	"	6.
92	"	5.
:3	"	4.
?	"	3.
¶	"	2.
—	"	1.

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen in which it is not the prevailing character."

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but, in this particular cipher, we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as 'meet,' 'fleet,' 'speed,' 'seen,' 'been,' 'agree,' etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief."

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all the words in

the language, 'the' is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collection, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the 'th,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of termination to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(?)34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr(?)3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr. . h the,

when the word 'through' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by † ? and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination

;48(;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th rtee.

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thir-

teen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53†††.

"Translating as before, we obtain

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5	represents a
†	" d
8	" e
3	" g
4	" h
6	" i
*	" n
†	" o
(" r
;	" t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the rationale of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

'A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.'

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's heads,' and 'bishop's hotels?'"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a point with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS. in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:

'A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the Devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head—a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.'

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the

neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when one morning it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted, also, of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and

that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homeward. The instant that I left 'the devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business, is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel,' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had, no doubt, observed for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but 'the shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impression that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

The Isle of Long Ago—Benjamin F. Taylor

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
 As it runs through the realm of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 As it blends in the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
 And the summers like buds between,
 And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow
 As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing,
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
 And the June with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is "Long Ago,"
 And we bury our treasures there;
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
 There are heaps of dust—oh! we loved them so,
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
 There are parts of an infant's prayer,
 There's a lute unswept and a heart without strings,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings
 And the garments our loved ones used to wear.

There are hands that are waved from the fairy shore,
 By the fitful mirage they lift in air,
 And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
 All the day of our life until night;
 And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
 May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

Cho-che-Bang and Chi-chil-Bloo—Graham's Magazine

Away, far off in China, many, many years ago,
 (In the hottest part of China, where they never heard of snow),
 There lived a rich old planter in the province of Ko-whang,
 Who had an only daughter, and her name was Cho-che-Bang,
 The maiden was a jewel, a celestial beauty rare,
 With catty-cornered eyebrows and carrot-colored hair,
 One foot was scarce three inches long, the other knew no bounds,
 She'd numbered fourteen summers, and she weighed three hundred pounds.

On the dreary shores of Lapland, 'mid its never-melting snows,
 Where the Roly-Boly-Alice in her ruddy beauty glows,
 Lived a little dwarfish tinker, who in height stood three feet two,
 And from his endless shivering, they called him Chi-chil-Bloo.
 The crooked little tinker, as he dragged his weary way
 From hut to hut to ply his craft, scarce seemed of human clay,
 His eyes were like to marbles set in little seas of glue,
 His cheeks a sickly yellow, and his nose a dirty blue.

Now Chi-chil-Bloo, though born in snow and reared upon its breast,
 Loved not the bleak and dismal land in which he knew no rest;
 He bid adieu unto the scenes of never-ending storm,
 And traveled forth to seek some land where he might keep him warm;
 He trudged two years his weary way far from the land of snow,
 Inside the walls of China, to where strangers seldom go;
 When wearied with his pilgrimage he halted at Ko-whang,
 And there became acquainted with the father of Che-Bang.
 The old man heard his wondrous tale of sights that he had seen,
 Where Nature wore a winding sheet, and shrouded all things green,
 And pondering o'er within his mind if wonders such could be,
 At last engaged poor Chi-chil-Bloo to cultivate his tea.

It had always been the custom of the fairy-like Che-Bang,
 Ere evening shadow fell upon the valley of Ko-wang,
 To wander 'mid the tea-groves like an Oriental queen,
 On the shoulders of her servants in a fancy palanquin.

As she 'merged from out the shadow of a China-berry tree,
She spied the little tinker stripping down the fragrant tea,
She gazed upon the wondrous form, his eyes, his nose of blue,
A moment gazed, then deeply fell in love with Chi-chil-Bloo.

She stepped from out her palanquin, and then dismissed her train,
With instructions that an hour past they might return again ;
She then upraised the filmy veil that hid her charms from sight,
And poor Chi-chil-Bloo beheld a face to him surpassing bright ;
He gazed transfixed with wonder, to him surpassing fair
Were her rounded-up proportions and her salmon-colored hair,
He lingered in a dreamy trance, nor woke he from his bliss
Till her loving arms entwine him and her lips imprint a kiss.

She led him to a bower, and beside the dwarf she kneeled,
And sighed like Desdemona at his 'scapes by flood and field ;
He told of seals and reindeer, and bears that live at sea,
He told her tales of icicles, and she told tales of tea ;
Long, long they lingered, fondly locked in each other's arms,
He saw in her and she in him a thousand glowing charms,
When looking down the distant vale the sun's fast fading sheen
Fell faintly on the gold of her returning palanquin.

"Yonder come my slaves," she cried, "and now, Chil-Bloo, we part ;
My father, though my father, has a cruel, flinty heart,
He has promised me to Chow-Chow, the Cræsus of Ko-whang,
But Chow-Chow's old and gouty, and he wouldn't suit Che-Bang ;
Oh ! come beneath my window at a quarter past three,
When the moon has gone a bathing at her bath-room in the sea,
And we will fly to other lands across the waters blue—
But hush, here comes my palanquin, and now, sweet love, adieu."
They placed her in her palanquin, her bosom throbbing free,
While Chi-chil-Bloo seemed busy, packing up his gathered tea ;
As rested from his weary rounds the dying god of day,
They raised her on their shoulders and they trotted her away.

At the time and place appointed, 'neath her lattice stood the dwarf ;
He whistled to his lady, and she answered with a cough ;
She threw a silken ladder from her window down the wall,
While he, gallant knight, stood firmly fixed to catch her should she fall ;
She reached the ground in safety, one kiss, one chaste embrace,
Then she waddled and he trotted off in silence from the place.

Swift they held their journey, love had made her footsteps light,
They hid themselves at morning's dawn and fled again at night ;
The second night had run her race and folded up her pall,
When they reached the sentry's station underneath the mighty wall ;
Che-Bang told well her tale of love, Chil-Bloo told his, alas !
The sentry had no sentiment, and wouldn't let 'em pass ;
He called a file of soldiers, who took 'em to Dom Brown,
A sort of local magistrate or Mufti of the town.

The vile old rascal heard the charge, the tempting maiden eyed,
Then feigning well a burning rage, in thunder-tones he cried :
"You vile misshapen scoundrel, you seducer, coward, elf
I sentence you to prison, and I take Che-Bang myself."
He took her to his harem, and he dressed her mighty fine,
He sent her bird's nest chowder and puppies done in wine.
But she spurned the dainty viands as she spurned to be his bride,
She took to eating rat-soup—poisoned rat-soup—and she died.

In a dark and dreary dungeon its dimension six by four,
Lay the wretched little tinker, stretched upon the moldy floor,
The midnight gong had sounded, he heard a dreadful clang,
And before her quaking lover stood the spirit of Che-Bang.
"Arise, Chil-Bloo, arise," she cried, "lay down life's dreary load,
Let out thy prisoned spirit from its dark and drear abode,
And we will roam the spirit-land where fortune smiles more fair—
Arise," she cried, "and follow !" and then she vanished into air.

On the morrow, when the jailer served around his moldy beans,
The only food the prisoners got except some wilted greens,
He started back in horror—high upon the door-way post
Hung the body of the tinker, who had yielded up the ghost.

There's a legend in China, that beneath the moon's bright sheen,
Ever fondly linked together, may in summer-time be seen,
Still wandering 'mid the tea-plants, in the Province of Ko-Whang,
The little Lapland tinker and his spirit-bride Che-Bang.

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL AND GENERAL

The Old Flowers of Greece—The National Review

Looking back again 2,000 years, we might have seen at Laurium a certain yellow flower, which must have flourished in the golden age of Greece, and have faded for a while with the greatness of her people. For when the piles of rubbish and scoræ were removed, and the fresh air and sunlight played upon the soil below, we are told that seeds long buried revived, and a little flower unknown to the botanists of this century, sprang forth and blossoms and lives as the Flower of Laurium. None who have spent happy days among the lovely mountains and valleys of Greece, and who have enjoyed the hospitality of the kindly and intelligent race who inhabit them, can fail to wish that even as that little flower once more

"Beneath the gentle dews of heaven
Blooms ever, day by day,"

the land which bears it may revive as it has done, and may answer to the aspiration of her own poet, who sang so sweetly of the "fair narcissus with its clustered bells," the "crocus golden-eyed," and "gray-green foliage of the olive tree," which adorned her of old and adorn her still.

"O land, thus blest with praises that excel,
'Tis now thy task to prove these glories true."

Curiosities of Coal—The New York Globe

Does any one except a practical chemist ever stop to think of all the substances which we get from coal and the almost inconceivable variety of their uses? Everybody is familiar with those of them that are in daily use, such as gas, illuminating oils, coke and paraffine, but of the greater part few persons know even the names, science advances so rapidly and its nomenclature is so extensive and so abstruse. Though coal has been known for some hundreds of years, the discovery of its numberless products is confined to the present century. Illuminating gas was unknown a hundred years ago. Petroleum has been in use only about forty years, and it is scarcely more than fifty since some one discovered that stone coal was inflammable. Nearly all the other products derived from soft coal have been discovered and applied in the interests of science or of fraud within the last twenty-five years. The first thought in regard to coal is that it is made to give heat or warmth; the next, that one of its principal uses is to illuminate. But there are obtained from it the means of producing more than four hundred colors or shades of color, among the chief of which are saffron, violet-blue and indigo. There are also obtained a great variety of perfumes—cinnamon, bitter almonds, queen of the meadows, clove, wintergreen, anise, camphor, thymol (a new French odor), vaniline and heliotropine. Some of these are used for flavoring. Among the explosive agents whose discovery has been caused by the war spirit of the last few years in Europe, are two called dinitrobenzine or bellite, and picrates. To medicine coal has given hypnone, salicylic acid, naphtol, phenol and antipyrine. Benzine and naphthaline are powerful insecticides. There have been found in it ammoniacal salts useful as fertilizers, tannin, saccharine (a substitute for sugar), the flavor of currants, raspberry and pepper, pyrogalllic acid and hydroquinone used in photography, and various substances familiar or unfamiliar, such as tar, rosin, asphaltum, lubricating oils, varnish, and the bitter taste of beer. By means of some of these we can have wine without the juice of the grape, beer without malt, preserves without either fruit or sugar, perfumes without flowers, and coloring matters without the vegetable or

animal substances from which they have been hitherto chiefly derived. What is to be the end of all this? Are our coal beds not only to warm and illuminate, but to feed and quench the thirst of posterity? We know that they are the luxuriant vegetation of primal epochs stored and compressed in a way that has made them highly convenient for transport and daily use for many centuries.

Facts in Human Life—The Golden Argosy

There are three thousand and sixty-four languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than one thousand religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. One-quarter die previous to the age of seventeen. To every one thousand persons, only one reaches one hundred years of life; to every one hundred, only six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in five hundred lives to eighty years of age. There are on the earth one billion inhabitants; of these thirty-three million, thirty-three thousand, thirty-three die every year; ninety-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four every day; three thousand seven hundred and thirty every hour, and sixty every minute, or one every second. The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in the proportion of seventy-five to every one thousand individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day, also deaths. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

The Origin of Alphabets—London Stationery Review

When a child cries, the lips are apart, and form, at each side of the mouth, a sharp angle, with sides of about equal length. The sounds of the crying are those assigned to the first letter of almost every alphabet. The arrow-headed or wedge-shaped characters in use among the old Babylonians and Persians till the time of the great Alexander's Asiatic conquests were copied from the human mouth. By means of different combinations these wedges or A's were made to represent consonant as well as vowel sounds. But the entire alphabet is made up of these wedges. It required many generations probably to advance from A and B. Now, look at a child's face, sideways, when the lips are shut, and you see a natural B. Put these two letters together and we have ab, which by being doubled gives abba, the old eastern word for father. A slight modification gives am, then amma, the old eastern form of mama or mamma in the west, just as abba was changed into papa and Pope or holy father. The arrow-heads had served to record the history, the literature, the religion of mighty empires—the old Assyrian, Median, and Persian. They were traced mostly on bricks. Paper had not yet been so much as dreamed of. From A and B (Alpha and Beta) a comprehensive scheme of phonetic characters must be worked out before the leaf or rind of papyrus can be used for writing on. The lip letters M and P, softened into F and V, which last was vocalized as U, are modifications merely of B. We may safely say the same of the dental D, softened into T, which gave rise to S. A series of characters was gradually worked out, and the time came

when Cadmus, the man from the East, brought an alphabet of sixteen letters from Phœnicia into Greece. Cadmus, looked at as an individual man, dwindles to a myth—a shadow. He expresses in legendary form the outcome of a long train of almost forgotten facts. These sixteen letters were expanded by the Greeks to twenty-four. Light wooden tablets covered with wax for writing on were adopted. But the pen was still of solid iron, like a pencil, sharp at one end, with a flat circular head at the other for blotting out, when desired, what had been written with the point. These tablets were fastened together at the back by wires, so that they opened and shut like our books. For important documents the edges of the tablets were pierced with holes through which a triple thread was passed and then sealed. It is to this custom that allusion is made in the Apocalypse—"close-sealed with seven seals." This apocalyptic book was "written within and on the back." The ancients used to write on the front side only—even after they had given up wooden tablets in favor of papyrus and parchment. The back was generally stained saffron or yellow. The old Italians, too, of a pre-historic age, got an alphabet from the East. The letters were extended and modified until they became very different in form from those of Greece. But it is remarkable that A, B, and O survive all changes. They are copies of the mouth when emitting the sounds assigned them. Modern typography has no doubt greatly improved the rude early scrawl, such as may still be seen on old gravestones. The old Phœnician and old Hebrew Aleph has not the same position as our modern A. They are almost horizontal, with a nearly perpendicular line drawn across the angle formed by the sides of the letter. The later Roman alphabet was spread by Roman conquest. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers at length adopted it. They managed to get up a sort of literature. But the age of pocket dictionaries, handy volumes, the daily or even weekly newspaper was still a long way off. Art and discovery have still a long apprenticeship before we can inundate our post-offices with valentines, or photograph instantaneously on paper the tail of some mighty comet.

Origin of Names in the Week—Philadelphia Ledger.

In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have the representations from the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived. From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world. The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands. Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a scepter in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a bow in his left. Seater, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand.

Statistics of the Bible—The London Telegraph

There are sixty-six books in our Bible, of which the Old Testament contains thirty-nine and the New Testament twenty-seven. These books contain 1,189 chapters, the Old Testament having 929 and the New 260. Of the

total of 31,178 verses, from Genesis to Revelation, there are 23,214 in the Old and 7,959 in the New. There are 592,449 words in the Old and 181,153 in the New Testament, or a total in the Bible of 773,602 words. The Old Testament has 2,718,100 letters, the New 838,380; total 3,556,480. The shortest chapter is Psalm cxvii., which is also the middle chapter of the Bible, while the middle verse is the eighth in Psalm cxviii. In the Old Testament, Proverbs is the middle book; the middle chapter is Job xxix.; and the shortest verse is 1 Chronicles, first chapter, twenty-fifth verse. In the New Testament the middle book is 2 Thessalonians; there is no middle chapter, there being an even number of chapters, but it would come between the thirteenth and fourteenth of Romans; the middle verse is the seventeenth of the seventeenth chapter of Acts; and the shortest verse in the New Testament, as well as the shortest in the Bible, is the thirty-fifth of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to John. The name of God does not occur in the book of Esther in any form. The nineteenth chapter of the second book of Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, are almost word for word the same, the only difference in our version is such as would be easily made by two translators, rendering the same passage. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Ezra contains all the letters of the English alphabet excepting *j*, which, suggests a philologist, "is a spurious counterpart of the letter *i*."

Wonders of the Human Body—Publisher's Auxiliary

The skin contains more than two million openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat glands. The human skeleton consists of more than two hundred distinct bones. An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute. The full capacity of the lungs is about three hundred and twenty cubic inches. About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration. The stomach daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about five pints. There are more than five hundred separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood-vessels. The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats one hundred thousand times in twenty-four hours. Each perspiratory duct is one-fourth of an inch in length, of the whole about nine miles. The average man takes five and one-half pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and three thousand cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy-five hogsheads of air every hour of his existence.

Derivation of the Name "Calico"—Smith's Researches

The derivation of this word is very interesting as of such an ancient date is its origin. Mrs. Leonowens says in her "Travels in India" that in the year 1498, just ten months and two days after leaving the port at Lisbon, Vasco de Gama landed on the coast of Malabar at Calicut, or more properly Kale Rhoda, "City of the Black Goddess." Calicut was at that period not only a very ancient seaport, but an extensive territory, which, stretching along the western coast of Southern India, reached from Bombay and the adjacent islands to Cape Comorin. It was at an early period so famous for its weaving and dyeing of cotton cloth that its name became identified with the manufactured fabric, whence the name calico. It is now generally admitted that this ingenious art originated in India in remote ages, and from that country found its way to Egypt. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that calico printing was introduced into Europe. A knowl-

edge of the art was acquired by some of the servants of the Dutch East India Company and carried to Holland, whence it was introduced in London in the year 1676. It is surprising for grown-up children, as well as our young folks, to learn that "Pliny as early as the first century, mentioned in his Natural History that there existed in Egypt a wonderful method of dyeing white cloth." Calico cannot be despised when it can boast of such antiquity.

Discovery of Silk and Satin—Bombay Gazette

The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the Emperor of China, Hoang-ti, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has always been allotted in the gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree—called in Chinese the "golden tree"—and to the keeping of silk-worms. The first silk dress mentioned in history was made, not for a sovereign nor for a pretty woman, but for the monster in human shape, Heliogabalus. Persian monks who came to Constantinople revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk, and gave him some silk-worms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. When the popes left Rome to settle at Avignon, France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians; and Louis XI. established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabrics. Francis I. founded the Lyons silk-works, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II. of France wore the first pair of silk hose ever made, at the wedding of his sister. The word "satin," which in the original was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lusted surface. The discovery of this particularly brilliant stuff was accidental. Octavio Mai, a silk weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp, and put them to his mouth, which soon after he spat out. Later on, he found the little ball of silk on the floor of his workshop, and was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and, by using heat and certain mucilaginous preparations, succeeded in giving a beautiful new luster to his tissues.

The Story of the Origin of Coffee—The London Times

It is well known that the coffee plant is not indigenous to Arabia, but was imported from Abyssinia at a date which cannot be accurately given. The taste of coffee itself had a hard struggle at first to find a general welcome among the more select circles. Apart from the oldest legend concerning Shadel's drink, the Medina Sheik Abdel-Kader is the oldest historical authority on the use of "blood-red-Kaweh," as the Tunisian Ibn Waki named the beverage. In the year 1587, just three hundred years ago, he tells us that in Yemen people made use of a drink which so lightened the night-watches that the faithful of the place were able to sing the praises of God more fervently and cheerfully than could be done anywhere else. According to him, the Mutti Dhabani was the first to introduce the insignificant little bean on Arabian soil, having brought it with him from Africa. Certain it is that the districts of Shoa, Euarara and Kaffa (whence the name), in the south of Abyssinian highlands, form the original home of the coffee plant. Dhabani was of a sickly nature, and since he belonged to the order of the Sofi (Ultra-Pantheists), who believed that everything on earth and all being emanated from the Godhead, he regarded a means of excitement of this kind a providential gift. The Medi-

nese and faithful Meccans laid their turbaned heads together in the public places when first they heard the news; a pious Sheik in Aden was the first to drink the "black juice" as a sort of public spectacle. In Mecca itself, violent strife arose soon after its introduction as to the propriety of using it. There were great meetings of learned and pious men, who at last, probably after extreme pressure from the Mameluke Governor, Khair-Beg, declared that coffee "disturbed the brain and intoxicated like wine." But their opponents were of another opinion, and adduced the authority of the celebrated Bagdad physician, Avicenna, in their defense, which, however, did not prevent the transgressor of the edict forbidding the use of coffee from being publicly whipped. At the same time the zealots of the Hedjas proclaimed that all coffee-drinkers would appear before the All-Merciful on the resurrection day with black faces. While the great anathema was being pronounced at Mecca, the brothers of the order at Cairo, the very Mamelukes themselves, were already reveling in the newly-discovered luxury. A confirmation of the Mecca decree was, therefore, not to be expected from the Sultan, and he, Kanfu Alguris, quashed the order of his Governor, and sent the latter into exile. Then many holy sheiks (for example, the celebrated Mohammed Harife, founder of one of the four orthodox schools of Islam) took the side of the coffee-drinkers. Thus was the precious bean fully rehabilitated for a long life in western Arabia, at least.

Scientific Paradoxes—Blackwood's Magazine

The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystalized part of the oil of roses, so graceful in its fragrance,—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile,—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow; so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.

Wonderful Stone Masons—The London Budget

The old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. There are blocks of stones in the pyramids which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk on the London embankment. There is one stone, the weight of which is estimated at 880 tons. There are stones thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are not laid with mortar either. We have no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together as these stones in the pyramids meet. It is supposed that they were rubbed backward and forward upon each other until the surfaces were assimilated, making them the world's wonders in mechanical skill.

THE KENTUCKIANS—A CHARACTERISTIC SOUTHERN SKETCH*

[Scene. Allan county, Ky. Saturday afternoon at a cross-roads store. Present, Bill Finch, John Boyle, Sam Trotter, John Blue and others.]

Finch (getting up from a log where he had been sitting and stretching himself)—Don't rain putty soon, gentlemen, the co'n'll be burnt bodatiously up. Hain't had enough rain at my house ter lay the dust in three weeks.

Boyle (an acknowledged wit)—Hain't had enough at my house ter lay er aig."

[They all laugh.]

Trotter—Ef I could say ez many funny things ez Boyle, thar, dinged ef I wouldn't go ter town an' practice law. Bet I could win ever' case I tetched. Why don't you do it, Boyle?

Boyle—Feerd I mout hatter whup somebody. Never did like ter fight. It's too much like hard work ter suit me.

Blue—Sensible thar, dinged ef you ain't. I had er fight with er feller one time an' 'fo' I got through wush I may die ef I didn't think I was abreakin' uv a yoke uv steers.

Boyle—Ur that the other feller was whuppin' uv a ca'f?

[They all roar.]

Blue—Jes so, but I give him a mighty tussle. Who's got that quart bottle?

Trotter—Here she is.

Blue—Wall, send her on the warmin' rounds of charity ergin.

Boyle—Calls it charity, I reckon, 'cause it didn't cost him nuthin'.

Blue—Reckon it cost me about ez much ez it did you. Wall, here's at you, dod-rot you, had never a seed you would never a toch you. [Drinks.] Fellers, that's poetry.

Boyle—An' it ain't ez strong ez the lick, nuther.

Trotter—Nur ez good.

Blue—But jest ez free.

Boyle—Things that air bad air ginerally free. Good terbacker costs money but you ken git the chills an' fever fur nuthin'.

Blue—An' ter git well is good, but you've got ter pay fur it.

Trotter—Er man pays mighty dear fur bein' sick. Cost me er five-dollar bill last fall. Let's all lick.

[They drink.]

Finch—Bet thar ain't a community in the state whar the folks air so good-humored ez they air here.

Boyle—Bet so too. Hain't been er fight in this neighborhood fur er week.

Blue—That's becaze we all know each other. Boyle, I reckon you air about the best man in the crowd, ain't you?

Boyle—Reckon not. Don't think I am ez good er man ez you air.

Blue—Didn't you outlift me at Anderson's log-rollin'?

Boyle—No, don't think I did.

Blue—I hearn you did.

Boyle—Don't know who coulder told it.

Blue—I hearn you did.

Boyle—You hearn suthin' that ain't so. I don't go round blowin' my ho'n, me.

Blue—Wall, somebody's been blowin' it.

Boyle—'Twant me.

Blue—But I reckon you furnished a good deal uv the wind

Trotter—Come, fellers, let's lick an' then sing er song.

[They drink.]

Finch—That lick's so strong that a little uv it goes er long ways.

Boyle—Does when you swallow it. You air so tall, you know.

Blue—That remark was ez sharp ez er cabbage.

Boyle—All remarks in the shape uv cabbages, I should reckon, would come from your head.

Blue—I would rather be a fresh cabbage than a old bellows.

Boyle—Who's a old bellows?

Blue—Er man that goes round tellin' how much he ken lift.

Boyle—Thar ain't no ill wind in the truth.

Blue—But thar ain't no truth in the wind you blow.

Boyle—Wall, now, ef you air still harpin' on that Anderson matter, I want to say right here, before all these gentlemen, that I did outlift you over thar. When you an' me was under the same handspike at the eend uv that old sycamore log, you come mighty nigh cavin'.

Finch—Here, boys, this 'skussion is gone fur enough. Let's lick.

[They drink.]

Boyle—It ain't agin the law to tell the truth in this county yit.

Blue—Ef it was you would never be arrested fur violatin' uv the law.

Boyle—Ah, hah, but ef every liar wuz arrested you'd hafter git somebody ter plow in your place.

Blue—An' ef ev'ry coward wuz in jail you wouldn't be walkin' erbout.

Boyle—You air a liar!

[They seize each other and begin a terrific struggle. Their friends make a pretense of separating them, but, anxious to see the fight, stand back. Finally, a deputy sheriff runs up and demands their separation.]

Boyle (wiping the blood off his face)—Thar's another day a-comin', er day when powder will burn.

Blue—Ef it don't burn the weather will be mighty damp. You an' yo' whole infernal fam'ly will hear frum me.

Boyle—Yes, but ef you want any uv yo' folks ter hear frum you, w'y, you better write ter 'em putty soon.

[Scene second. A village. Party of men in a saloon.]

Boyle—Here, Cousin Jack, take somethin'. Brother Bob, whut air you an' Uncle Lige goin' to have? Come, hurry up, the Blues are in town.

[Another saloon.]

Blue—Uncle Bill, we'd better take a little suthin'. Come on, Cousin Alf. Brother John, what will you and Cousin Tom take? I expect them fellers air in town.

[On the public square. Rapid firing of guns. Frightened people fleeing in every direction. Firing ceases.]

First Citizen—Is it all over?

Second Citizen—Yes, all killed or wounded. Game fellows, I tell you.

First Citizen—I should say so, but what was it all about?

Second Citizen—Family quarrel. Couldn't be washed out except with blood. It takes a good deal to stir up us Kentuckians, but when we are stirred up, why, we are there.

* Opie P. Read in *Arkansaw Traveler*.

IN DIALECT—SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

Old-Fashioned Roses—James Whitcomb Riley

They ain't no style about 'em,
 And they're sorter pale and faded;
 Yit the doorway here without 'em
 Would be lonesomer, and shaded
 With a good 'eal blacker shadder
 Than the mornin' glories makes,
 And the sunshine would look sadder,
 For their good, old-fashioned sakes.
 I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
 Sorter make a feller like 'em;
 And I tell you when you find a
 Bunch out whur the sun can strike 'em.
 It alwus sets me thinkin'
 O' the ones 'at used to grow
 And peek in through the chinkin'
 O' the cabin, don't you know.
 And then I think o' mother,
 And how she used to love 'em,
 When they wuzn't any other,
 'Less they found 'em up above 'em!
 And her eyes afore she shut 'em,
 Whispered with a smile, and said
 We must pluck a bunch and put 'em
 In her hand when she was dead.
 But, as I wuz a sayin',
 They ain't no style about 'em
 Very gaudy or displayin',
 But I wouldn't be without 'em,
 'Cause I'm happier in these posies
 And the hollyhaws and sich
 Than the hummin' bird 'at noses
 In the roses of the rich.

De Ribber ob Life—Bow Hackley—Chicago Times

I dreamt dat I saw de ribber ob life
 Dat flows to de Jaspah sea.
 De angels war wadin' to an' fro
 But none ob 'em spoke to me.
 Some dipped dere wings in the silv'ry tide;
 Some war alone an' some side by side.
 Nary a one dat I knew could I see
 In dat ribber ob life,
 De ribber ob life
 Dat flows to de Jaspah sea.
 De ribber was wide, dat ribber ob life,
 De bottom I plainly could see;
 De stones layin' dar was whiter den snow,
 De sands looked like gold to me.
 But angels kep' wadin' to an' fro
 Whar did dey come f'om?
 Whar did dey go?
 None ob em sinnahs like me I kno'.
 In dat ribber ob life,
 De ribber ob life
 Dat flows to de Jaspah sea.
 De watah was clear as de "well by de gate,"
 Whar Jesus de light first see.
 De sofes' ob music f'om angel bands
 Come ober dat ribber ob golden sands,
 Come ober dat ribber to me.
 An den I saw de clouds break way,
 Revealin' de pearly gates ob day,
 De beautiful day dat nevah shall cease,
 Whar all is joy, an' lub, an' peace.
 And ovah dem gates was written so clear:
 "Peace to all who entah here."
 De angels was gedderin roun' de frone,
 De gates done closed, I was lef' alone,
 Alone on de banks ob a darkenin' stream,
 But when I awoke I foun' 'twas a dream.

Isc gwine to ford dat ribber ob life
 An' see de eternal day.
 I gwine to hear dem heavenly bands,
 An feel de tech ob ole-time hands
 Dat long hab passed away.
 Dars crowns ob glory fo' all I'm told,
 An lubly harps wid strings ob gold.
 An I know ef dars peace beyond dat sea,
 Wid res' fo' de weary, dars res' fo' me
 Beyond dat ribber, dat ribber ob life,
 Dat flows to de Jaspah sea.

Little Bill—New York Sun

"My name's Aker,
 I works in the breaker.
 Chunks o' coal is my toys.
 Yes, sir, I gits black;
 Rather than a thwack
 With a club on my back.
 I works all day with the rest o' the boys,
 Picking out slate in the dust and noise.

"My first name's Willie,
 But that's very silly,
 And a dude's name, they say.
 They just calls me Bill.
 I gits black as a nigger, but anyway
 I makes a whole quarter a day.
 "Do I know my A B C—
 What are you giving me?
 Chuck me in a ditch!
 I'm going on nine,
 But school's out o' my line,
 They say I can't shine
 With the boys what's got daddies that's rich.
 Schools is only for town boys and sich.

"What do I do Sunday?
 Why, git ready for Monday;
 Clean out my eyes.
 My parents is dead.
 I lives with old Ted,
 And he's often said
 They was up somewhere in the skies.
 But I don't b'leeve Ted—he's chock full o'lies."

Church Singing—Lu B. Cake—Detroit Free Press

I've been listenin' to the birds
 An' hummin' o' the bees,
 A-blendin' in the chorus of
 The wind among the trees.
 The world seemed like a meetin' house,
 The congregation there
 All jinin' in the joyful hymns
 That 'peared to fill the air.
 The Lord's ole-fashioned meetin' house;
 Ole-fashioned hymns of praise
 The world has sung an' sung unchanged
 Since them creation days.
 No bang an' bustle worship there,
 Got up for show an, hire;
 But ev'rything that had a voice
 Was in Jehovah's choir.
 I wish they'd quit the proxy plan,
 Where you an' me belong,
 An' take the Lord's old-fashioned way
 Of worshipin' in song,
 Let ev'rybody with a voice,
 In pulpit an' in pews,
 Just shout the glory in his heart,
 An' swell the halleluws.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN IN THEIR WORK AND PLAY*

The shepherd said to De Lancé that he was happy as a king, and that his idea of Heaven was to live in a large plain, with large flocks to watch. Philip of Macedon counted a horse-race won at Olympia among his three greatest felicities; with some men, nowadays, it is their only one. The late Lord Derby, it is said, would rather have won "the blue ribbon of the turf than worn that of the Garter." To Fontenelle the secret of happiness was summed up in keeping the heart cold and the stomach warm. De gustibus non est disputandum. Cowper, as everybody knows, brightened his obscure life for many years by studying the habits and characters of his three pet hares, Puss, Tiny, and Bess. He had quite a catholicity of affection, however, for dumb animals, and at one time his stock of household pets included (besides the hares) five rabbits, two guinea-pigs, many pigeons, a magpie, a jay, a starling, two goldfish, two canary birds, two dogs and a squirrel. James I. had a miscellaneous taste for pet animals—Virginian squirrels, a cream-colored fawn, the splendid white gyrfalcon of Ireland, an elephant, five camels and of course dogs of every kind. Saint Evremond, the wit, and Claude de Crébillon, the poet, were constantly surrounded by cats and dogs, which, under the firm supervision of their master, lived together on terms of unity. Ladislas, King of Poland, was greatly agitated at the sight of apples. Erasmus could not smell fish without suffering from a feverish attack. Scaliger trembled in every limb if watercress were placed before him. The astronomer Tycho Brahe was similarly affected at meeting with a hare or fox. The sage-browed Verulam fell into a fainting fit at an eclipse of the moon. Boyle went into convulsions on hearing the sound which water makes on issuing from a tap or valve. La Mothe le Vayer, the French philosophical writer, preceptor to Louis XIV., could not endure the sound of any musical instrument. Favoriti, the Italian poet, who died in 1682, sickened at the smell of the rose. Suetonius informs us that the Roman Emperor Otho was almost as particular "as a woman" about his toilet, that he applied a depilatory process to the whole of his body, and wore upon his head, which was nearly bald, false hair, fixed and arranged so artfully that no one could detect the imposition. He shaved daily with the utmost exactness, and rubbed his face all over with soaked bread—a habit which he had contracted from the age of puberty in order to prevent the growth of a beard. Very little food, either animal or vegetable, did Spinoza allow himself, since he restricted the cost of his living to five or six sous a day, on which even a Scotch student would find it difficult to support human nature. Yet was he surpassed by Buttner, a German naturalist of the eighteenth century, who lived upon one meal a day, at a cost of three sous. The astronomer Lalande professed to relish spiders and caterpillars, and always carried a supply of these dainties about with him in a bonbon box. The amusements of great men seem to illustrate the direction of their tastes. Cardinal Richelieu found in violent exercise a relief from the severe mental concentration in which most of his life was passed. He was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach a high mark on the wall. With ingenious flattery De Grammont entered the lists against him, but took care, after some efforts which nearly reached the mark, to allow the cardinal to beat him. Henry IV. amused his leisure with the company of children, and Sully

describes a charming incident—how he found his sovereign astride on a stick, and playing at "horses" with two or three happy juveniles. The learned Samuel Clarke sought recreation in violent gymnastics, leaping over tables and chairs. Once a pedantic precisian approaching, "Now we must desist," said he, "for a fool is coming in!" Turner was an early riser, and for several hours in the morning worked with great assiduity, after which he would amuse himself freely. He was greatly partial to fishing. He seldom paid a country visit without being accompanied by his rod, and he carried into his pursuit the indomitable perseverance which he brought to bear on his artistic work. No inclemency of weather daunted, no churlishness of fortune wearied him. An eye-witness relates how he used to sit on the lawn of a friend's house, fishing in a pond for carp. On wet days he would sit on a kitchen chair, with a piece of board under his feet and a large umbrella over his head. And the wind blew, and the rain descended, but silent and immovable there he sat until the dinner-bell rang. Harvey, who discovered the twofold circulation of the blood, was a great reader. At the battle of Edgehill, in 1642, Prince Charles and the duke of York were put under his charge, and while the air rang with the clash and din of the fight, he retired with the two young princes under a hedge, took a volume from his pocket, and became absorbed in its perusal, until a cannon ball striking the ground close beside him convinced him of the desirability of seeking a safer resting-place. Some eminent men have been distinguished by their passion, and special aptitude for laborious work. Boyle studied for fourteen hours daily until he was forty years old. Hume wrote thirteen hours a day while composing his History of England. Sir Matthew Hale studied for many years at the rate of sixteen hours a day, but all great lawyers have been hard workers. As for the scientists, look at Charles Darwin, at Tyndall, at Huxley, at Richard Owen. Marshall Hall, whose discoveries and researches in connection with the nervous system smoothed the way for latter physiologists, devoted, in the course of his life, to the investigation of this one subject, no fewer (it has been calculated) than twenty-five thousand hours. For forty years of his life, the great naturalist Buffon wrote at his desk from 9 till 2 o'clock, and again in the evening from 5 till 9 o'clock. Turning to the lords of art, we find Titian spending seven years upon his great picture of The Lord's Supper, and eight upon that of Pietro Martire. Michael Angelo was an indefatigable worker. After passing the greater part of the day in his studio, he would often rise at night to resume his labors, fixing a candle at the top of his pasteboard cap, like a miner, to supply the light which guided his marvelous chisel. Haydn, Gluck, Spohr, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, enjoyed work as other men enjoy play. But, in truth, continuous and energetic labor is imperative upon the musician who would rise to fame and command a comprehensive knowledge of the resources of his glorious art. Giardini was wont to say that if a man would learn to play the violin he must practice twelve hours a day for twenty years; and the wonderful mastery of Paganini was gained and maintained only by his assiduous efforts. In short, whatever other habits great men have formed, whatever other tastes displayed, they have always formed and displayed a strong taste for work; and in so far as they have fallen off from this habit, so far have they fallen off from the true and full development of their genius.

* The Gentleman's Magazine

PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

The Highway Cow—Eugene J. Hall

The hue of her hide was a dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was slim;
One horn turned up, and the other down;
She was keen of vision and long of limb;
With a Roman nose, and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear—
She had been a target for all things known;
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had grown;
Many a passionate parting shot
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,
Many a brickbat of goodly size,
And many a cudgel, swiftly thrown,
Had brought the tears to her bovine eyes,
Or had bounded off from her bony back
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound,
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;
Many a cowardly cur and hound
Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;
Many a teapot and old tin pail
Had the farmer-boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
Though sometimes tempted to be profane
When many a weary mile he ran,
To drive her out of his growing grain.
Sharp were the pranks she used to play
To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town;
She wisely watched him when he went by;
He never passed her without a frown,
And an evil gleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And drive along in his "one-horse shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,
Lifting his bars with her crumpled horn;

Nimble scaling his garden wall,
Helping herself to his standing corn;
Eating his cabbage, one by one;
Hurrying home when her work was done.

Often the deacon homeward came,
Humming a hymn from the house of prayer,
His hopeful heart in a tranquil frame,
His soul as calm as the evening air,
His forehead smooth as a well-worn plow—
To find in his garden that highway cow.

His human passions were quick to rise,
And striding forth with a savage cry,
With fury blazing from both his eyes,
As lightnings flash in a summer sky,
Redder and redder his face would grow,
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,
Breaking his pear and apple trees,
Trampling his melons into the ground,
Overturning his hives of bees,
Leaving him angry and badly stung,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;
The years went by, with their work and play;
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-haired farmers passed away
One by one, as the red leaves fall—
But the highway cow outlived them all.

All earthly creatures must have their day,
And some must have their months and years.
Some in dying will long delay—
There is a climax to all careers;
And the highway cow at last was slain
In running a race with a railway train.

All into pieces at once she went,
Just like the savings banks when they fail;
Out of the world she was swiftly sent—
Little was left but her old stump tail.
The farmers' corn-fields and gardens now
Are haunted no more by the highway cow.

Goslings as Bass Bait—St. Louis Globe Democrat

A letter from a St. Louis gentleman, who has been for some time up at Green Lake, Wis., has just been received here, and it contains the account of a fishing exploit that is remarkable. "I went out early the other evening," writes the gentleman, "in the hopes of encountering some of the famous pickerel of this resort, when they were just coming up from their mossy beds after a morsel for breakfast. I trolled for half a mile without a strike. I was passing a farm house, in front of which were an old goose and a lot of goslings a month or so old. They were swimming around, dipping down under the water in high glee. Just as I was opposite them there was a splash, and one of the goslings disappeared. Almost instantly another one went in the same way, the mother goose never seeming to heed their absence. I thought it strange, and pulled over toward the flock, but before I reached them three more were pulled under the water. I stopped rowing close to the spot where the fowls had disappeared, and watched from close range to see if I could discover what agent was at work destroying the farmer's goslings. One of the little fellows was separated from the other three, for that's all that was left. I was close to the single gosling,

watching him, when I saw a monstrous black bass shoot through the water, grab the bird I had my eye on, and give the water a flirt with his tail as he disappeared with his breakfast. Before the surface had become calm or my astonishment had been overcome, the remaining three of the gosling brood were in the capacious maws of the hungry bass. By this time the old goose, who had been tranquilly swimming about, began to think that something was wrong, and when no little ones came at her call she became frantic. I stood right there for some time, expecting that some audacious bass would walk off with the old goose, but they didn't. I went up to the farmhouse, told the fate of the goslings, and was met with no expressions of surprise. 'That is no uncommon thing,' said the farmer. 'I'll bet I've lost a thousand young geese just in that way. I thought those were too big for bass bait. I keep my young geese in a pond back of the house until they get big enough to take care of themselves, as I thought the ones you saw gobbled up were.' An idea struck me, and I bargained with the farmer for three goslings from the pond back of the house. I would fool the bass. He soon came in with three nice, downy little fellows, and I took one, tied my line about the center of his body, and

fastened a gang of hooks under the gosling's breast so they hung down about three inches. Then I took a long rod from the boat, attached the line, and gently dropped the swimming bait into the water. The little gosling swam around for about half a minute, when there was a rush, a tug at the line, and I had a hungry fish safely hooked. It was a whopper, and it took me twenty minutes to bring him up to the boat. The bass had struck the hooks, as I intended, before he reached the gosling, and I succeeded in landing thirty-one big bass with my three before they were used up. They were the biggest bass I ever saw before, averaging a trifle over six pounds apiece, one of them weighing nine and a quarter pounds. When I go after bass now, you be sure I go with goslings as bait."

Insect Undertakers—Chicago Inter-Ocean

Nearly every one is familiar with the burying beetle, and many have, perhaps, watched its operations. Noticing that dead moles and other small animals laid on the loose ground soon disappeared, Prof. Gleditsch concluded to investigate the cause. Accordingly, he placed a mole in the garden, and on the morning of the third day found it buried some three inches below the surface. Though wondering why this service was performed for the dead mole, yet, as he saw only four beetles under the carcass, he re-buried it and in six days found it overrun with maggots. It was not until then that the thought struck him that these maggots were the offspring of the beetles he had seen, and that they performed the burial rites in order to provide a place to deposit their eggs, where the newly-hatched young might have food for their nourishment. Continuing his observations, Mr. Gleditsch placed four of these beetles under a glass case, with two dead frogs. One pair buried the first frog in twelve hours, and on the third day the second one was similarly disposed of. The professor then gave them a dead linnet, and a pair of the beetles set to work to bury it. They pushed out the dirt from beneath the body; then the male drove the female away, and worked alone for about five hours, turning the linnet around in a more convenient position, and occasionally mounting the body to tread it down. After resting for an hour it proceeded, as before, alternately excavating and pulling the bird from below, and then treading it down from above. It was buried by the end of the third day. In fifty days the four beetles had buried four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, two grasshoppers, the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox.

Animal Attachments—Baltimore Herald

"Funny, isn't it," said the keeper of the Zoo, "how different kinds of animals and birds will become attached to each other when caged up together or confined in adjoining compartments! Now, there's that ring-tailed monkey, for instance, he has been making love to the booby owl. The latter sits blinking in the next cage, and the poll parrot and the tomcat in that cage over there are as intimate as two burglars planning to crack a safe. The funniest thing in the whole lot, however, is the way that snake in the cage over there crawls through the wire and twists itself around the white monkey's tail. Talk about a monkey-and-parrot time, the antics of that monkey and snake lay all over anything in that line. They play the very devil sometimes, too. The other day while performing one of their double-trapeze acts the snake must have bitten the monkey, for the latter got mad and swung himself around with the rapidity of a roulette ball, and dashed through into the next cage. He kept whirling the snake about, knocked down three doves in the pigeon loft, broke the glass out of the east window, burst through the wire netting and started on a dead run for Woodbury.

Before they got to the edge of the woods the monkey darted up a tree. The monkey is up the tree yet, but he is minus his tail. The snake didn't want to follow the animal up the tree and twisted itself around the base of the tree, while the monkey made a desperate plunge and parted with his caudal appendage. The snake then crawled back to the Zoo and entered its cage, and hung the monkey's tail up on the tree stump, and went to sleep."

Concerning African Lions—The Youth's Companion

The lions of South Africa are not noted for their fierceness, nor, if a Hottentot's story is true, are they remarkable for courage. The Hottentot came upon a sleeping lion, and creeping noiselessly, put his elephant gun to the beast's ear. Just as he was about to fire he heard the bullet, which had been secured by a loose paper wad, roll down the barrel. It dropped into the lion's ear and he jumped up and bolted. But, if not plucky, the South African lion is venturesome when tempted by the prospect of a good dinner. A window of the dining room of the Royal Hotel at Durban was open one day, and on the table the servant had just placed a hot sirloin of beef. A lion coming into the yard and scenting the appetizing odor, leaped through the open window, seized the sirloin, and quietly walked off with it. But bad as is his reputation for courage, the South African lion can at times be bold. A Boer named Botha had started his wagon and a span of sixteen oxen at twelve, midnight, for a twenty-mile journey. He and a friend named Venter, with a Hottentot lad, followed the wagon in a dogcart drawn by six horses. Suddenly the rattling of wheels indicated that the oxen had been scared by a lion and were running away. The two Boers got into the dogcart and started after the wagon. The lad who was on the front seat driving, exclaimed: "The donkey bites the horse!" The cart stopped, and a lion was seen clasp the forequarters of one of the horses. Down went the horse, and up went the Boer's gun. The cap missed fire. Another was found; it was too small. The lion, lying at his ease alongside the splashboard, was eating the horse's hind-quarter. Venter leveled the gun, on the nipple of which a little powder dampened with saliva to make it stick had been placed. Botha touched it with a lighted match. Just as it ignited the lion jumped into the cart between the two men, scratched Venter's head and hand, and sent gun and lad spinning out of the cart. Such was the force of the beast's spring that it carried him over the back of the wagon. The beast then returned to his supper.

A Fearful Frog Fight—Kingston Freeman

Marlborough's story-telling old settlers were in high glee last evening. They had been telling all sorts of frog and snake stories. The oldest settler said:—"Squire, I hev read this week abouten how fellers in Kingston hev been up in Catskill Mountains lookin' arter frogs. Some of ther stories they tell sound like pretty good uns, but I 'member a little 'sperience I hed with a frog wonce, when I were down in South Carlinay. I hed been out nigh about ten hours along the Saluda River, near Columbia, lookin' for some frog fish. Them frog fish is ugly, and ef you don't know jis how to git at 'em they'll give you a pretty durned good fight. They hev got a hed like a 'lasses bar'l, and their body looks like a bit of flat iron stuck inter ther bar'l. Well, as I was a sayin', I was hunting these ere frog fish, walking 'long ther river bank very cautious like. All of a sudden I heerd a fearful noise—the fearfulest noise I ever heered in my life. I stopped stock still and listened again. At 'bout ten feet from where I was I seed two of the biggest frogs I ever seed in my life. I watched 'em for a minute or two, just ter see what they was a doen. By-and-by the biggest of ther two

got up on his hind fins and waltzed around the other one screaming fer all it was worth. Pretty soon they came together, and ef them frogs didn't fight then frogs don't fight. They'd scream, shout and holler, then they'd holler, scream and shout until I thought the whole frog kingdom wuz let loose. About en twenty-five feet away from wher them frogs wuz a-fighten I seed the sand along the beach begin to move and wabble about, es ef there wuz something in ther ground what was a-tryen to git out. Pretty soon I seed the head of a frog poke out. Then sixteen other heads bobbed up ter the surface, and the head one started for the fighters. He got up to where the big frog wuz and halted. 'Long come the sixteen other frogs. All this while, fellers, them frogs wuz a fighten and hollerin fer dear life. Pritty soon the littlest frog give one terrible yell, and quicker 'an a wink them other seventeen frogs pitched inter the fight, and in less nor five minutes the biggest wuz kilt as dead as Barney Harrison's hoss what got stinged with a curley fly. The seventeen frogs what rushed inter the fight took the little fellow and drug him inter ther water. It seems to me now that they wuz in ther water there over an hour. Howsomever, after they hed washed themselves, they all marched back inter the sand wher I see 'em come from. About en two hours after ther fight I went and picked up the dead frog and carried it to Columbia. After everybody had seen the frog, an old man, what said he was a newspaper man, told me that the frog I hed was what they calls a West India grunten frog. He was a big feller, the biggest kind that comes. This 'ere newspaper man said he had seen 'em jump over a wall 'steen foot high, and not make a skip. These grunten frogs is a very hungry sort of birds; and this feller what I had, had been looken along ther bank of ther Saluda River fer somethen to eat when out popped one of these ugly frog-fish and tackled him a fight. You see, ther frog-fish was hidin' in ther sand to git onter anything what happened to come along. I reckon, however, ef them other frog-fish hadn't come out just as they did, ther grunten frog would hev killed ther sly devil in mighty quick time."

Died of Grief—St Louis Globe-Democrat

A touching incident occurred a day or two ago at the residence of Mr. William Trumbull, in Belmont county. His little daughter, Maud, has been for some time sick with typhoid fever. She was the possessor of a fine Newfoundland dog, and a warm attachment sprang up between them. In the little child's rambles the dog was her sole companion. Since Maud has been sick the dog refused to eat, and would wander from place to place, familiar spots to both dog and girl, apparently in search of her, uttering low plaintive wails. Day before yesterday the dog was admitted to the bedside of his little mistress, and its joy was unbounded. The animal walked around and around the bed, and rubbed its shaggy head lovingly against the little hand of the sufferer resting on the outside of the covering. Time came for the dog to leave, which it at first refused to do, but finally yielded. It was then offered food, which it refused. It wandered off to some familiar haunts, where happy hours had been spent with little Maud, and finally laid down by the stairway leading to the little girl's bed-chamber, whining in a pitiful manner. No attention was paid to the dog for an hour or two. At last some one called it, but it did not move. An examination was made and the brute was found dead. Died of pure grief.

Christian Burial for Brutes—N. Y. Sun

Some weeks ago there was a dog funeral and burial in the cemetery at Woodlawn. The N. Y. Sun denounced the act as "an insult to the dead and an outrage on the living." A correspondent came to the dog's defense as

follows: Sir: Last week a Scotch terrier bitch belonging to a lady of New York died of old age. It was sixteen years old, a very great age for a dog, for dogs seldom live more than twelve or fifteen years, and almost never more than twenty. As Mrs. Bell had brought up the bitch from a puppy, and had had her as a constant companion, she was, of course, greatly attached to the animal. Therefore, when Cosy died she buried her at Woodlawn in a lot which she had bought for the purpose, and mourned over her loss as the loss of a friend not to be replaced. In this there was nothing extraordinary, for many men and women have given such burial to favorite dogs, though Mrs. Bell may have gone to an extreme in the way of funeral ceremonies in her manifestations of grief. But that was her own affair and an expression of her peculiar temperament. She thought that there was just as much reason for giving Cosy an elaborate funeral as there would have been for showing the last honors to the dead body of a human being. She agreed with Byron that the moral qualities of her pet were more entitled to such a commemoration than those which she found displayed in man. Byron's inscription on the monument of his Newfoundland dog is famous, and the monument itself remains as a conspicuous ornament in the garden of Newstead Abbey:

Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man, without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

By his will, executed in 1811, Byron directed that his body should be buried in a vault in the garden near his faithful dog, on whose monument he also wrote the verses in which these lines occur:

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he would have been;
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth;
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole, exclusive heaven.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

In the beautiful churchyard at Stockbridge, in Massachusetts, the most interesting and most touching of all the monuments is a monument to a dog, of which it is the stone image. It is to a dog that died of grief on the grave of its mistress, and whose body was buried beside hers. Yet it seems that there is an outcry raised because Mrs. Bell's dog has been buried in her own lot at Woodlawn, and there are threats of legal proceedings to compel her to remove its body from the graveyard! That a dog's body should go to decay in the same cemetery in which human bodies are likewise mouldering away is denounced as an insult to man! Ah! the insult is in death itself, if insult there be, for man, "vain insect!" cannot boast himself over the dog, except that the span of his life is longer."

THE CELEBRATED SAYINGS OF ROYALTY*

"Kings don't drown," said William the Red contemptuously when he was crossing the Channel in the teeth of a storm; and the remark was a fine one, worthy of the bold but graceless monarch, who feared not God, neither regarded man. It is probable, however, that our more modern proverb concerning the sort of persons who "will never be drowned" had not obtained vogue in his day, else, if he had a little of humor in his composition, he would have kept his observation in petto or uttered it sotto voce. Nor have other kings before and after the Red King, and even before Agamemnon, been deficient in brave words, whatever may be said or thought of their deeds. It is true that more than half of the recorded sayings have come to be regarded in these latter days of general suspicion and too particular inquiry as ingenious inventions of the picturesque historian, like the famous but fictitious "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire first;" the even more famous, if not more fictitious, "The Guard dies, but does not surrender;" the very characteristic "Up, Guards, and at 'em;" and perhaps, though the iconoclast has not been so busy with this more recent idol, "It is magnificent, but it is not war." Genuine or not, however, there are laid up in the storehouses of literature, or floating about in the region of anecdote or conversation, so many sayings, notable sayings, which are represented as having issued from royal lips, that it would require volumes to hold a collection of them. And such is the readiness of the Frenchman's mother wit, such is the facility and felicity of the Frenchman's mother tongue, that it is not surprising if from time immemorial the royal sayings of France have, in an especial degree, become household words all the world over. The sublime egotism of Louis XIV.'s, "L'État, c'est moi," is *impayable*; the expression is irresistible; it will live and be quoted until time shall be no more. Equally immortal and equally egotistical, and, from the cynical point of view, equally sublime, is Louis XV.'s "Après nous le déluge;" though Madame de Pompadour disputes with him the dishonor of that "royal saying." When Clothaire I., astonished to find himself dying, and resenting the liberty thus taken with him, exclaimed—"Who is this King of the Heavens who thus kills the great kings of the earth?" his ignorance is a reflection rather upon his godfathers and godmothers than upon himself. Nothing could be more royal than the saying attributed to Philip the Handsome, who laid strict injunctions upon his son "to act justly, show mercy, and live humbly with his God;" and the exhortation is the more remarkable for the humorous contrast it offers between precept and example, for the Handsome One did not owe his distinctive epithet to his observance of the maxim which declares that "Handsome is who handsome does." Of Philip of Valois there is extant a grand saying, wrung from him probably by the attempts of our Edward III. to oust him from the throne, that he "would rather be King of the French than King of France." Of John the Good—so called, it would seem, upon the principle on which lucus is derived a non lucendo, though he certainly did one noble deed when he voluntarily returned to captivity to atone for his son's dishonor—memory can recall a splendid saying, "Tho' honor were banished from all the world, it should find a home in the hearts of kings." Many a truly royal speech was

made by Charles the Wise, but none more royal than that wherein, after he had apostrophized the "vile" earthly crown which he had caused to be placed under his feet, he addressed with his dying breath the representatives of his people, saying, "I know that in the government of my kingdom I have given much offense; for this I crave your mercy!" Even Charles, the great madman, before he became a madman, if not afterwards, said royal things; and it would not be difficult, if a full history were at hand, to put some saying to the credit of Charles le Victorieux, the "King of Bourges." Louis XI. is immortalized by the famous, or infamous, saying—which, however, was not original, and which was the only bit of Latin he allowed his son to be taught—"Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare;" according to which theory only he was a great king. Charles the Affable, no doubt, said better things than the profound ignorance to which he was condemned by his father would lead us to expect; and the happy sayings attributed to Louis XII., the "Father of the People," are almost legion. He it was who said right royally, "I am not afraid; let him who is take post behind me;" he it was who made the still more royal remark, "I would rather see my courtiers laugh at my avarice than my people weep at my extravagance;" he it was who said most royally, in a spirit worthy of the friend of Bayard, "It becomes not the King of France to avenge the wrongs of the Duke of Orleans." Who does not remember the royal saying, attributed to the "chivalrous" Francis I., when he wrote to his mother, "All is lost, madame, but honor—and" (oh! ye modern iconoclasts!) "my life!" or the "Let me tell you, madame, I would rather lose two mistresses than one Sully," addressed to the petulant Gabrielle d'Estrées by Henry the Great, and the "What! Did you think I was immortal?" addressed by the dying Louis Quatorze to his weeping courtiers. And yet one would like to call once more to mind a noble saying attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the "Citizen King," when he was informed by Marshal Bugeaud at what terrible cost of human life and suffering the kingdom could be secured—"It is too dear."

None of the professions seem more devoted to ready wit than that of the law. It is related that Sir Nicholas Bacon was about to pass judgment upon a man who had been guilty of robbery, at that time punishable by death: but the culprit pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was related to the judge. "How is that?" he was asked. "My lord," was the reply, "your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and hog and bacon have always been considered akin." "That is true," answered Sir Nicholas; "but as hog is not bacon until it has hung, until you are hanged you are no relation of mine." Still more to the point is this of two opposing barristers. The lawyer for the defense was so severe upon the prosecutor that the latter rose and asked: "Does the learned counsel think me a fool?" The retort was prompt: "My friend wishes to know if I consider him a fool; and in reply to his question I can only say that I am not prepared to deny it." There are many instances of passages of arms between bench and bar, but this one may be new to most of our readers. At the close of a lengthened and bitter wrangle between a judge and a prominent counsel, the former said: "Well, sir, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you." To which the barrister mildly replied: "That is so, my lord."

* The London Standard.

PRATTLE—CHARMING BITS OF BABY VERSE

The Little Runaway—Julia C. R. Dorr

The church was dim and silent,
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.

Without, the sweet, still sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,

With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances, downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half-abashed, half-frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower
Her form swayed to and fro.

And the changing color fluttered
In her troubled little face,
As from side to side she wavered,
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment—
What wonder that we smiled—
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled!

Then up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)—
If, when sometime I enter
The many mansions fair,

And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our God will send his angel
To show me where to go.

The Land of Nod—Mrs. Lucy M. Blinn—St. Nicholas

Did you ever hear how Budge and Tod
Took a flying trip to the Land of Nod?
They put on their night-gowns—climbed the stairs,
Mumbled their innocent, drowsy prayers,
Curled up in bed in a dimpled heap,
And in forty winks they were fast asleep!
Then the Dream-Man came, on a train of cars,
With moonbeam windows, and wheels of stars;
The fires were lit by a comet, queer,
And the Man in the Moon was engineer!
A sea-weed cord held the engine-bell
Made from a ringing ocean-shell;
The railroad track was a rainbow band,
Reaching far over the sea and land
And the ends of the road, I am gravely told,
Were built upon pots of shining gold!
"All aboard!"—and away went Budge and Tod,
Night-gowns and all, to the Land of Nod!

The cars were filled with a curious crew;
Sweet baby Trix and the Wandering Jew,
Jack with his bean-stalk, The Giant Grim,
Little Miss Mincer and Uncle Tim,

Fairies and Sprites, and Brownies rare,
And Mermaids, wrapped in their yellow hair,
Sat side by side in the phantom cars
With moonbeam windows and wheels of stars!
On, on they sped through the silver sand
Of the beautiful streets of the Wonder-land;
They stopped in a cloud for a drink of dew,
While the sea-shell rung and the whistle blew;
They gathered blossoms that never die,
That grew in the land of the "By-and-by,"
And there, at the end of the route, I'm told,
Our travelers found the pot of gold!
Then the Dream-Man brought little Budge and Tod,
Night-gowns and all, from the Land of Nod!

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep—Unidentified

"Now I lay me,"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er the folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep,"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord,"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Welcome, Little Stranger—Unidentified

(By a displaced three-year old.)

Mozzer bought a baby,
'Tittle bitsey sing;
Sinks I mos' could put him
Frou my yubber ying.
Ain't he awful ugly?
Ain't he awful pink?
"Just come down from heaven"—
Yat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anozzer
Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out o' joint, zen,
Yat ain't why I cry.
Mamma stays up in bedroom—
Guess he makes her sick.
Frow him in the gutter,
Beat him wiz a stick.

Cuddle him and love him!
Call him "Blessed sing!"
Don't care if my kite ain't
Got a bit of string!
Send me off with Bridget
Every single day—
"Be a good boy, Charley,
Run away and play."

Said "I ought to love him!"
No, I won't, no zur!
Nassy, cryin' baby,
Not got any hair.
Got all my nice kisses,
Got my place in bed,
Mean to take my drumsticks
And beat him on the head.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS—SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

A young lady in this city who teaches a Sunday school class of 8-year-olds, recently asked them the question, "What is an altar?" "I know," said one irrepressible; "it's where they burn insects."—Augusta Journal.

Little Sarah, an adopted child of an aged couple, coming down late at breakfast, found the toast gone, and in her infantile rage cried out: "Grandpa, you old hog, you've eaten all the toast!" During the day her new grandma rebuked her in a kind, rather than a vigorous fashion, and that night on retiring asked the little tot if she did not think she ought to ask forgiveness. On saying her prayers she prayed, "God bless mamma and papa and Towser," and finally, "Forgive Sarah, too, for calling grandpa hog, but, Lord, he did eat all the toast."—Albany Journal.

Child—Does the Lord take the papers? Mother—No my child. Why do you ask? Child—Oh, I thought he didn't, it takes our minister so long to tell him about things that happened during the week.—Youth's Companion.

A bright little girl, having been desired to write a sentence bringing in the word "carrion," presented the following to her teacher: "Bad children often carrion in church when they ought to be quiet."—New York World.

Teacher (to class)—Why is procrastination called the thief of time? Boy (at foot of class)—Because it takes a person such an awfully long time to say it.—Life.

Bobby and Flossie were playing "boarding-house," with Flossie in the role of applicant. "Have you parents?" inquired Bobby, with great stiffness of manner. "Yes, sir; two," replied Flossie, timidly. "Sorry, ma'am, but we never take children who have parents."—N. Y. Sun.

Teacher—Tommy, how far is the sun from the earth? Tommy (promptly)—Ninety-four miles. Teacher (impressively)—Ninety-four millions of miles, Tommy. Tommy—Oh yes, ninety-four millions. I knew for sure it was ninety-four something.—New York Evangelist.

The following conversation occurred in Cambridge. The "Gertie" referred to is the colored nurse-girl of the family: "Mamma, did God make me?" said a little girl. "Yes, darling." "Did God make Gertie, too?" "Yes, dear." A pause. "Well, I'm glad he got through making colored ones before he got to me."—Boston Times.

A small boy, required to write a sentence containing the word "hominy," produced the following: "Hominy marbles have you?"—Boston Transcript.

Mamma—What's the matter, precious? Mabel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to your poor little sister? Mabel (virtuously)—Nothing. Mamma—You have! I know you have! Mabel—I only told her she's got to die some day, and she says she won't.—Mercury.

Pet—Mamma, I want to make a little bargain with you. Mamma—What is it, my dear? Pet—If you will give me a paper of sugar-plums every day I won't tell anybody you take your hair out of a drawer.—New York World.

Druggist—Now, what do you want? Boy—Three cents worth of paregoric. Druggist—What do you mean, waking me up for three cents? Boy—Why I had ter git up fer nuffin' myself, and I don't kick.—Christian Register.

Little Girl—What's the matter, little boy? Little Boy—I'm crying because my mamma has just gone to heaven. L. G.—Oh, but p'r'aps she hasn't.—Time.

The small son of a Baptist clergyman recently had his first pair of boots. They were somewhat hard to get on, and he tugged and stamped and twisted for some time before they were where they should be. "My goodness!

mamma. Didn't they go on hard?" he said. "I came near saying devil, but then I remembered papa has told us we must not take the name of the Lord our God in vain. So then I didn't say it."—Boston Times.

When Ethel tumbled down and broke a basket of eggs, the children all cried: "Oh, Ethel, won't you catch it when your mother sees those broken eggs. Won't you, though!" "No, I won't tach it, either, I won't tach it at all. I'z dot a dran-mother!"—Eli Perkins.

The story the other day about the pious little boy who tried to walk on the water in the bath-tub recalls another of an equally pious little girl. She was eight years old and lived in the country. She had started one day rather late for school with another little girl about her own age. On their way they caught a glimpse of a clock dial through an open door. It lacked five minutes of nine. "Oh, dear!" said the pious little girl, "it's five minutes to nine, and we'll be late to school." "I'm afraid we will." "Jennie," said the pious little girl, impressively, "I'll tell you what we must do; we'll kneel right down here and pray that we won't be late!" "H'm!" said the other, "I guess we'd better skin right along and pray as we go!" They "skun" and got there just in time.—Boston Transcript.

During the recent severe storm a bright little specimen of the small boy species, awakened from his slumber by the crash of the thunder, whispered softly: "Does God make the lightning, grandma?" "Yes, dear." "Are you afraid, grandma?" "No, I'm not afraid; are you?" "Oh, no. God knows what he's about."—Troy Telegram.

Sunday-School Teacher—Now tell me what is duty? West-Ender (back from Europe)—It's something you don't pay unless you have to.—Philadelphia Record.

A poorly-clad little girl came into the store of one of our stationers recently to buy some writing-paper, and was shown some for five cents a quire. "How much will half a quire be?" she inquired in a plaintive voice. "Three cents," replied the clerk. "If you please, I'll take the other half," was the quick response.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Sammy was a little boy at school in a village far from his home. One day his father came to see him, and they took a walk together. Meeting the principal of the school, Sammy performed the introduction. "Mr. S—," said he, "this is a father of mine."—New York World.

Mrs. Burnett says that most of the scenes in Little Lord Fauntleroy are real, for instance that in which Cedric undertakes to teach his grandfather baseball. "One day," she says, "the original thought it necessary to instruct me in the great national game. After a great deal of explaining I was obliged to admit that I was rather stupid. 'Oh, no you're not, dearest,' protested the little boy, 'you're not at all stupid; but I'm afraid I'm not a good 'splainer, and then, as you're a lady, of course baseball is not very easy to you.'"—Boston Traveller.

Tommy, being out walking with his mother, was very much scared at a dog that barked at him. "Why, you are a regular coward. Don't you know that the barking dog never bites?" said the maternal ancestor. "I know the barking dog never bites, but how do I know the dog knows it?" was the tearful reply.—Texas Siftings.

Little Charlie was eating pie while his hungry brother Willie was looking on wistfully. After Charlie finished the last piece he burst out crying. "What are you crying for, Charlie?" asked his mother. "'Cause,—there ain't no pie left for poor dear little Willie."—Eli Perkins.

THE CAP'N'S MONNYMENT—A YANKEE LOVE STORY*

"My father was a Spanish merchant,
And before he went to sea
He told me to be sure and answer
No to all you said to me!"

"Well! ef we ain't here too early, arfter all! That's what comes o' livin' so fur from the meetin' house, an' havin' no clocks you can depend on! Week days it don't matter so much; I can kinder keep straight by the fact'ry whistles. Well it'll give us a chance ter step inter the graveyard. A good many o' the monnyments have been put up sense you was here. They're mostly alike, all 'cept old Cap'n Broadus's—he was bound ter have something different. He picked his'n out hisself, an' had it put up 'fore he died, ter make sure there wa'n't no mistake 'bout it. That's his'n over there—a female figger holdin' a urn. Some folks would have it 'twas a goblet, an' said considerin' he'd kep' somebody a-standin' round with a glass ready for him all his life, he might 'a' dispensed with it when he come ter be dead; but he was a dreadful peculiar man, an' he didn't have many friends. Didn't you ever hear how he sarved his darter! Law, now we've got time 'nough, we'll jest set down on this bench, in the shade, an' I'll tell ye 'bout it, while we're waitin'; the fust bell ain't but jest rung.

"How pretty them moss-pinks look, growin' over there on Myra Pratt's grave! Will Rogers planted 'em there. He was keepin' comp'ny with her when she died. Folks said he was 'most distracted; but land! men git over sich things!—he's goin' ter marry Fanny Scott next week. He's bought the Dunn farm, an' they're goin' to set up—Here. But I was tellin' you 'bout Cap'n Broadus.

"He was a great, rough, red-faced, black-bearded man, with a voice like a clap o' thunder. He was Cap'n o' one o' the big steamships runnin' out o' New York, an' he'd bin in sailin' vessels 'fore that. He'd bin in the Chiny trade, an' I don't know what not. He'd bin all over the world, but wherever he went he bore the same character—a dreadful rough man an' dreadful profane. I shouldn't think 'twas right ter tell sich a story on the Sabbath, ef there wa'n't sich a lesson ter be larned by it.

"'Twas curus ter see the Cap'n an' his darter together. You'd never 'a' thought they was related; but she took after her mother, who died when she was born.

"Well, you'd s'pose, pretty as Alice was, an' rich as the Cap'n was knowed ter be, there'd be no end o' fellers hangin' round her, like bees round a honeysuckle; but the truth on't was, they was all so scart o' the Cap'n, an' Alice herself was so took up a-tryin' ter please him, an' keep him from gettin' mad at folks while he was home, an' when he was gone a-tryin' to get braced up an' ready for his next visit, that she didn't have no time ter think o' nothin' else. Ef you never see the Cap'n, you can't have no idee the sort o' man he was. He'd stan' an' swear till he was black in the face when anything put him out.

"But the young men got the idee that Alice was stuck up, an' felt herself 'bove 'em 'count o' her money an' eddication; for the Cap'n said he'd 'complish her, an' he did—she played on the pianner beautiful. But they didn't like it 'cause she never noticed 'em—'stead o' bein' thankful, as they orter bin. She had a queer, slow way o' liftin' her eyelids, as ef her long black lashes was so heavy she couldn't hardly get 'em high 'nough ter see from under; but when she did get 'em up—well, she reely did have the sweetest eyes I ever see in a girl's face, an' they had such

a innercent, appealin' look. I s'pose she got it tryin' ter pacify the Cap'n. But she never needed to try it twice on nobody, an' one young feller found it out to his cost; but 'twas all the Cap'n's fault it happened.

"He was home one Sabbath, uglier'n usual, swearin' at everybody an' everything, high an' low, an' he kep' it up all the mornin' till he was fairly in meetin'—he allers went ter meetin', reg'lar's could be.

"Well, he sot there in his pew, his eyes rangin' round, spyin' out sunthin' ter find fault with, when all ter once they lighted on Stan Purdy—Squire Purdy's son, you know. He'd bin off studyin' ter be a doctor, an' had jest come home for a little vacation 'fore he begun ter practice. He was a good-lookin' young feller.

"Well, he was settin' there lookin' too—an' it jest shows how folks git into trouble when they spend their time starin' round 'stead o' payin' 'tention ter the minister.

"But Stan, he'd bin lookin' at the Cap'n, an' thinkin' what a curus old critter he was, an' how his darter didn't look much like him; an' then, as was nat'ral, he looked at Alice, an' his eyes hadn't fairly lighted on her when the Cap'n turned an' caught him. It seemed ez ef that was what the old feller'd bin waitin' for. He riz right up in his seat, his eyes rollin' in his head, an' he took Alice by the arm, an' he marched right down the aisle, out o' meetin', an' as he passed the Purdys pew he glared so Stan thought he was goin' ter have a fit, an' didn't know but 'twas his dooty ter foller an' tend ter him; but 'twas jest as well he didn't.

"The Cap'n made straight for home, usin' most awful language. He said he knowed now why Alice was allus so anxious to go ter meetin'. An' 'twas n't no use for her to tell him—what was the livin' truth—that she didn't know Stan Purdy from Tom Nokes, an' hadn't never sot eyes on him. He wouldn't b'lieve her.

"He had ter go ter the city that night, lucky for her, for she was clear wore out; but ye couldn't blame her that next Sabbath she did look over ter the Purdy's pew, ter see who 'twas the Cap'n made sich a fuss 'bout; an' Stan, rememberin' how the Cap'n had acted the week afore, looked 'cross at her jest as she looked at him.

"Well, I'm too old a woman ter go inter all the particulars o' that part o' the story. Young folks will be young folks to the end o' time; an' we all know how 'twas with ourselves. But ef Alice had had a hard time afore, she had a wus one now; 'twas bad enough ter have a hot an' hasty old father, but when you come ter have a hot an' hasty young lover ez well, things git complicated.

"Stan wa'n't 'fraid of the Cap'n; he didn't care a cent for his temper an' his talk, an' he loved Alice for all he was wuth. He couldn't see no reason why he should be sacrificed ter the Cap'n's whims. There wa'n't the fust thing 'bout him for nobody ter object ter in a son-in-law; he was studdy an' he had good connections, an' there was money both sides o' the house. He meant ter have Alice, an' he knowed ef he didn't get her consent 'fore the Cap'n got home he wouldn't get it 'tall, an' he did his best.

"But Alice, she was jest like that flower I told ye 'bout; it didn't make no difference what a rough, ugly old rock it was growin' next ter, the wind might blow a perfect cyclone, it could make that flower tremble an' shiver and bend an' bow, but when it got through that flower was growin' there jest the same. An' try his best, Stan couldn't git her ter listen to him.

"So the time passed by, an' Stan see in the paper the

* From Harper's Weekly

Cap'n's steamship had 'rived, an' he knowed he'd be home next day. Things looked desperate, but he wouldn't give in.

"Well, that night Alice was out in the gardin after supper, wanderin' round, thinkin' 'bout her father, an' kinder wonderin' ef Stan would come, an' hopin' he wouldn't, an' knowin' down in her heart she'd be disappointed ef he didn't, when all ter once she heard that chain clank, an' her heart begun ter beat, an' she couldn't help thinkin' it might be a good thing ef the Cap'n had got a anchor hitched ter her too!

"She didn't need ter take but one look at Stan ter know what he come for. He didn't waste no time 'bout it neither. There wa'n't no putting him off; she'd got to come ter the pint, an' she did.

"She told him her fust dooty was to her father; he hadn't got nobody but her, an' she knowed 'twouldn't be right ter go off an' leave him. Then Stan he told her she needn't leave him; he wa'n't home much o' the time, an' when he was he could be with her, jest 's he allus had bin; an' he did think—though he didn't say so—that ef he could put up with the Cap'n, he might do as much for him.

"But Alice she told him her father didn't want her ter marry nobody, an' ef she did he wouldn't have nothin' more ter do with her; an' 'twasn't ez ef he was like other folks who had friends ter fall back on—ef she left him he wouldn't have nothin'; then she looked at him, and she sez:

"'Ef I loved a man ever so much, I wouldn't leave my father ter go off with him, 'cause he has fust claim,' sez she; an' Stan he come a step nearer, and he sez:

"'Do you love me, Alice?'

"She knowed she got ter answer that question and she knowed 'twouldn't do ter have him come no closer, if she was goin' ter do her dooty by her father. She'd never told a lie in her life, but she looked at him and she said it slow, like ez ef 'twas a lesson she was sayin':

"'No, I don't love you; you must go.'

"'Twas queer, but Stan b'lieved her. A woman would 'a' knowed in a minute she wasn't tellin' the truth, but he trusted her as a angel, an' he took her at her word.

"An' the gate hadn't no more'n banged arfter him when the old Cap'n jumped right out o' a bunch of syringas an' stood in front on her in his tall hat, with a valise in one hand and a ombrill in the other, lookin' bigger, redder, more bristlin' 'an ever; he'd bin there the hull time, an' heard every word; but all he said was:

"'Good girl! Done right! That's the way ter serve young scalawags. Ye won't have no more trouble from 'em; yer old father's come home ter stay.'

"An' so he had. He'd give up the command o' his steamship, an' there he was.

"Well, Alice she took him inter the house, an' she give him his supper, an' mixed his rum punch fer him, an' sot by while he dranked it; then he wanted her ter sing ter him, and she went ter the pianner an' played an' sung him his favorites—an' he had a deal o' taste in music—an' all the while there was poor Stan's desparin' face in front on her, an' you'd a' thought even the Cap'n could 'a' told her heart was broke by the way she was singin'.

"An' Stan he went off an' jined a party o' naturalist fellers who was goin' on a three years' trip to I don't know where, arfter outlandish species o' spiders an' caterpillars an' sich. He didn't care where he went ter.

"An' Alice went on doin' her dooty, keepin' things pleasant, an' kinder makin' it up ter the neighbors when the Cap'n quarreled with 'em; but she grew paler an' thinner every day, tell she looked just like a shadder o' a girl; but she didn't lose none of her prettiness—she couldn't; long 's there was anything left on her 'twas 'bliged ter be pretty.

"Well, after the Cap'n had bin home a year or two he began ter find it kinder tiresome; he'd done everything he could think on ter his place, an' 'twas then he took it inter his head to buy his monnymment; that kep' him busy for months; he visited every marble yard in the country 'fore he found anything ter suit him. He said his monnymment was like a poor man's suit of clothes; he wanted jest the right thing, cause it had got ter last him.

"He was pleased 'nough when he finally got it sot up; he'd walk down with Alice every Sabbath evenin' ter see it, an' he hadn't bin ter visit his wife's grave 'fore sence she died; he clean forgot ter have her name put on the tombstone.

"Well, things went on this way tell one day he was took with a fit, and went ter lie beside his monnymment, and Alice was left ter take her Sabbath evenin' walks alone.

"The minister had doubts 'bout the old Cap'n's futur', an' he told her so; but Alice, she said he wa'n't so bad but she could love him, an' she reckoned God's love an' mercy'd stretch further'n ourn, an' she couldn't help hopin'. He'd remember what a hard life the poor old Cap'n had had, an' make 'lowances fer him.

"The minister he didn't say no more arfter that; I guess he thought ef the idee was any comfort ter her she might ez well keep it, but it sartainly wa'n't orthodox.

"'Twas 'bout this time Stan come home, older an' browner an' harnsomer'n ever. He was real shocked when he heard 'bout the Cap'n, an' more still when he see Alice in church. He'd thought he'd bin dyin' o' a broken heart all this time, but when he come ter look at her—not that he s'posed thinkin' o' him had anything ter do with it—he reckoned 'twas takin' care o' her father.

"He didn't go to see her. He knowed he was cured, but still he didn't want ter resk gettin' hurt agin; he hadn't forgot what it felt like, so he walked home from meetin' with Judge Perkins' darter, an' was arst to stay ter supper, an' spent a very pleasant evenin'; an' Alice went home an' cried herself sick—difference 'tween men an' women, that's all.

"Well, 'twas the old Cap'n's queer character that brought 'em together in the fust place, an' 'twas the same thing brought 'em together in the end; ef 't hadn't bin for him I don't suppose they'd ever noticed each other, an' that's what folks git fer meddlin' in other folks' affairs.

"'Twas one Sabbath arfternoon jest arfter meetin'; Stan was walkin' in the cemetery with his mother—they was goin' ter see ef the grass needed cuttin' in their lot—an' ez they passed by the Cap'n's monnymment Stan happened ter look toward it, an' there he see some heathern boy had printed 'Rum Punch' in big letters on the Cap'n's urn.

"Stan most felt ez if 'twas his own father, it made him so mad; but he didn't say nothin' ter 'tract his mother's 'tention. He got home quick's he could, an' he got some chemical stuff on a rag, an' some sand-paper, an' he was goin' back agin ter git them letters off 'fore poor Alice could come an' see 'em; but somebody come in, an' he was hendered tell 't was pretty late 'fore he started.

"She wa'n't there when he got back, an' he warmed up that monnymment an' he worked like seventy-six, though he most spected ter hear the old Cap'n orderin' him off; but he got it clean 't last, an' clumb down, an' there was Alice standin' watchin' him."

Land sakes! ef the folks ain't all gone inter meetin' while we've bin talkin'! We'll be late, sure's the world, arfter havin' bin here a hour 'fore anybody else.

"Haven't finished the story? Yis, I have; didn't I tell ye Alice Broadus never needed ter look at nobody more'n once?"

CURIOSITIES OF VERSE—SPECIMEN METRICAL FORMS*

A Rondeau to Her China Cup—Frank D. Sherman

Her China cup is white and thin,
A thousand times her heart has been
Made merry at its scalloped brink;
And in the bottom, painted pink,
A dragon greets her with a grin.

The brim her kisses loves to win;
The handle is a manikin,
Who spies the foes that chip or chink
Her China cup.

Muse, tell me if it be a sin;
I watch her lift it past her chin
Up to her scarlet lips and drink
The Oolong draught, somehow I think
I'd like to be the dragon in
Her China cup.

Villanelle—Wm. E. Henley

A dainty thing 's the Villanelle,
Sly, musical, a jewel in rhyme,
It serves its purpose passing well.

A double-clappered silver bell
That must be made to clink in time,
A dainty thing 's the Villanelle.

And if you wish to flute a spell,
Or ask a meeting 'neath the lime,
It serves its purpose passing well.

You must not ask of it the swell
Of organs grandiose and sublime—
A dainty thing 's the Villanelle.

And filled with sweetness as a shell,
Is filled with sound and launched in time,
It serves its purpose passing well.

Still fair to see and good to smell,
As in the quaintness of its prime,
A dainty thing 's the Villanelle,
It serves its purpose passing well.

Kyrielle—The Pavilion—A. M. F. Robinson

In the tent the lamps were bright;
Out beyond the summer night
Thrilled and quivered like a star.
We beneath were left so far.

From the depths of blue profound
Never any sight or sound
Came our loneliness to mar.
We beneath were left so far.

But against the summer sky
Only you stood out and I;
From all other things that are
We beneath were left so far.

Ballade—The Pompadour's Fan—Austin Dobson

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Conlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light
Roses and vaporous blue;
Hark to the dainty frou-frou!
Picture above if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the *Ceil de Bœuf* through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that *Fragouard* drew,
Talan-rouge, *falbala*, queue,
Cardinals, dukes—to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah! but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous*!
Matters of state and of might,
Things that great ministers do;
Things that, maybe, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began;
Here was the sign and the cue—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

ENVOY.

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's fan!

An Explanatory Sestina—Henry Nesgarde Johnson

The Sestina—a sort of bastard rhyme—
Is but the work of some poor lovesick fool,
Whose brain was yearning for a way to tell
His love for some fair dame who knew him not.
But still it lives, a plague to poets all,
Who try to imitate his measures wild.

One tries it. There, he's getting very wild.
Ah no, there really is no lawful rhyme,
The meter is the only thing at all;
You'll see how mad in truth the lovesick fool,
When you succeed. The meter it is not;
But what it *is*, is very hard to tell.

There *is* a way in which the scheme to tell;
That poet drew from out his brain so wild.
Your finals, first, you cannot change, no not
One single one, from your first stanza's rhyme;
As where you set them down, that ancient fool
Has said you must retain them, one and all.

The words you keep; their order change; and all
The stanzas—there are six, I ought to tell
Have those same six to end the lines. Our fool—
Who tried to make a measure savage wild—
Says in this order must they go to rhyme.
If I am never clear, ah! blame *me* not.

The first word used in stanza first is not
The first one in the next, above them all,
But stands at second place in this odd rhyme;
The second is the fourth, as you can tell;
The third is then the sixth—this poem wild
Begins to sound just like its author fool.

Then take the fourth—a word, my friend, to fool—
And put it in fifth place. Its place is not
Elsewhere. The fifth goes in the third—'tis wild—
The sixth place in the first, and that is all;
Except l'Envoi, I forgot to tell,
Of three lines only, still there's ne'er a rhyme.

This is, oh no, not verse that time will tell,
Is fit to roll all down the ages wild,
But still the bad rhyme will outlive the fool.

* The Rondeau is a poem composed of thirteen lines and two unrhymed refrains, and is written throughout on two rhymes. The Villanelle consists of five three-lined stanzas concluding with one of four lines, the refrain occupies eight of the nineteen lines. The Ballade is composed of three stanzas of eight lines each, followed by a stanza of four lines called an envoy—the set of rhymes used in the first stanza being repeated in the same order throughout the poem. The Kyrielle is a simple poem in four-lined stanzas of eight-syllable lines, having the last line of each the same. The Sestina, invented by the famous Troubadour, Arnaut Daniel, has six stanzas of six lines each, all of the same length, and ending throughout with the same six words, arranged by a strange but regular law of sequence.

THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

A South American Sketch—Boston Transcript

Maranhão is one of the *has-beens*. All the people are dead, but they don't know it. Grass is growing in the streets, and the place is slowly but surely dying. There is very little business, and the one excitement in the month is the arrival of the American mail steamship. Almost every building is a church or nunnery, and priests are everywhere. We first make a call on his tan-colored majesty, the president, and then start out to explore this new and strange city. Within two years a horse-car railway has been introduced here, probably by some enterprising Yankee. The cars are open and similar to our own summer cars in Boston, though much smaller. They are drawn by little bits of donkeys, whose tremendous ears seem the biggest part of them. The conductor stands on the end of the car and blows a great brass horn on curves and corners. Occasionally a pair of black eyes can be seen peeping through the bars of a window; we raise our hats and they are quickly withdrawn—look again and there they are. On the seat in front of us sits a matronly lady of perhaps forty-five years, very richly dressed; beside her, a young lady of twenty years. The latter is altogether charming—with rich black hair and speaking eyes. But what is this! Quickly turning in her seat she extends a jeweled hand, and in broken Spanish politely requests my cigar to light her dainty cigarette. "Great Scott!" I mutter, as I hastily pass over the required light. She hands it back, and, as I gaze upon it, wonder if I had not better keep it as a memento of dull old Maranhão.

The Italian Women—Edmund Yates—London World

All the beauty and fashion of Florence, male and female after their kind, was present at the races. The Florentine "masher" by no means fulfills the ordinary English idea of the Italian captivator, slim, swarthy and languishing, and is less like Count Rinaldo Rinaldi as imagined by the present Lord Lytton, than Count Fosco as drawn by Mr. Wilkie Collins. He is generally fat and greasy, and strongly Hebraic; he wears a little pot-hat perched on the top of his blacking-brush head; his clothes are parodies of English fashion—many of the cheaper dandies wear alarming checks only sported by our "mammoth comiques;" and his pudgy little hands are squeezed into light dogskin gloves with broad black sewing. He is brisk, voluble, and polite; and, I hear on all sides, kind and honorable. And, the Italian ladies? "I love the women, too, forgive my folly!" that hackneyed old line of Byron's about them. I don't love them, for I have no occasion to do so, and I'm deeply sorry to say I don't admire them, as a rule. There are exceptions, of course, many exceptions, and at these races I saw perhaps half a dozen handsome faces; but the majority had, as Kinglake says, "so grossly neglected the primal duty of looking pretty in this transitory life," that, after all I had heard, I was greatly disappointed. I have no Byron handy, but think he says something about the "high-born dame" and her "brow." It is this last that, in my poor opinion, minimizes the good looks of the high-born dames. They have not followed the French and English fashion in coiffure, they have not adopted the coquettish curls or fascinating fringe: they resemble the "Keepsake" beauties of fifty years ago, and shows acres of bald uncovered forehead, looking almost indecent and "veri shocking." Their eyes are brilliant, their features mostly regular and refined, and in youth they have pretty figures. The late Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, whom we all

love so much, and who reviled England more persistently and more brutally than most Americans, was good enough to speak gracefully of English women of mature age as "cows." Both Italian and French women, I think, as a rule, "run larger" than Anglaises of the same age, and are certainly not so firmly built. As for the "peasant cheek of ruddy bronze" (Byron again), it is pretty much the same throughout Europe. The peasant women of Italy have deep red-bronze complexions and very dirty blue-black hair. The equivalent of the women "with hands that offer early flowers" on the Rhine (Byron again) is to be found here in the *fioraje*, or flower girls. You remember what Colonel Quagg, in Mr. Sala's excellent story, said when the minister wished him "good evening and peace." "For the matter of that," said Colonel Quagg, "rot!" A coarse, rude word, but wonderfully expressive and useful; a word to be brought forth when you are bored with gush about the *fioraje*. Flower girls? flower beldames, flower grandmothers! Nice, good-tempered old things, slow at taking "no" for an answer, slower at taking offense, but wholly destitute of youth or attraction. Their wares are perfectly lovely—tea roses, peonies, lilacs, lilies of the valley, fine in themselves and always in great profusion.

A Polynesian Idyl—San Francisco Chronicle

Ordinarily life on Quiros Island is idyllic, and he must be a restless spirit, indeed, who, having home and wife and children there, should sigh for a life in some other clime. A perpetual summer; just enough to do to keep off that Nemesis, ennui, plenty to eat and cocoanut milk galore to drink, with or without a dash of bourbon in it—what more could a man desire? He does not see the last paper, but he may revel in the company of good books; the latest telegrams do not puzzle him with their contradictions or irritate him by substituting the individual opinions of weakling intellects for news, but his Shakespeare, his Longfellow, his Carlyle, Emerson, or Herbert Spencer, his Dickens or his George Eliot, are the same for him as for the dweller in great cities, only more prized, because he has more leisure in which to prize them. Should he be fond of star-gazing, then, surely, he is in the right place. Above, around, on every side, the great canopy of glittering heavens broods over him. He is near enough the equator to add almost all our northern stars to those of the south. Not a star of the largest magnitude but comes some night or other into view. Lying on the sand on that little speck of land, with the great plain of ocean all around and the great heavens above, roofing all in, the man who has been born with the soul of poetry within him should feel the divine afflatus come over him, and pour forth his spirit in song.

The Apex of the Globe—The Boston Herald

People who visit Calcutta seldom fail to make a journey of about 400 miles northward, by the Eastern Bengal Railway, to Darjeeling. The last part of this trip is performed on a narrow-gauge road which climbs the tall foothills of the Himalayan range in a most curious, zigzag fashion, the road constantly doubling upon itself at interesting elevations. As the traveler progresses flocks of Thibet goats appear, and a hardier race of men and women are seen than those left behind on the plains of Hindoostan. The laborers seen on the route are composed of men, women and girls, the latter using pick and shovel as readily as do the men. These people are from Thibet, Nepal and Cashmere, which countries border on Northern India. These mingled races form picturesque groups, the men

armed with long, sword-like knives, and the women clad in bright colors and short skirts. When Darjeeling is reached we are over 7,000 feet above the plains, and here we find ourselves in full view of the loftiest range of mountains in the world, literally the apex of the globe. What the Bernese Oberland range is to the European Alps, this Kinchinjunga group is to the sky-reaching Himalayas; the former, however, are mere pigmies compared with these giants at Darjeeling. The lowest peak is over 20,000 feet in height, the tallest over 28,000, while Mt. Everest, the loftiest elevation in the world, is 29,000 feet above the level of the sea. To witness the sun rise over the Himalayas is an experience never to be forgotten. At first the stars are alone visible, the morning slowly awakening from its slumbers, while a fitful light beams out of the east. Presently the white summits come into view, one after another, as the veil of night is slowly withdrawn. A soft, amber light kisses the brow of each peak, causing it to blush like a beautiful maiden aroused from sleep. After the first salutation the rays become more ardent, pouring their saffron hues all over the range, which now glows like mountains of opals, flashing in the glorious sunlight. Valley and hillside become flooded with an atmosphere of azure and gold until every outline is rendered sharp and clear by the fresh light of the dawn, thus completing a picture, the supreme loveliness of which neither tongue nor pen can adequately express. The Himalayas—signifying in Sanskrit, "The Halls of Snow"—form the northern boundary of India, shutting it off from the rest of Asia. Thibet, which lies just over the range, is nearly inaccessible from Darjeeling, and yet bold parties of native traders, wrapped in sheepskin, do sometimes force their way over the passes at an elevation of 18,000 feet. It is a hazardous thing to do, and the bones of worn-out animals mark the frozen way. Upon the range no animal life exists. Only the snow and ice rest there in endless sleep.

Bathing in Trinidad—American Magazine.

In place of the box of coffin size and shape that American plumbers give us, our tropical friends plash about in basins eight feet square or more, through which a stream of pure water is always flowing. By its side a shower bath stands ready, and one comes out into the cool morning with a delicious sense of purity and comfort, a skin as soft and smooth as silk, and a readiness for breakfast that is not known in northern climates—where pores are sealed by cold, where indoor air is a mixture of carbonic acid, and outdoor breathing chills one's very bones. Clad in lightest pajamas, the loose night jacket and trowsers that have come from India to be at home in every region of the sun, men loll about an hour before dressing, enjoying the delight that mere living brings in the delicious climate.

Sunrise on the Hudson—New York Evening Sun

The nose of the steamboat Mary Powell slowly swung out toward the middle of the Rondout Creek. The day was breaking. Over in the east the clouds were piled in black, irregular masses against the sky, for it threatened rain. The white light of the morning irradiated the dimpled Hudson, loitering to the sea. The Berkshire hills were faintly outlined against the horizon. Suddenly the black masses of clouds lifted from the tops of the mountains, and the space, seemingly one foot in width and about four miles long, assumed a bright golden color. The sun was painting a morning picture, then the crack closed again, and far up toward the zenith the clouds broke into scattered fragments and the deep blue of the sky shone through. Then a gentle breeze arose and fanned the black clouds which were foolishly trying to weep, and rosy lancing spears of light shot through the intervening clouds. The burn-

ing eye in the Rondout Lighthouse now began to fade and die away, as though tired of its long vigil. Green banks on either side of the river rose up out of the lessening gloom, billowy and vivid. Now the storm clouds were scampering away like frightened black sheep on a hill side. Above the edge of the hills appeared a section of a golden molten disk. Lingering remnants of fog fled up the green breast of Snake Hill, like shreds of a bridal veil. Mist still clung to the surface of the river, but it was getting thin now, and when the sun had raised his shining face above the blue edge of the Berkshire hills, the mist melted. The day was awake.

A City of the Dead—Vassili Verestchagin

Here is a graphic description by the great Russian artist, of the results of the Mohammedan rebellion against the Chinese government in the reign of Tchugutchak: Presently large clumps of trees were visible in the distance, on both sides of the road, marking the farms, of which there were many round Tchugutchak. About two versts outside the town we saw several ruined houses and chapels; the paintings on the walls were still uninjured. Some splendid old trees were still standing, but quite dead, for the irrigation canals are silted up and the soil is quite dry. In the town similar sights meet the eye. Wonderful groves and avenues, the work of years, are sometimes completely destroyed or going to decay. As you approach the town, it is hard to believe it is empty; you cannot help hoping to meet some human being, if it be only a robber. But not a soul is to be seen anywhere. The houses are for the most part uninjured, and likewise the paintings on the walls and the wooden lattice-work of the windows. Potsherds and fragments of articles of every conceivable kind were lying all about—vessels of iron and clay of all sizes; a quantity of copper coins strung on a string; dresses, caps, plaits of hair, shoes of all sizes—the clumsy shoes of Dunghans and Calmucks side by side with the miniature slippers of Chinese women. I put a pair of extraordinarily small slippers in my pocket, as a memento. But, above all, skulls are to be seen lying about everywhere. The town is like a vast tomb, and the whole impression it produces is terrible. I wandered about a whole day in B.'s company, and then for several days alone, without being able to accustom myself to this stillness as of the grave, and to the sight of all these streets, chapels, theaters and squares standing forever empty. The gate of the fortress, which the besiegers had blown in, is still tolerably strong. Near the gate is to be seen the entrance into the subterranean gallery by which the besiegers, after a long and tedious siege, made their way into the fortress. Then came a merciless butchery, in which no one was spared. Skulls and bones lie literally in heaps against the walls here and all around the fortress; at many points, by several of the gates, the skulls were piled up to a great height. In the fields around the town, too, lie skulls; as far as the eye can reach, skulls, and skulls, and again skulls. The wolves and jackals have already done their work; the ravens are still engaged in picking the bones clean for the sun and rain to bleach. One of the farms in particular, which lies nearest the town, abounds in bones. A body of Calmucks, 15,000 strong, came this way to help the besieged, but a force of only a few hundred Dunghans fell upon them, drove them back, and killed them to the very last man. What wonderful energy on the part of the insurgent Mohammedans! What cowardice on the part of the Chinamen! I had enough to occupy me. From the Governor's palace to the simple little houses of the common people, all the dwellings were habitable, all were painted, all decorated with paintings, sculptures, bas-reliefs,

flowers, dragons, etc. Theaters of an original construction, Buddhist temples in which some colossal idols were still intact (though the Mohammedans evidently showed great zeal in overthrowing these and breaking them in pieces), seemed almost to be waiting for the people to throng in to their prayers and their amusements. For three whole weeks I lived with one Cossack and one Tartar in a wretched cabin outside the walls of the fortress, and every day from morning till evening I roamed about, looking at everything, drawing and painting. Occasionally a wild goat would stray into the courtyard where I was painting, stand transfixed with astonishment, and then rush off at full speed across the brown and desolate steppe.

A Tropical Night at Sea—L. Hearn—Harper's

Night: steaming toward the equator, with Demerara for a goal. A terrific warm wind that compels the taking in of every awning and wind-sail. Driving tepid rain. Blackness intense, broken only by the phosphorescence of the sea, which to-night displays extraordinary radiance. Our wake is a great, broad seething river of fire, whiter than strong moonlight: the glow is bright enough to read by. At its center the trail is brightest, at the edges it pales cloudily, curling like a smoke of phosphorus. Great sharp lights burst up momentarily through it like meteors. Weirder, however, than this wake of strange light are the long, slow fires that keep burning about us, at a distance, out in the dark. Nebulous incandescences arise, change form, and pass; serpentine flames wriggle by; then there are long billowing crests of fire. These seem to be formed of millions of tiny sparks that light up all at the same time, glow brightly awhile, disappear, reappear, and swirl away in a prolonged smoldering. Morning: steaming still south, through a vast blue day. Deep azure heaven, with bluish-white glow in the horizon; indigo sea. Then again night, all luminous and very calm. The Southern Cross burns whitely. We are nearing the enormous shallows of the South American coast. Morning: The light of an orange-colored sun illuminates, not a blue but a greenish-yellow, sickly sea—thick, foul, glassy smooth. We are in the shallows. The line-caster keeps calling, hour after hour, "And a half four, sir!" "Quarter less five, sir!" There is little variation in his soundings—always a quarter of a fathom or half a fathom difference. The air has a sickly heaviness, like the air above a swamp. And a blue sky! The water-green shows olive and brownish tones alternately; the foam looks viscous and yellow; our wake is ocher-colored very yellow and very shiny-looking. It seems unnatural that a blue sky should hang over so hideous a waste of water; it seems to demand a gray blind sky, such gray and such green being the colors of a fresh-water inundation. We are only five or six degrees north of the equator. Very low the land lies before us; a thin dark green line, suggesting marshiness, miasma, paludal odors; and always the nauseous color of the water deepens. Ever this same ghastly flood washes the great penal colony of Cayenne. There, when a convict dies, the body is borne to the sea, and a great bell is tolled. And then is the viscous, glaucous sea surface furrowed suddenly by fins innumerable, swart, sharp, triangular—the legions of the sharks rushing to the hideous funeral. They well know the Bell!

Kamtchatka, the Land of Forests—Nature

The hills are covered with forests of fir, larch, cedar, birch, etc., and in these are found numerous wild animals, such as the fur sable, the otter, foxes of all colors, and the bear, which latter, on account of the great supply of food, attacks neither man nor the domestic animals. It is curious to note that the squirrel, which is universal in Siberia, is not found here at all. Swans, wild ducks, etc., are

found in great quantities in the lakes and marshes in the interior, and their eggs, as well as the birds themselves, are taken in great numbers by the people. Fish, which throng the rivers in enormous numbers in the summer, form the principal food of the natives. For the most part they are salmon (*Salmo salar*), and are dried and stored up for the winter, but owing to the scarcity and dearness of salt the fish frequently become rotten, and the people suffer great privation. The rigor of winter is much softened by warm ocean currents, which create those thick, continuous fogs that render the coast so dangerous to navigation. The total population of both sexes is put down at only 6,500 souls, but, owing to the total absence of agriculture, and to the primitive methods adopted for preserving food for winter, these are frequently in a state of semi-starvation. For all except bare food they have to look abroad—clothes, utensils, tea, tobacco, etc., and all these they purchase by means of their fur sable, which is unequaled in any other part of the world. About 5,000 of these skins are sold each year at fifteen to twenty rubles each. At the beginning of the present century, cattle were introduced from Irkoutsk, and, owing to the excellent grass and water, would have thriven well, but on account of the lack of industry or energy on the part of the natives it was found impossible to lay in sufficient stores of fodder for winter. The question whether agriculture is possible in the peninsula has never yet been answered. Markets exist in the ports of eastern Siberia, which are at present supplied with such articles as salt meat, butter, cloth, and hides from San Francisco. The main obstacle to agriculture is the excessively damp and constantly foggy climate. The sun seldom shines, and does not, therefore, give enough warmth for the growth of rye and wheat. The trade is almost wholly with California, and as there is little or no money there it is carried on by a system of exchange, the natives offering their sable skins for such goods as they require.

A Louisiana Farm—New Orleans Picayune

I went the other day to one of these sweet and simple country homes, and was received with the somewhat solemn, dignified and courtly hospitality that characterizes the native French farmer when his castle is invaded. Soon after entering we were handed a cup of black coffee. The pot is always on the hearth. There are many such homes in the State. They are a part of Louisiana as it is. In the fields around the houses were small crops of cotton, cane, rice, corn, sweet potatoes and a row of tobacco, and flanking the field was a strip of swamp, furnishing the family with fuel and lumber. The rice the farmer threshes and cleans himself, the corn is pounded for meal in a wooden mortar, the sweet potatoes are stored in a bin for the winter, the cotton is picked and ginned by the wife, seeding it with her fingers. It is she who spins it and weaves it into cloth, which she dyes with peach leaves and indigo, and of this she makes clothing for her family, blankets for her beds, curtains for her windows, and a covering for her floor. The patch of cane gives the family sugar and molasses. From his stock of horses the farmer cuts hair from their manes and tails and weaves it into ropes, horse-collars and harnesses. His beds he makes of moss gathered in the swamp; and his wife milks her cows and makes an occasional pot of butter by shaking the cream in a bottle or gourd. The man cures his own tobacco, and if you visit his little home made of cypress logs and a mud plaster mixed with moss and kneaded by the feet of himself and his neighbors, he will offer you all these home-made hospitalities. Yet this is the man who is said to be unprogressive. But while his crops prosper, his fruit and nut trees yield, his cattle remain fat, and his young family healthy,

who can wonder that he is content? The only good his family lack is education and books. As for pictures, they are in the sky that smiles above them, repeated in the lake.

Wonders of the Dead Sea—The Missionary Herald

One of the most interesting lakes or inland seas in the world is the Dead Sea, which has no visible outlet. It is not mere fancy that has clothed the Dead Sea in gloom. The desolate shores, with scarcely a green thing in sight, and scattered over with black stones and ragged drift-wood, form a fitting frame for the dark, sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking in slow, heavy, sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach. It seems as if the smoke of the wicked cities was yet ascending up to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave that God-smitten valley. It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along and sparkling in the sun, as other waves do, but moving with measured melancholy, and sending to the ear, as they break languidly upon the rock, only doleful sounds. This is, no doubt, owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well known and which we amply verified in the usual way, for, on attempting to swim, we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than in its results, which were a very unctuous skin and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been beaten with nettles. Nor was the water we took into our mouth a whit less vile than the most nauseous drugs of the apothecary. That fish cannot live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt is too obvious to need proof; but to say that birds cannot fly over it and live is one of the exaggerations of travelers, who perhaps were not, like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks reposing on the water in apparently good health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was one seething cauldron, under more than a tropical sun. God-forsaken and man-forsaken, no green thing grows within it, and it remains to this day as striking a monument of God's fearful judgments as when the fire from heaven devoured the once mighty cities of the plain.

Sunday in the Seven Dials—London Echo

If one wants to realize the real sharpness of contrasts in London, where horrible slums are side by side with wealthy squares, and where the beggar and the millionaire tread the same pavements, one cannot see it better than by walking a very few steps from the well dressed, middle class decorum assembled in St. George's church, Bloomsbury, or the fine drawn intellectualisms of Mr. Stopford Brooke at Bedford chapel, into Seven Dials, on any Sunday morning. It is really a matter of some difficulty to pass along Neal street or Little Earl street, so crowded is the whole roadway with costermongers and Cheap Jack's barrows. Every one of the little poverty-stricken, grimy shops is open, and the whole scene is more busy than it is on any other day of the week. The sight is one to freeze the heart of a strict sabbatarian, but, more than that, it is a truly dreadful picture of the real condition of life in west central London. I stood for some time in the doorway of one of the sickeningly odoriferous butcher shops, where loathsome scraps and trimmings of bone, fat, and skin were sold at twopence a pound. A tall, gaunt woman came and looked them over; but the butcher said, "No picking; yer 'takes as they comes' with them, missus!" "Well," she answered, "then yer might let me have two pounds for threepence half-penny." "Can't," was the vendor's prompt and laconic reply, and the woman turned away; but she stood by the barrow of a potato dealer till his back was turned, and furtively appropriated first one, and then another of his tubers. Not only were the evi-

dences of poverty something appalling in this Sunday fair, but the looks of utter degradation of soul and body in the majority were truly lamentable. Angry words, and an occasional blow even, occurred; but that terrible apathy and sullen indifference to all but the immediate object in view spoke volumes on the lives they lived. Young men in dirt and rags; girls who had lost the feminine pride of vanity which leads them to bestow a thought upon their personal appearance; strong middle-aged men whose love of drink was apparent; mothers with babies in their arms, but who looked old and careworn enough to be grandmothers, these prevailed in the crowd. And the noise and the bustle, the tumult and bargaining, lasts till about half-past one, when things resume a more weekday-like tranquillity. But one passes out into Shaftesbury avenue and sees the conventional and well-to-do going home to Sunday dinners, and one realizes that in London of all places, "One half of the world knows not how the other half lives."

Arabian Babies—Memoirs of an Arabian Princess

Life has exceptional difficulties for the babies of Eastern nations, especially for those who are of sufficiently high rank to be brought up according to all the ancient customs of their race. A royal baby's first toilet, in Arabia, consists in winding a bandage about its body, after it has been bathed and perfumed. The little creature is then placed on its back, its arms and feet are straightened, and the entire body is swathed to the shoulders. In this position it remains motionless for forty days, but the bandages are removed twice a day that the child may have a bath. The Arabs believe that this process will make the body straight for life. Under such circumstances, it seems fortunate that babyhood is not a period which can be remembered in after years, for nobody would choose to suffer such days of misery again, even in recollection. If the child be a girl, on the seventh day after her birth, holes usually six in number, are pricked in her ears, and when she is two months old, heavy gold rings are attached to them, to be worn throughout her lifetime, except during periods of mourning for relatives. On the fortieth day the baby's head is shaved,—a ceremony which could scarcely be performed in our own country, where thick hair is usually of a later growth. This operation is considered a very important one, and thirty or forty persons are witnesses of it, for the performance of certain rites. The disposal of the first hair is regarded as a very weighty matter; it must not be burned nor carelessly thrown away, but buried, thrown into the sea, or hidden in some crevice of a wall. This fortieth day marks a turning-point in the child's life. Heretofore it has only been seen by its parents, the slaves on duty and a few intimate friends of the family; now, however, it may be seen by anybody, and is regarded as fairly launched on the tide of existence. Several charms are attached to its body, for protection against the "evil eye," boys wearing them to a certain age, and girls still longer. The favorite charm consists of a gold or silver locket, worn on a chain.

Floating Homes in China—Philadelphia Times

At Canton, China, some 250,000 people live continuously upon boats, and many never step foot on shore from one year's end to another. The young children have a habit of continually falling overboard, and thus cause a great deal of trouble in effecting a rescue, while in many instances this is impossible, and a child is drowned. China is an over-populated country and the Chinese have profited by this drowning proclivity in reducing the surplus population. They attach floats to the male children so that they can be fished out when they tumble into the river. The females are without such protection, and are usually left to drown—such accidents being providential.

A "CULTURED WAITER"—HIS IDEAS OF JOURNALISM*

The person who thinks he can live on any less good, substantial food when he has his chair adjusted for him at each meal by a polite waiter than when he doesn't, also makes a mistake. We boarded at a hotel last week where the waiter would slide the whole length of a long dining-room to adjust my chair for me, but it didn't ease the pangs of hunger I felt while waiting an hour or so for him to return with my order. I can adjust my own chair quite satisfactorily to myself when I sit down to a table. It may not suit a head waiter who never takes off his swallow-tail coat even when he is goes to bed, but I am quite well contented. A man like a head waiter, of course, on whom nature bestowed the dignity of the full bench of the Supreme Court, may detect flaws in the way I adjust my chair, but my way suits me. If a hotel waiter will put the time he spends in adjusting my chair and polishing an already spotless plate with a napkin into promoting the rapid transit of the bread and the mashed potatoes to my neighborhood, I will be better pleased. The last waiter I encountered said he was a student in a leading New England college when in private life. I asked him if he was taking Greek, and he said he was, and went on to tell me something about nouns and verbs in the Greek language. I was interested, of course, and asked several questions about them. He made the subject quite clear, and when he paused, I asked him why we didn't have nouns and verbs in the English language. He gave me a long piercing look, and I saw a shadow as of pain pass over his young face. He found his voice subsequently, and spoke to me quite earnestly for some little length of time on the subject of English nouns and verbs. I found that we did have them in our language already. He said I was using them right along, and mentioned prepositions and adjectives and a whole lot of other things whose names have escaped me. I said that if nouns and verbs were already at large in the language, that that knocked my first intention of introducing them into our speech and making a big thing out of it. He gave me another pained look and said it did. I heard him telling another fellow traveler along the thorny path of knowledge about me. He got behind a column and held his hand up to his mouth, and said there was one of those rich fellows over there who didn't know anything. Probably that fellow, he said, could draw his check for a million or two any day, but his education had been neglected. He didn't know the first thing about the rudiments of the English grammar. And worse than that, he had asked foolish questions about Greek. It was surprising how a man with my defective education could go on and pile up money. If he was a millionaire he rather thought he would go to a night school awhile if he didn't do anything else. At another meal this young man happened to mention that when he graduated he intended to enter the profession of journalism. I pricked up my ears at this, for though never having been engaged in journalism myself, the nearest I ever approached to it being to work on a newspaper, still I have frequently lent small sums of money to journalists and am acquainted with several, so I felt interested. He said that the press of the country needed elevating, and I gathered from his remarks that when he graduated, and got his lever under it, he was going to do what he could for it. He said he had some ideas about journalism which he intended to put into practice when he

got at the head of a paper. He would eliminate the reporters. Eliminate was a new word to me, but I kept still. He sat down a dish of beef tongue and said his plan was to build up a paper of ideas. Then he brought some turkey with cranberry sauce, and mentioned that his paper would be one of opinions. When he brought the green cover and squash-with-a-French-name he explained that his paper was to be a Teacher. He would surround himself with a staff of Editors. Pure news matter would not be published, but the news would be given, and intelligently discussed in the same article. He said he had a little piece which he had written up to illustrate his idea, and offered to let me see it. So when he brought the cake and ice cream, he fetched along his article. It was not perfect, he said, as he put two lumps in my coffee and hesitated on the third, but I would catch his idea.

"Uncle Abner Barlow, of Crooked Creek Township, yesterday laid on our table an egg measuring six inches in diameter. Uncle Abner assures us that the hen which produced it was of the common light Charter Oak variety and of ordinary size. We do not believe that it augurs well for the coming generations of our hens when those which are now in our midst persist in producing such enormous eggs. We must denounce the habit our agriculturists are falling into of encouraging such feats in laying to the manifest injury of the general health of the hen. Hens should be induced to take more exercise and lay fewer eggs. The naturally sedentary life of the hen should be taken into consideration. Her life is especially confining while sitting on a door knob and a piece of chalk, and making her well-known effort to hatch out thirteen chickens. After a hen has remained seated seven or eight weeks, a lively scamper in the park or around the barn will do her good. We must take into consideration the future of our race of hens and other fowls. It is related that the cackling of geese once saved Rome. (See Gilderfluke's History, vol. XIV., chapter 27.) Would these geese have been likely to have done this if they had been given to going out across the Rubicon, stealing their nests in the long grass and laying eggs as big as nail kegs?"

"We are also sorry to see in yesterday's Daily Howl, the news that serious charges are being made against Mr. Paddleford, the Mugwump candidate for Governor. As a steady supporter of the Mugwump party, we shall to-morrow or next day, or at the very latest the day after, fully answer these charges against our party's candidate. We learn that election is being held to-day, and that there are large crowds of loud-talking and uncultivated people at the polls.

"Our attention has been called to day before yesterday's Morning Cormorant, in which is an account of a prize fight which happened recently between two men whose names we do not at the moment recall. Prize-fighting probably first originated from the Romans. (See Flimsam's Shorter History, vol. XLII.) The Greeks were ardent lovers of all kinds of manly sports, but it is doubted if they ever indulged in prize-fighting as it is carried on at the present day, though some writers favor this view. (Consult Flunkerflopper's Abridged History, vol. LXVI.) The claim has also been put forward that fighting for money was indulged in by the Egyptians about two thousand years before the building of the first pyramid, though there seems to be but slender proof of this. (See Slimslam's Outlines of History, condensed for the use of schools by Flipflap, vol. LXXXV.) Our own view of the matter is that prehistoric man frequently entered the ring and fought for a prize. Obviously it is a subject on which it is somewhat difficult to obtain detailed and accurate information, but we have given a member of our staff an assignment on it, and within a few days shall devote the first and second pages to a short article on the subject. Other interesting news to-morrow.

When I had finished reading this, my friend roosted the dishes along his left arm and started for the kitchen.

"If you had turned your steps in the right direction, my friend," he said solemnly to the convict, "you would not be in this place to-day." "Ah, no, sir," responded the convict with sad retrospection: "if I had turned my steps in the right direction I would be in Canada."

* F. H. Carruth in New York Tribune.

STRONGER THAN DEATH—A MIRACLE OF MODERN DAYS*

Hubert and Hubertine, kneeling side by side in their need of ardent faith, bowed under the show of benediction.

The bishop was blessing also the room, the furniture, the white walls, all this naked whiteness, when, passing near the door, he found himself face to face with his son, cast down on the threshold, sobbing behind his burning and trembling hands.

With a slow gesture he raised the sprinkler three times, and purified him with a soft rain.

The holy water thus scattered around was to drive away the evil spirits, flying by billions, invisible.

At this moment a pale ray of winter sun stole to the bed; and a flight of atoms, nimble specks of dust, seemed to live in it, innumerable, coming down from the angle of the window as though to bathe in their warm legion the cold hands of the dying.

Coming back of the table Monseigneur said the orison: "*Exaudi nos* —"

He did not hasten, although death was there among the curtains of old chintz; but he felt it to be without haste, it would wait. And, although in the swooning of her body, the child could not hear him, he spoke to her, asking:

"Have you nothing on your conscience that is paining you? Confess, unburden yourself, my daughter."

Stretched out, she kept silent. After he had vainly given her time to answer, he commenced the exhortation with the same full voice, without appearing to notice that not one of his words reached her.

"Commune with yourself, ask, from the bottom of your soul, the pardon of God. The sacrament will purify you, and give you new strength. Your eyes will become clear, your ears chaste, your nostrils fresh, your mouth holy, your hands innocent —"

He said to the end what was to be said, his eyes upon her, and she scarcely breathed, not a lash of her closed eye-lid quivered. Then he commanded:

"Recite the symbol."

Having waited again, he recited it himself.

"*Credo in unum Deum.*"

"Amen," responded the Abbé Cornille. One could still hear, on the landing, Félicien, weeping in heavy sobs, in the enervation of hope. And Hubert and Hubertine still prayed, with the same uplifted and awed gesture, as though they had felt the unknown powers to be coming down. There was a pause, a faltering of prayer. And now the litanies of the ritual rolled on, the invocation of the saints, the flight of the *Kyrie eleison*, calling upon all Heaven to succor unfortunate humanity.

Then suddenly the voices fell, there was a profound silence. Monseigneur was washing his fingers under the few drops of water which the abbé poured out from the ewer. And, at last, he again took up the vessel of holy oils, raised its lid, and placed himself before the bed. It was the solemn approach of the sacrament, of this last sacrament, the efficacy of which effaces all sins mortal or venial, unpardoned, which remain in the soul after the reception of other sacraments; ancient remains of forgotten sins, sins committed unwillingly, sins of languor, the sin of allowing one's self not to become firmly re-established in the grace of God.

But whence were these sins to arise? Did they come, then, from the outside, in that ray of sunlight, with its

dancing motes, which seemed to bring the germs of life up to that great royal bed, white with the death of a virgin?

Monseigneur had collected himself, his looks once more bent on Angelica, making sure that the little breath had not ceased. He still forbade himself all human emotion at seeing her so emaciated, of the beauty of an angel, already spiritualized. His thumb did not tremble when he dipped it in the holy oils, and commenced the unction of the five parts of the body where the senses reside—the five windows through which evil enters the soul.

First on the eyes, on the closed lips, the right, then the left, the thumb lightly traced the sign of the cross.

"*Per istam sanctam unctionem, et suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat tibi Dominus quidquid per visum deliquisti.*"

And the sins of sight were absolved, the lascivious looks, the impure curiosities, the vanity of spectacles, harmful reading, tears wept over culpable griefs! And she knew no other book than *The Legend*, no other horizon than the apsis of the cathedral, which shut out to her the rest of the world. And she had wept only in the struggle of obedience against passion.

The Abbé Cornille took one of the tufts of cotton, wiped her two eyelids, and inclosed it in one of the white bags.

Then Monseigneur anointed the ears on the lobes, transparent as mother of pearl, the right, the left, scarcely moistening them with the sign of the cross.

"*Per istam sanctam unctionem, et suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat tibi Dominus quidquid per auditum deliquisti.*"

And all the abomination of hearing was redeemed, all the speeches, all the music that corrupts, and the back-bitings, the calumnies, the blasphemies, the licentious talk listened to with relish, the lies of love striving to overcome duty, the profane songs exalting the flesh, the violins of the orchestras weeping with voluptuousness under the lofty candelabras. And that cloistered maiden, in her utter isolation from the world, had never even heard the loose gossip of neighbors, the cursing of a driver whipping his horses; and she had in her ears no other music than that of holy hymns, the pealing of organs, the faltering of prayers, with which the cool little house vibrated through and through, under the protective wing of the old church.

The abbé, having wiped the ears with a tuft of cotton-wool, placed it in another of the white paper bags.

Next, Monseigneur reached the nostrils, the right, the left, fragile as two rose-petals, which his thumb purified with the sign of the cross.

"*Per istam sanctam unctionem, et suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat tibi Dominus quidquid per odoratum deliquisti.*"

And the sense of smell returned to its pristine innocence, washed of all stain, not only of the carnal shame of perfumes, of the seduction of flowers whose breaths are too sweet, of these scattered fragrances of the air which lull the soul, but also of the faults of the inner sense, the evil examples given to others, the contagious pest of scandal. And, upright, pure, she had at last become a lily among lilies, a tall lily whose perfume fortified the weak, checked the strong. And, indeed, she had always been so beautifully delicate that she never could tolerate the smell of the ardent pinks, of the musky lilacs, of the feverish hyacinths, being at ease only amid calm myrtles and daisies.

The abbé wiped the nostrils, slipped the tuft of cotton-

* From Vermont's translation of Zola's *Le Rêve* (*The Dream*). See editorial notice on page 289.

wool into another of the white paper bags. Then Monseigneur, coming down to the mouth, which a slight breath scarcely opened, barred it with the sign of the cross.

"*Per istam sanctam unctionem, et suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat tibi Dominus quidquid per gustum deliquisti.*"

And by divine grace the mouth was suddenly nothing but a chalice of innocence, for in these words had been proclaimed the pardon of the lower satisfactions, of taste, of greediness, of the sensual liking for wine and honey, especially the pardon of the crimes of the tongue, the universal culprit, the provoker, the poisoner, the quarreler, the author of the wars, of the errors, of the false speeches, by which Heaven itself is darkened. But greediness had never been her vice; she had come, like Elizabeth, to nourish herself without distinguishing the taste of food. And, if she had lived in a state of self-deception, it was her dream that had led her into it, the hope of the beyond, the consolation of the invisible, all that enchanted world that her ignorance created and that made of her a saint.

The abbé, having wiped the mouth, folded the tuft of cotton-wool in the fourth bag of white paper.

Then Monseigneur, on the right and on the left, anointing the palms of the two little ivory hands open upon the sheet, washed away their sins with the sign of the cross.

"*Per istam sanctam unctionem, et suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat tibi Dominus quidquid per tactum deliquisti.*"

And the whole body was now white, washed of its last stains, those of touch, the most contaminating sense, the instigator of rapines, of batteries, of murders, not counting the sins of the other omitted parts, the breast, the loins, and the feet, which this unction also redeemed, with all that burns and roars in the flesh, our tempers, our desires, our unruly passions, the charnel-houses in which we sink, the forbidden delights for which our members cry.

And, since she had been there, dying in her victory, she had overcome her violence, her pride and her passion as though she had brought into this world her share of the original sin but for the glory of overcoming it. And she did not even know that she had had desires, that her flesh had wept for love, that the great chill of her nights might have been culpable, so encompassed was she in ignorance, her soul white, pure, holy, heavenly white.

The abbé wiped her hands, hid the tuft of cotton-wool in the last tiny bag of white paper, and burned the five closed receptacles in the fire of the earthenware stove.

The ceremony was over. Monseigneur was washing his fingers before saying the final orison. He had only to exhort once more the dying, whilst placing in her hand the symbolic taper, to drive away the demons, and to proclaim how she had recovered her baptismal innocence. But she remained still rigid, her eyes shut, her mouth closed, as dead. The holy oils had purified her body, the signs of the cross had left their marks on the five windows of the soul, without causing the wave of life to rise to her cheeks. Implored, hoped for, the prodigy had not come.

Hubert and Hubertine, still kneeling side by side, no longer prayed, looking on with fixed eyes, so eagerly that one would have said they had both been posed there forever, like the memorial figures which await the resurrection in the corner of some ancient stained window. Félicien had dragged himself on his knees to the very door, having ceased sobbing, his head erect; come, he also, to see, maddened at the deafness of God.

A last time Monseigneur approached the bed, followed by the Abbé Cornille, who held, ready lighted, the taper that was to be placed in the hands of the sick one. And

the bishop, intent on proceeding to the end of the rite, so as to give God time to act, pronounced the formula:

"*Accipe lampadem ardentem, custodi unctionem tuam, ut cum Dominus ad judicandum venerit, possis occurrere ei cum omnibus sanctis, et vivas in secula seculorum.*"

"Amen," responded the abbé.

But, when they attempted to open Angelica's hand to clasp it around the taper, the inert hand escaped them, falling back upon her bosom.

Then Monseigneur was seized with a great trembling. It was the emotion, long combated, which overflowed within him, bearing away the last sacerdotal rigidity. He had loved her, this child, from the day she had knelt sobbing at his knees, pure, fragrant with the sweetness of youth. At this hour she was piteous, with this paleness of the tomb, of so sad a beauty that he could not turn his eyes to the bed, without his heart being secretly flooded with grief. At last he ceased to contain himself, tears welled between his lids, ran down his cheeks. She should not die thus, she had conquered him by her charm in death.

And Monseigneur, remembering the miracles of his race, this power of healing that Heaven had given his people, thought that doubtless God was awaiting his fatherly consent. He invoked Saint Agnes, before whom all his house had made their devotions, and like Jean V. d'Hauteceur praying at the bedside of the plague-stricken and kissing them, he prayed, and, stooping, kissed Angelica.

"If God will, I will."

At once Angelica raised her lips. She looked at him without surprise, awakened from her long swoon, and her lips, warm with the kiss, smiled. These were the things that were to be realized; perhaps she had just dreamed them again, thinking it very natural that Monseigneur should be there, to betroth her to Félicien, since the hour was come. And of herself she sat up, amid the royal bed.

The bishop, beaming, the light of the prodigy shining in his eyes, repeated the formula:

"*Accipe lampadem ardentem—*"

"Amen," responded the abbé.

Angelica had taken the lighted taper, and, with a firm hand, held it erect. Her life had come back, the flame burned very clear, driving away the spirits of the night.

A great cry pierced the room, Félicien had arisen, as though uplifted by the wind of miracle; while the Huberts, by the same gust, remained kneeling, with staring eyes, bewildered faces, in the presence of what they had just witnessed. The bed appeared to them wrapped in shining light, a radiant rose in the sun-beams, white and feathery-like. And the white walls, all the white room, still glistening like snow. In the midst, like a lily refreshed and uplifted on its stem, Angelica seemed to be the source of this effulgent light. Her hair of fine gold crowned her with an aureole, her violet eyes shone divinely, a great splendor of life beamed from her pure countenance. And Félicien, seeing her saved, dazed by this grace which was vouchsafed them, approached, and knelt at the bed-side.

"Ah! beloved soul, you recognize us, you live—I am yours, my father wills it since God wills it."

She inclined her head, she gave a bright smile.

"Oh! I knew; I was waiting. All that I have seen must be."

But Monseigneur, who had recovered his serene hauteur, laid once more to her lips the crucifix, which she this time kissed, as a submissive child. Then, with a great sweep of his hand, over all the room, over all the heads, he gave the last blessings, while the Huberts and the abbé wept.

Félicien had taken the hand of Angelica, and, in the other hand, the taper of innocence was now burning high.

NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

A Prayer—T. W. Parsons—Boston Herald

Lord! if I climb to my desire
With all my strength of hope or prayer,
To-day beholds me nothing higher
Than yesterday, and I despair.

Have I not striven these three score years
To change my nature? Have I failed
Through nights of terror, days of tears,
To fight what foes my soul assailed?

Lo! life hath left me wholly weak;
Ev'n the small heart I always had
Deserts mine age, and when I seek
Strength from the cross, it drives me mad

To feel that I have no more claim
Than Cain for mercy. O my God!
Ev'n though I plead in Jesus' name,
Why shouldst thou spare thy chastening rod?

Yet, strike no more, for I am down;
Grant me but this, to pass, and cease;
Give to thy saints their heavenly crown,
I ask but nothingness—or peace:

That peace which passeth, as men say,
The understanding of mankind:
'Tis hard to understand what way
Of peace may be for men born blind.

Ballade of the Faded Field—R. B. Wilson—Critic

Broad bars of sunset-slanted gold
Are laid along the field, and here
The silence sings as if some old
Refrain, that once rang long and clear,
Came softly stealing to the ear
Without the aid of sound. The rill
Is voiceless, and the grass is sere—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

Trance-like the mellow air doth hold
The sorrow of the passing year;
The heart of Nature groweth cold,
The time of falling snow is near;
On phantom feet, which none may hear,
Creeps—with the shadow of the hill—
The semblance of departing cheer—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

The dead, gray-clustered weeds enfold
The well-known summer path, and drear
The dusking hills, like billows rolled
Against the distant sky, appear.
From lonely haunts, where Night and Fear
Keep ghostly tryst, when mists are chill,
The dark pine lifts a jagged spear—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

Dear love—the days that once were dear
May come no more; Life may fulfill
Her fleeting streams with many a tear—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

In the Old Wine Shop—San Francisco News-Letter

In the rear of a musty wine shop,
Where the cob-webs, like banners, hung,
Was the daintiest, cosiest bower
That ever a minstrel sung.

And there, in the winter evenings,
When the mist crept over the town,
We, Julian, the genial daubster,
And myself have settled down.

We brought from the muddy foot-way
The fog and the bitter damp,
And steamed like a marsh in the sun-light,
In the glow of ember and lamp.

Oh plump and fair faced Bretonne,
How ringing that voice of thine,
To Paul at his bar in the distance,
Bidding him bear the wine

To the weary and hungry travelers,
Whom, beyond each transient guest
That called at that musty wine shop,
Thou loved, dear soul, the best.

How quickly the snowy cover
On the table then was spread;
How quickly thy husband carried
His best from its cob-webbed bed.

And Louise, the slim and blushing,
Louise, the tender and bland,
What a smile was thine, sweet goddess,
When we pressed thy dimpled hand.

It was like a shaft of silver,
When that white arm by my eyes
Flashed, tipped with the gleaming crystal,
For the wine the travelers prize.

It was like the breath of meadows
When those parted lips inquired
If Burgundy, Brid and Chartreuse
Were all the guests desired.

It was like the ripple of rivers,
That laughter of thine, Louise,
When Julian begged for knighthood
From thee on his bended knees.

But the old wine shop has vanished,
Matron and maid and Paul,
And the den where we sang and feasted
Is now a porkman's stall.

Yet, whenever I saunter by it,
Despite sausage and feet of swine,
Comes the laugh of the Breton's daughter,
And the perfume of rare old wine.

The Wise Men—Joaquin Miller—Independent

From out the golden doors of dawn
The wise men came, of wondrous thought,
Who knew the stars. From far upon
The fabled East they bending brought
Their Orient gifts of gems inwrought and rolled
In antique shapes of ivory and gold.

Their sweets of flower-fields, their sweet
Distillments of most dreamful leaves
They laid, low bending at His feet,
As reapers bend above their sheaves,
As strong-armed reapers bending clamorous
To give their gathered full sheaves kneeling thus.

And kneeling thus they spake of when
God walked his garden's fragrant sod,
Nor yet had hid his face from men;
Nor yet had man forgotten God.
They spake; but Mary kept her thought apart
And silent "pondered these things in her heart."

They spake, in whispers long ; they laid
 Their shaggy heads together, drew
 Some stained scrolls breathless forth, then made
 Such speech as only wise men knew ;
 Their high, red camels on the huge hills set
 Outstanding, like some night-hewn silhouette.

A Summer Pastoral—Springfield Union
 I would flee from the city's rule and law,
 From its fashion and form cut loose,
 And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,
 And the gooseberry grows on its goose,
 Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat
 As she crouches for her prey—
 The guileless and unsuspecting rat
 On the rattan bush at play.

I will watch at ease the saffron cow
 And her cowlet in their glee,
 As they leap in joy from bough to bough
 On the top of the cowslip tree ;
 Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,
 And the woodchuck chucks his wood,
 And the dog devours the dogwood plum,
 In the primitive solitude.

Oh ! let me drink from the moss-grown pump
 That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,
 Eat mush and milk from a rural stump,
 From form and fashion free ;
 New gathered mush from the mushroom vine,
 And milk from the milkweed sweet,
 With luscious pineapple from the pine—
 Such food as the gods might eat.

And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,¹
 Where the dairymaid hastening hies ;
 Her ruddy and golden red butter to churn
 From the milk of her butterflies ;
 And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
 To the fragrant farm yard pass,
 When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
 Of grasshoppers out to grass.

Barbaric Indignation—Will Visscher—S. F. Wasp

A grim barbarian warrior heard
 How Christ was crucified ;
 How meek, and uncomplainingly,
 He bowed His head and died.
 He heard, aghast, the dreadful tale,
 Then seethed with wrath his brain—
 "Had I been there with two-score men,
 The Christ had not been slain."
 As thus he spoke he fiercely grasped
 The handle of his brand ;
 In knots his brawny muscles stood,
 And he austere and grand.
 "Where were his brave defenders then ?"
 The chieftain would have asked,
 Had he but longer in the light
 Of Christian knowledge basked ;
 "Where then the zealous champions,
 Who thousands since have slain—
 The unbelievers slaughtered
 By inquisitors in Spain,
 And in 'Bloody Mary's' reign ?"

And yet, he questioned, earnestly,
 "Where were the God-man's friends,
 They for whose immortal souls
 He bent his aims and ends ?
 Stood they about and raised no hand
 To stay the murd'rous deed ?
 Where were their love and fortitude
 In that high time of need ;
 And where the healed, in sight and limb,
 Who sought the Nazarene,

And touched His garment, full of faith
 That this would make them clean ?"
 "They're fighting yet His holy cause,"
 A churchman stoutly said—
 "His name shall be our Shibboleth
 Till all His foes are dead."
 And yet the grim barbarian
 Gripped hard his sword and cried,
 "Had I been there with two-score men,
 Christ Jesus had not died—
 He'd not been crucified."

The Frivolous Girl—H. C. Bunner—From Puck

Her silken gown it rustles
 As she goes down the stair ;
 And in all the place there's ne'er a face
 One half, one half so fair ;
 But, oh ! I saw her yesterday,
 And no one knew 'twas she,
 When a little sick child looked up and smiled,
 As she sat on my lady's knee.

Her fan it flirts and flutters,
 Her eyes grow bright, grow dim ;
 And all around no man is found
 But thinks she thinks of him.
 But, oh ! to her the best of all,
 Though they be great and grand,
 Are less than the sick whose smiles come quick,
 At the touch of my lady's hand.

Her little shoe of satin
 Peeps underneath her skirt ;
 And a foot so small ought never at all
 To move in mire and dirt.
 But, oh ! she goes among the poor,
 And heavy hearts rejoice,
 As they can tell, who know her well,
 To hear my lady's voice.

Her glove is soft as feathers
 Upon the nestling dove ;
 Its touch so light I have no right
 To think, to dream of love.
 But, oh ! when clad in simplest garb
 She goes where none may see,
 I watch and pray that some happy day,
 My lady may pity me.

The Divine Lullaby—Eugene Field—Chicago News

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord ;
 I hear it by the stormy sea
 When winter nights are black and wild ;
 And when affright I call to Thee
 It calms my fears and whispers me,
 "Sleep well, my child."

I hear thy voice, dear Lord ;
 In singing winds, in falling snow,
 The curfew chime, the midnight bell,
 "Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low,
 "The guardian angels come and go,
 Oh, child, sleep well !"

"I hear Thy voice, dear Lord ;
 Ay, though the singing winds be stilled,
 Though hushed the tumult of the deep,
 My fainting heart with anguish chilled
 By Thy assuring tone is thrilled—
 "Fear not, and sleep !"

Speak on—speak on, dear Lord !
 And when the last dread night is near
 With doubts and fears and terrors wild,
 Oh, let my soul expiring hear
 Only these words of heavenly cheer,
 "Sleep well, my child !"

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The Queen's Homes : Osborne : C. E. Pascoe : *Leisure Hour.
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 The Grey Father: Keningale Cook: *Temple Bar.
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 The Minstrel's Curse: Ludwig Uhland: *Blackwood's.
 The Soft Light Beamed: H. S. England: Outing.
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 The Writing on the Ground: R. Wilton: *Sunday at Home.
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BRIEF COMMENT—THE LITERARY WORLD AND ITS DOINGS *

Mr. Clinton Scollard, the poet, has been appointed assistant professor of rhetoric at Hamilton College.—The largest first edition of any work of fiction is Brentano's issue of 200,000 copies of the campaign text-books of the two political parties.—Col. Carson Lake, the new editor of the American Magazine won the Judge's prize of \$250 for correctly guessing the name of the author of the anonymous novel Napoleon Smith.—Rider Haggard's new novel, Cleopatra, is to be published first in serial form.—Miss Alice King Hamilton, author of the clever story, One of the Duane's, is said to be "leading lady" of a Western dramatic company.—Young Hearts is a new illustrated monthly for the children.—David Christie Murray and Henry Herman, are now collaborating at Ostend on a story of London life.—The Ticknors will bring out next month the elaborately illustrated Mendelssohn-Moscheles correspondence.—A complete edition in four volumes of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's sermons is announced by Funk & Wagnalls.—Miss Florence Trail, daughter of Colonel C. E. Trail, of Frederick, Md., is the author of Studies in Criticism.—Friends of Mr. J. Whitcomb Riley will be delighted to hear that he denies writing campaign poetry.—Mr. Andrew Lang, it is said, prides himself on the fact that he has no aid to writing except his memory; he does not trouble himself about reference books and has not one in his house.—Mr. Richard E. Burton, the poet, is to become editor of The Churchman.—The unveiling of the monument to Grillparzer, the greatest dramatic poet of Austria, has been postponed to next May.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says he has made more money as a surgeon than as an author.—The Bijou of Asia is a new English periodical published in Japan for the propagation of Buddhist doctrines in Christian countries.—Sant Ilario is Marion Crawford's new serial in Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Gunther, of Barnes of New York popularity, is writing The Widow O'D.; A Romance of Narragansett Pier.

A circulating library of Ipswich, England, in a spasm of moral zeal has placed Robert Elsmere on its list of dangerous books, and they have thus decided, practically, to aid its sale by a bigoted boycott.—Florence Warden's next story is to be a Yorkshire tale and published as a serial in Cassell's.—Stuart Cumberland, the "mind reader," is about to publish a volume on Famous Men I Have Known.—On apparently good authority it is said that Keats's grave is about to be dug up for the formation of a new road at Rome.—The Scotch newspapers say that Mr. Andrew Carnegie is keeping house at Cluny Castle in old-time laird style.—A tablet to the memory of Mrs. Sigourney, the poet, has been erected in Christ Church, Hartford, Conn.—Mrs. Helen B. Dole, whose dainty translation of Baumbach's Summer Legends met with such favor has now translated Victor Hugo's Ninety-Three for the Crowell Co.—The Ecclesiologist is the serious yet hardly appetizing name of a new English periodical of high scholarly quality.—Mrs. J. L. Blackwelder, a Chicago literary lady, is a student of Norse Mythology.—Mr. Oscar Browning is to write a monograph on George Eliot, for the Famous Women Series.—The Poet is a new magazine devoted to reprinting the doings and vagaries of the muses.—Mr. W. J. Henderson, the poet and musician, who is the musical critic of the New York Times, has been appointed one of

the professors in a leading New York City musical college.—A series of Strange True Stories of Louisiana have been collected by Mr. G. W. Cable and will be published in The Century.—An English critic indignantly denounced "John Ward, Preacher" as "a malignant libel."—Edmund Collins, of the Epoch, has been appointed agent for this country of the Editors' Literary Syndicate, which controls the serial rights of stories by popular English authors.—Novelists of the day are beginning to use the Jekyll-Hyde combination, changed, colored, redressed and disguised sufficient to appear almost original creations.—The Home Maker is a new monthly publication devoted to household unity, in spirit and interests.—Mr. William Gillette's play, A Legal Wreck, has been issued in story form.—The American rights in Sir Morell Mackenzie's Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble, were purchased for £500.—Judge Tourgee says that there is one chapter of A Fool's Errand which he wrote fifty-eight times before it went finally into the book.—What is probably the last bit of writing by the late Richard A. Proctor is a paper entitled "The Moon a Dead World, but Never Like Ours," published in full in Harper's Weekly for Sept. 19.—Paul Lindau has written a new comedy in four acts.—The poems of Poe, edited by John H. Ingram, will be added to the Chandos Classics Series.

Mr. Clark Russell is sadly afflicted with rheumatism living at Ramsgate, he seldom goes to London except on business, and old age is beginning to tell on him so that he is forced to dictate all his leading articles to his son.—Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl, the elocutionist, has published a dictionary of two thousand English words which Webster and his successors have overlooked.—Viscount Cranbrook, of the British Cabinet, who it was said prided himself on never having read a novel, now thrusts aside a grand opportunity for immortal fame by confessing he has read them.—At the recent bi-centenary of the death of John Bunyan, hundreds of persons visited his tomb, which is near that of Daniel Defoe in the Bunhill-fields burial grounds.—What is perhaps the best specimen of pickled tongue recently published is Van Kus Tung Hua, a Chinese periodical devoted to Volapük.—Leslie Stephen, the English author and son-in-law of Thackeray has broken down under the great strain of editing the Dictionary of National Biography, and has retired to his country house in Cornwall for absolute rest for a time.—Franklin Satterthwaite, the well-known writer upon matters pertaining to field sports, is dead.—"Mr. Grey," the professor who is one of the most attractive characters in Mrs. Ward's Robert Elsmere, was in real life the late Professor Green.—The Saturday Review calls Tristram Varick "a shilling dreadful," and then no doubt with the kindly intent to make it easy for Mr. Saltus, by showing he should not be blamed for its wickedness says, that everything striking in it, pessimistic and the realistic, seems to have belonged before to some one else.—The latest of the many "last stories" by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., is the Smuggler of King's Cove, to be published through a newspaper syndicate.—Alphonse Daudet indignantly denies the suggestion that his L'Immortel was the result of his anger at being an unsuccessful candidate for the Academy, and it really seems that an author whose latest work has in a few weeks sold 60,000 copies can take care of his own literary immortality better than can the Academy.—Mr. Thomas Hughes, of "Tom

* The aim of this department is to give brief comment on books and authors, announcements, and current opinion at home and abroad.

Brown" fame, is now past middle life, and has the British robust figure, and the British red, round face, and small eyes, and is said to be a hard worker, a tireless rider, and a popular speaker.—Mr. Hall Caine intends to publish the letters written to him by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The American Queen is a new monthly illustrated magazine of seventy-two imperial pages, just begun in Boston.—Mr. Walter Besant is editor of the Palace Journal, published weekly at the People's Palace in London.—Zola's residence at Medan is magnificently furnished, and the grounds, in season, blaze with orchids, rhododendrons, and geraniums.—A bronze monument is to be erected in Chicago to the memory of Fritz Reuter, the German novelist.—Charles Reade's sketches, known as Bible Characters, are soon to be brought out in book form.—Mr. James Redpath says the circulation of the North American Review is larger than the combined circulation of all the other reviews of America and England.—Young Coquelin, who employs his spare time in writing humorous books, has published a new one under the title "Pirouettes," a succession of sketches, anecdotes, and queer philosophizings.—Dr. J. M. Crawford, of Cincinnati, the translator of the Finnish epic Kalevala, says that he expects shortly to visit Finland.—Donald G. Mitchell's works are to be brought out in a new uniform edition of eight volumes by the Scribners.—Miss Blanche Willis Howard is engaged in writing a novel, The Open Door, at her home at Stuttgart.—Mr. J. H. Ingram's biography of Mrs. Browning, will soon be published by Roberts Bros., in their Famous Women Series.—The Last Voyage of Lady Brassey is to be issued this fall in a beautiful edition profusely illustrated.—Prof. Palgrave, editor of the Golden Treasury of poems, says in commenting on current poetry: "We are deluged in this country just now with criticisms on the poets, and I often regard it as a proof of their essential vitality that they survive the praises of cliques and societies."—Lady Jane Henrietta Swinburne, mother of Algernon Charles Swinburne, has entered her 90th year.—"In my opinion," said M. Renan recently, "France will perish in a literary sense because of her young writers; it is impossible to write well before the age of forty."—Mr. Wm. H. Hill has bought the half interest of Robert Luce in The Writer, and is now the sole owner of the magazine.

Editor Grady, of Atlanta, is credited with the remark that Uncle Tom's Cabin is an "atrocious lie and attempted stain on the most courtly and cultured epoch in American history."—Mr. Blaine has contracted to write his experiences during his recent tour in Scotland.—The railway articles of Scribner's Magazine, it is said, have advanced the circulation 25,000 copies.—Constance Gordon-Cumming has been placed in receipt of a pension of fifty pounds a year on the British Civil List, in consideration of her services and merits as a traveler and author.—Lord and Lady Tennyson will spend the coming winter on the Riviera.—Dr. M'Cosh calls John Stuart Mill "the ablest opponent of intuitive truth in our day."—Mr. Ruskin has had a dislike to Americans until recently, his intimacy with Dr. Holmes and Prof. Chas. Eliot Norton having opened his eyes to what he missed in not cultivating an acquaintance with us sooner.—Walter Herries Pollock, editor of the Saturday Review, will come to America to lecture.—Application has been made to Gen. Wallace for permission to translate Ben Hur into Spanish and Italian.—The late E. P. Roe said shortly before his death that George Ripley of the New York Tribune was one of the first men to give him any real encouragement.—The Harpers are to publish the Life and Letters of John Lathrop Motley, edited

by his daughter, Lady Vernon Harcourt.—Philadelphia is to have a high-class weekly journal for young folks, similar in scope and tone to St. Nicholas and The Youth's Companion.—Mr. H. D. Traill, who writes charming essays and poems for the English magazines does the Parliamentary and political leader work on the London Telegraph.—Mrs. Amelia Barr, the novelist, can begin, finish, and send to her publishers within six weeks, a novel of 300 pages.

Miss Isabel Hapgood is now in St. Petersburg, writing for American papers.—Mr. Alfred Teniers has translated the poems of the great Hungarian bard, Alexander Petofi, into German.—A cheap reprint of the Recollections of William Rogers, now in its seventh edition in London, will be brought out by Mr. Thomas Whittaker.—The fifteenth volume of the Dictionary of National Biography, a monument to England's illustrious dead, carries the work only to "Drake."—Edmund Yates says that Walter Crane's artistic touch, his peculiar knack in treatment of old fairy myths, seems to be leaving him.—Mr. Theodore Watts is engaged upon a Life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.—The Pope, assisted by Abbot Pesento, as editor, is writing a history of Rome in the Middle Ages.—Dr. Jacob Voorsanger in the Menorah Monthly, speaking of Ben Hur, which he finds a noble book, nobly conceived and grandly executed, says: "The only weakness of the book is that this grandest of all Hebrews, Ben Hur, must likewise become a Christian."—Mr. James Payn's work as editor of the Cornhill Magazine, takes about two hours and a half of his time a day.—The late John Heywood, a well-known Manchester bookseller and publisher, left an estate worth nearly \$650,000.—The issues of the International Statesman Series, reprinted in this country by the Lippincott Co., are Lord Beaconsfield, Viscount Palmerston, Prince Metternich and O'Connell, with others in preparation.—Mr. Wm. Andrews, president of the Hull Literary Club, is writing a newspaper serial under the title, Old Time Papers.—Mr. Oswald Crawford, in the London Academy, says that Congreve's Way of the World is the wittiest of English plays, yet it has never pleased an audience.—A volume of more than eighty unpublished letters written by David Hume to William Strahan, the king's printer, is in press in London.—Mrs. Frye, wife of Senator Frye of Maine, is writing a semi-political novel.—The original draft of Burns' Auld Lang Syne is in possession of Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, an Albany lady.—Alexander Dumas is said to be engaged on a new comedy, in which he will satirize the journalistic world.—Mr. Richard S. Greenough is making a bust of Hon. George Bancroft for the Harvard University Library.

According to Alphonse Daudet, literary people, as a rule, have a horror of music.—Mr. Wilkie Collins frequently writes ten or fifteen hours at a stretch, eating very little and drinking only champagne during that time, while his exercise often is merely acting out the various parts in his story.—A cheaper edition of Charles Kingsley's writings is announced to be issued in monthly volumes.—Wide Awake is engaged in raising the funds for a dining hall at the Ramona School for Indian girls, which is a noble monument to the late Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson at Santa Fé.—It is proposed in London to form a company called the Authors' Book-hawking Union, which shall hire respectable boys to peddle books about the streets for the direct profit of the author.—The mother of Gen. Lew Wallace lectures on woman suffrage and temperance.—It is not positively known whether the New York Herald's belief that Amélie Rives is the coming George Eliot of America emanates from the Herald's literary editor or their "funny man."—Mr. Shorthouse, the author of John Inglesant, has

finished a novel, *The Countess Eve*, which will appear at Christmas time.—Mrs. Wordsworth, the daughter-in-law of the poet and last survivor of the occupants of Rydal Mount, died recently.—Sardou's literary mill must grind night and day, if, as it is said, he really has written two novels and two plays since January last, and is under contract to have another novel in press and three more plays ready by December.—Frank R. Stockton, the author, is a member of the Mount Morris (N. J.) Democratic Club.—Let newspaper Jeremiahs shake their heads sadly if they will at the low trifling reading of the day, but there is still hope for a people who have in England alone called for 80,000 copies of Prof. Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*.—Our poet Whittier, who has ever had in his heart a warm spot for Robert Burns, says of him, apropos of the unveiling of the Burns Monument at Albany: "We take him to our hearts as he is, with the failings we regret, with the noble traits and marvelous gifts we honor, for suffice it that he is Robert Burns the only!"—The *Memoirs of Jane Austen* show that, to please her family, she had always a handkerchief at hand to conceal from view the writings on which she might be engaged when visitors were announced.—M. Emile Zola is forty-eight years old, a little above the middle height, slim, and bears on his wearied and sallow face the signs of hard mental work.—Mr. Walter Besant has been ill and has undergone an operation and will do no work for some time.—Literary finds are active now, reported valuable MSS. of Luther, and Napoleon having been discovered this month.—Leigh Hunt's *Essays on the Italian Poets* have been brought out in two volumes of Putnam's delightful *Nugget Series*.—Mr. Carl Schurz has been collecting materials in the Berlin archives bearing on the history of the rebellion.

Sir Edwin Arnold has made a selection of his national and non-Oriental poems, which, with some new verse, has just been published by Trübner.—Mr. Charles Seymour, writing from Paris to the *Epoch* concerning Daudet, says that the latter, when a student and very poor, made a bust of himself and passed it off among the bric-à-brac dealers as "Balzac when a boy."—The two sons of Joel Chandler Harris, Julian and Lucian, are called "Brer" Fox and "Brer" Rabbit by their friends.—Dr. Chapman, editor of the *Westminster Review*, who is credited with having "discovered" George Eliot, and lives most of the time in Paris, is a venerable looking man, with long white hair and whiskers.—Prof. Henry Morley having completed his *Universal Library* by the issue of the sixty-third volume, the series will now be republished in chronological order, three volumes being put into one.—Mr. Wemyss Read is to write the biography of Lord Houghton.—London's list of weekly papers has been increased by the issue of the *Political World*.—Some fellow-countryman of Prof. Boyesen's in Norway has translated *A Daughter of the Philistines* into Norwegian, and it is meeting with a cordial reception.—It is reported from Madrid that the sister of the poet Keats is living in that city, and that she possesses a vast collection of precious relics of her gifted brother.—Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the novelist, has a geranium collection that some botanists pronounce the finest in the world.—Mr. R. L. Stevenson has written a play for Miss Calhoun, the American actress, at present appearing at the Royal Theatre.—Shakespeare is to have his statue in the square at the corner of the Avenue de Messine and the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, despite Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's anti-Shakespeare raids.—Madame Blavatsky is to publish a new work in the fall called *The Secret Doctrine: a Synthesis of Religion, Science and Morals*.—Cincinnati

has a woman's press club.—The *Staten Island Magazine* is a new periodical from Stapleton.—Henry James has a serial, *The Lesson of the Master*, now running in the *Universal Review*.—Mrs. Marian Calvert Wilson, a Southern lady, recently "made her début into literature," as the society papers delight to express it.—A translation of Halévy's *Abbé Constantin*, with illustrations, will be brought out this year by Dodd, Mead & Co., in an edition limited to 750 copies.—Herbert Spencer is working on his autobiography, but his poor health prevents his making much progress.—The second volume of Prof. Charles F. Richardson's *American Literature*, devoted to American poetry and fiction, will be shortly published.—Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps refers to Col. Ingersoll as "the assassin of eternal life."—Mr. George F. Kelly, editor and publisher of the deservedly successful *Art Review*, will begin this month the publication of a semi-monthly periodical to be called *The Art Courier*.—The Emperor of Brazil has subscribed \$100 to the statue of Balzac, the novelist, for the city of Paris.—The latest volume of Kürschner's annual of German Literature, just published, contains 16,000 names of living writers, an increase of 4,000 over last year.—Stepniak has written a volume called *The Enthusiasts*.

Mme. Henri Greville has written some Comedies de Paravent which are said to be worthy a more ambitious title.—There is a probability that Mr. Sidney Colvin will be appointed Librarian to the Queen at Windsor Castle.—A memorial of Goethe's journey to Italy has been set up in the Brenner Pass in the form of a marble tablet bearing a medallion portrait.—According to the *Saturday Review*, which has few words of kindness to spare for Americans, Mr. James Russell Lowell is the best after-dinner speaker England has known since Charles Dickens.—It is rumored that Matthew Arnold's letters to his family and friends will soon be given to the world.—Quantin of Paris has just published a magnificent illustrated volume on the *Masters of French Caricature in the Nineteenth Century*.—Mr. Gladstone gave to a poor church the sum received for his recent contributions to *The Nineteenth Century*.—Robert Buchanan will soon publish an illustrated volume of humorous verse based on some popular legend.—The *Encyclopedia Britannica* says that Longfellow was born at "Portland, now the capital of the State of Maine."—Mme. Patti is said to have completed her *Souvenirs*, which will be published simultaneously in London and Paris.—The latest of the fad journals is the *Twentieth Century*, a periodical devoted to the advocacy of the Rev. Mr. Pentecost's theories of attaining the millennium.—Mrs. Laura F. Hinsdale, of Biloxi, Miss., has been selected to write the *Story of Mississippi* in Lothrop's *Stories of the States*.—It is estimated that the total number of books in all the American public libraries is 21,000,000.—The *Woman's Monthly Magazine* is the title of a Japanese periodical, a strong advocate of temperance, under the editorship of two women.—Swinburne has in press a new volume of miscellaneous poems, of which intimate friends don't seem to expect too much.—That Herman Merivale, the dramatist and littérateur, is not a good penman is shown by the fact that after registering a Wiesbaden hotel last week, a local paper announced the arrival of Human Marvel and family.—The Silver Cross is the name of a new monthly magazine issued by the Order of the King's Daughters, which society, though not yet three years old, already numbers more than 20,000 members, whose aim it is to do all the good they can in the world.—*Travelers and Outlaws: Episodes in American History*, is the title of a new book of historical papers by T. W. Higginson.

—An Italian publisher is issuing the Bible in half-penny numbers, and expects to make money out of it, 50,000 copies being sold the first week after issue.

The "languid Lang" is Mr. Andrew Lang's London soubriquet.—World and Home is a new quarterly devoted to literature, fashion and industries, and published in Newark, N. J.—Marion Crawford is understood to be at work on the sequel to *Saracinesca*.—Mr. Burne-Jones lives in the house once occupied by Richardson, the novelist, and keeps it as far as possible in the original condition.—A scientific paper has been started in Paris with the novel feature of publishing nothing not written by women.—Stopford Brooke intends to enlarge his volume on Milton by the addition of chapters on the poet's political activity.—Ellen Emerson, author of *Indian Myths*, and at present busy in the museums and libraries of Paris, studying her specialty, is the first woman made a member of the Société de France.—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for issue in the autumn the *War Reminiscences* of Col. John S. Mosby, with ten double-page illustrations.—*Woman*, the New York magazine, has said her last word.—Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of *Robert Elsmere*, is a granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, and niece of Matthew Arnold.—The first volume of the new Oxford Dictionary of the English language has just been completed, after thirty years' labor.—Mr. Hall Caine is described by Mrs. Moulton as a quiet, refined man, slightly graceful in person, with reddish hair and beard and tawny eyes.—A new magazine devoted to questions on Jewish religion, philosophy, history and progress has been begun under the title *New Jewish Quarterly*.—A new settlement at the Cape of Good Hope is to be called Tennyson, after the laureate.—The London Academy, with justice, objects to many of the American short stories, on the ground that, though they are delicately conceived and told in a charming way, there is in them too little real matter, they being merely episodes expanded and blown up like pretty bubbles that please the eye by color and shape, float lazily in the air for a moment, and then fade away forever.—Emily Ruete, daughter of the Sultan of Zanzibar, has written a description of Oriental harem life.—Tarascon has never forgiven M. Daudet for *Tartarin of Tarascon*, and will not permit any of his works to find lodgment on the shelves of its public library.—Hokusai, a Japanese author, has published a new novel in ninety volumes.—Trübner & Co. have in press a new edition of Hans Breittmann's ballads, with a lot of new poems in familiar dialect.

An interesting biography of Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, and professor in the College of France, has been prepared by the poet's son, and was recently published in Paris.—Miss Edna Lyall devoted the profits on her most popular novel to the purchase of a peal of bells for the village church at Eastbourne, England.—What promises to be an entertaining London magazine for lovers of poetry, is *Popular Poets of the Period*, to contain biographies and selections of poets of the day.—Miss Minnie Gilmore, a daughter of the well-known military band leader, is a writer of clever stories for children.—William Black, in the *Athenæum*, speaks of Pennell's *Our Journey to the Hebrides*, in Harper's for September, as a tissue of unintentional misrepresentation and ignorance.—A translation of Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème* is promised for early publication by the Routledges.—Lady Colin Campbell is now art critic for a London newspaper.—Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mary A. Livermore, and others interested in the welfare of the rising generation, have started *Our Young Folks' Reading Circle*, an organization whose object is the

promotion of good literature among boys and girls.—Miss Edith M. Thomas, the poet, will assist in editing *St. Nicholas*.—Dr. George Macdonald is described as being tall, large and commanding; his head is finely shaped, with gray hair parted in the middle and waving; his nose is large, his forehead broad and the same height as his nose; the lower part of his face is covered by a long, full beard and mustache of waving, silvery hair.—The Lippincotts publish an American edition of Margaret Veley's volume of poems, *A Marriage of Shadows*.—*Men and Measures of Half a Century*, by Hon. Hugh McCulloch, is one of the important books which the Scribners have in preparation.—Lippincott's Magazine begins with its September issue, a new department, *Every Day's Record*, full of valuable information.—M. Charles Cros, founder of the modern Monologue, so well introduced into society readings by Coquelin the younger, died recently in Paris.—Bishop Potter has written an introduction for the holiday edition of Whibley's *Cathedrals of England and Wales, and their Story*.—Mr. James Hunter, well known as the editor of Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*, is at present on the editorial staff of the *American Notes and Queries*, a magazine now giving bright and interesting news on many topics for readers and thinkers.—Herr Ludwig Schneider, who was for twenty-six years the reader, secretary and confidential friend of the Emperor William, kept a diary of the doings of his Majesty during that time, and as the diary was yearly revised by the Emperor, its story will be authoritative.—The clever skit in Cornhill, by which a writer attempts to prove, after the manner of Mr. Donnelly, that Gladstone wrote Dickens' novels, is taken in all seriousness by one of our critics.—Minnie Palmer is about to publish an autobiographical sketch, under the title, *A Tiny Star*, a modest title chosen seemingly to give the paragraphers a chance to be witty.

Mr. Marion Crawford, is said to be a most joyful singer of Italian folk songs, accompanying himself on the piano, while he insists that he does not know a note of music, and has no sense of melody.—Paris is to have a new monthly, the *Revue Satirique*.—Mrs. Champney, the juvenile story-writer, is described as "tall and slender, with a fair skin and waving hair."—Herr Reschauer, the well-known journalist and member of the Reichsrath, is dead.—Referring to the author of a recent volume of poems, the *Athenæum* says there are scattered through the poems "a sort of Byronic craving to be attacked and misunderstood;" this is a phase of literary disease that has shown itself in America too, in the morbid daring and risqué work of the novelists of the day.—The only surviving member of Carlyle's family now left in England is a brother of his, James Carlyle.—M. Abel Bergaigne, the leading orientalist of France, died recently.—The *Journalist* says Mr. R. H. Stoddard has written only one poem during the last year, and they blame him for writing even that.—Herman Merivale thinks the best hundred books are those which everybody says everybody else must read, but never reads himself.—Walt Whitman has so far regained his strength as to be able to resume work on his *November Boughs*.—Robert Browning, at present in an obscure part of the Austrian Tyrol, will soon go to Venice, where he will henceforth reside in the fine Palace Rezzonico, on the Grand Canal.—The *Revue Bleue* announces the death of the well-known French critic, Maxime Gaucher, long a member of its staff.—Michael Heine, the German poet's cousin, has just given \$150,000 to Paris charities.—The latest bit of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's iconoclastic criticism is his remark in "America" on George Eliot's power to depict men's characters: "For my part I cannot think that she has ever drawn a man who can be accepted by men as genuinely masculine."

BOOK INDEX—WHAT TO READ, WHERE TO FIND IT *

Biography and Reminiscences

Famous American Statesmen: Sarah K. Bolton: Crowell & Co.—Companion book to Famous American Authors	\$1 50
Life of George Washington Studied Anew: Edward E. Hale: Putnam	1 75
The Life of Lafayette: Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer: Crowell & Co.—Fully illustrated	1 50
Lord Beaconsfield: T. E. Kebbel: Lippincott Co.—International Statesman Series	75
Of Many Men: T. C. Evans: Amer. News Co.—Sketches, Remembrances, Criticisms, and Anecdotes	1 25
Viscount Palmerston: Lloyd C. Sanders: Lippincott Co.—International Statesman Series	75

Fiction of the Month

A Garden of Tares: John Hill and Clement Hopkins: Brentano's	2 40
A War Time Wooing: Charles King: Harper	1 00
Aristocracy: A Novel: Town and Country Library: Appleton	50
Amos Kilbright: His Adscititious Experiences: Frank R. Stockton: Scribner	50
Miss Lou: Rev. Edward Payson Roe: Dodd, Mead, & Co.	1 50
Molly Bishop's Family: Catherine Owen: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	1 00
My Uncle Florimond: Sidney Luska (Henry Harland): D. Lothrop Co.	1 00
Remember the Alamo: Amelia E. Barr: Dodd, Mead & Co.	1 00
The Owl's Nest: From the German of E. Marlitt: Mrs. A. L. Wister: Lippincott Co.	1 25
The Dream: Emile Zola: Translated by E. de V. Vermont: Laird and Lee	50
The Guardians: A Novel: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	1 25
The Magic Skin: Honoré de Balzac: Translated by Miss Wormsley: Roberts	1 50
The McVeys: An Episode: Joseph Kirkland: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	1 25
The Mystery of the "Ocean Star": W. Clark Russell: Appleton—Maritime Sketches	50

Historical and Statistical

A History of the United States and Its People: Edward Eggleston: Appleton	1 25
A Short History of the Secession War: Rossiter Johnson: Ticknor—With Maps and Diagrams	3 00
History of Tennessee: J. Phelan: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	2 00
Mosby's War Reminiscences: John S. Mosby: Dodd, Mead & Co.	1 75

Literary Criticism

History of Prose Fiction: John Colin Dunlop: 2 vols. Brentano's, Importers	4 00
Life of William Congreve: Edmund Gosse: Whittaker—Great Writers Series	40

Miscellaneous Essays

Popular Tales From the Norse: Sir G. W. Dasent: Putnam	2 50
The Book of Noodles: Stories of Simpletons: W. H. Clouston: Armstrong	1 25
The Happy Prince, and Other Tales: Oscar Wilde: Roberts	1 00
The Spirit of Beauty: Essays scientific and æsthetic: Prof. Henry W. Parker: John B. Alden	75
The Tales of the Spanish Boccaccio: Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patronio: White & Allen	2 00

Natural History

Tales of the Birds: W. Ward Fowler: Macmillan & Co.—With illustration by Bryan Hook	2 50
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Poetry and the Drama

A Marriage of Shadows, and Other Poems: Margaret Veley: J. B. Lippincott Co.	1 00
Romances, Lyrics and Sonnets from the Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	1 00
The Dead Doll, and Other Verses: Margaret Vandegrift: Ticknor	1 50
The Kalevela. Translated into English Verse: Dr. J. M. Crawford: 2 vols: J. B. Alden—See Review on page 300	2 00
The Silver Treasury: Anna C. Brackett and Ida M. Eliot: Putnam	2 25

Political and Economic

Civil Service Law: W. H. Clarke: L. K. Strouse	1 00
Practical Politics. Essays: Theodore Roosevelt: Putnam—"Questions of the Day."	75
Seven Conventions: A. W. Clason: Appleton & Co.	1 00

Religious and Philosophical

History of the Christian Church: Philip Schaff, D.D. Vol. VI.: Scribner	4 00
Jesus in Modern Life: Algernon Sidney Logan: Lippincott Co.	1 25
Life of Jehoshua: The Profit of Nazareth: Franz Hartmann: Occult Publishing Co.	1 50

Scientific and Educational

American Weather: Gen. A. W. Greely: Dodd, Mead & Co.	2 00
The Origin of Floral Structures: Rev. George Henslow: Appleton	1 75

Travel and Adventure

Around the World on a Bicycle, From Teheran to Yokohama: Thomas Stevens: vol. 2: Scribner	4 00
Peninsular California: Charles Nordhoff: Harper.—With maps and illustrations	1 00
Transylvania: The Land Beyond the Forest. Facts, Figures, and Fancies: E. Gerard: Harper	1 50
With the Camel Corps up the Nile: Count Gleichen: Lippincott	3 00

* The idea of this department is to give a reference list of the most desirable books of the month for information to general readers.

A SCOTCHMAN'S STORY OF THE DEATH OF CAIN*

In the third number of the *Scottish Art Review*, which is a new venture just launched upon what one would imagine must be a rather arctic and tempestuous sea for the silken sailed shallop of the beautiful, appears a poem called "East of Eden." If this production had been given to the public in the Byronic era, it would have made its author famous. To-day, amid the mass of rhyme that overloads the press without adding to its wealth of invention or of art, its publication, in the grim old Scotch city, in a new and almost unknown periodical, will probably doom it. "East of Eden" opens with Cain, doomed to live in eternal expiation of his fratricide, grown old and terrible in his despair, sleepless and hopeless, raving against the malediction that is on him.

Far down upon the plain the large round moon
Sank red in jungle mist; but on the heights
The cold clear darkness burned with restless stars:
And, restless as the stars, the grim old King
Paced with fierce choleric strides the monstrous ridge
Of boulders piled to make the city wall.
Muttering his wrath within his cloudy beard
He moved, and paused, and turned. The starlight caught
The huge bent gold that ringed his giant head,
Gleamed on the jewel-fringed vast lion-fells
That clothed his stature, ran in dusky play
Along the pondrous bronze that armed his spear.
He fiercely scanned the east for signs of dawn;
Then shook his clenched hand above his head,
And blazed with savage eyes and brow thrown back
To front the awful Presence he addressed:

Cain hurls reproach and defiance at The Almighty:

"Slay and make end: or take some mortal form
That I may strive with Thee! Art thou so strong
And yet must smite me out of Thine Unseen?
Long centuries have passed since Thou didst place
Thy mark upon me, lest at any time
Men finding me should slay me. I have grown
Feeble and hoary with the toil of years—
An aged palsy—now, alas! no more
That erst colossal adamant whereon
Thine hand engraved its vengeance. Be Thou just,
And answer when I charge Thee. Have I blenched
Before Thy fury; have I bade Thee spare;
Hath Thy long torture wrung one sob of pain,
One cry of supplication from my mouth?
But Thou hast made Thyself unseen; hast lain
In ambush to afflict me. Day and night
Thou hast been watchful. Thy vindictive eyes
Have known no slumber. Make Thyself a man
That I may seize Thee in my grips and strive
But once on equal terms with Thee—but once.
Or send Thine angel with his sword of fire—
But no; not him! Come Thou, come Thou Thyself;
Come forth from Thine Invisible, and face
In mortal guise the mortal Thou hast plagued!"

But the vengeance against which he appeals holds
haughty silence, and Cain's despair grows wild in futile
maledictions. He cries:

"A curse consume
Thy blind night, fevered with the glare of stars,
Wild voices and the agony of dreams!
Would it were day!"

This desire at least is vouchsafed him.

At last the gleam of dawn
Swept in a long gray shudder from the east,
Then reddened o'er the misty jungle tracts.
The guards about the massive city gates

Fell back with hurried whispers: "'Tis the King!"
And forth, with great white beard and gold girt brows,
Huge spear and jeweled fells, the giant strode
To slake his rage among the beasts of prey.

Cain seeks the lair of the monsters, on whom he vents
his miserable fury, and halts to rest in

The fierce white splendor of a tropic noon;
A sweltering waste of jungle, breathing flame;
Thy sky one burning sapphire!

Resting by a spring, a tiger bursts from the jungle, and
Cain smites it dead at one blow.

At that same instant from the jungle flew
A shaft which to the feather pierced his frame.
Shrill cries of horror maddened round the bluff:
"O Elohím, 'tis Cain the King, the King!"
And weeping, tearing hair, and wringing hands,
About him raved his lawless giant brood.
But Cain spoke slowly with a ghastly smile:
"Peace and give heed, for now I am but dead.
Let no man be to blame for this my death;
Yea, swear a solemn oath that none shall harm
A hair of him who gives me my release.
Come hither, boy!"

And, weeping, Lamech went
And stood before the face of Cain; and Cain,
Who pressed a hand against his rushing wound,
Reddened his grandson's brow and kissed his cheek:
"The blood of Cain alight on him who lifts
A hand against thy life. My spear, boys! So.
Let no foot follow. Cain must die alone.
Let no man seek me till ye see in heaven
A sign, and know that Cain is dead."

Holding his life back with an iron clutch, the giant,
smitten and forgiven, plunges into the jungle.

To reach some lair, where hidden and unheard
His savage soul in its last strife may cope
With God—perchance one moment visible.

His giant brood, watching, see a bird of prey drop from
the zenith, others following, and know that Cain is dead.

Behold! a speck, high in the blazing blue,
Hung black—a single speck above the waste—
Hung poised an hour, then dropped through leagues of air,
Plumb as a stone; and as it dropped they saw,
Through leagues of high, blue air, to north and south,
To east and west, black specks that sprang from space,
And then long sinuous lines of distant spots
Which flew converging—growing, as they flew,
To slanting streams and palpitating swarms,
Which flew converging out of all the heavens,
And blackened, as they flew, the sapphire blaze,
And jarred the fiery hush with winnowing wings;
Which flew converging on a single point
Deep in the jungle waste, and, as they swooped,
Paused in the last long slide with dangling claws,
Then dropped like stone.

* * * * *

Beside a swamp they found
Hoar hair, a litter of white, colossal bones,
Ensanguined shreds of jeweled lion-fells,
The huge gold crown and ponderous spear of Cain,
And fixed between the ribs the fatal shaft
Which Lamech shot unwitting; but against
The life of Lamech no man lifted hand.

It is a great poem Mr. William Canton has written. It comes like a voice from the wilderness. It has color and form, and it has that without which color and form are cold—a soul; a soul, too, as immortal as that of Byron's "Darkness" and the "Ulysses" of Alfred Tennyson.

* "The Reader" in *Town Topics*.

SELECTED BONBONS—A PAGE WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS

Somerville Journal :

Some men are born witty, others have a good memory, and some are blessed with witty friends.

From Life :

"What in the world, John," asked his wife, "did you open that can of tomatoes with?" "Can-opener of course," he growled; "what do you s'pose I opened it with?" I thought from the very peculiar language you used, you were opening it with prayer."

From the Cartoon :

They had retired—Mrs. Dusenbury was talking a streak about Mr. D.'s foibles. "Gracious!" she suddenly exclaimed, "my foot's asleep." "Then keep quiet, my dear," said Mr. D., "and perhaps you'll fall asleep all over."

The Merchant Traveller :

"Gracious! How well it is preserved," said one traveling man to another as they gazed at a mummy in a museum. "It looks as if it might wake up and speak if you could only arouse it with some familiar words." "So it does. Suppose you try it with that story you just told me."

Boston Transcript :

"Accept my hand, Augusta?" And the maiden looked at the hand, which was something smaller than an average-sized salt fish, hesitated a moment and then said sweetly: "Isn't there a discount—something off, where you take so large an order?"

New York Sun :

Miss Clara (retired for the night): "Ethel wake up; there's the sweetest music you ever heard in the front of the house. I just expected that Charley and his friends would serenade us to-night." Miss Ethel (excited): "Oh, Clara, isn't it lovely? Oughtn't we to drop some flowers from the window?" Miss Clara: "Oh, I think so (dropping a bunch of roses with great caution). There, Ethel! Voice (below): "Mein Gott! ve no lif on roses!"

The Arkansaw Traveller :

"Ef a gentleman say: 'Come hyar, you black scamp, en' black mer boots, en' do hit quick too,' I knows dat man's from down Souf, en' he gwine to gimme sompen, en' mos' likely a quartah." Thus a darky boy on a Mississippi steamboat was explaining his position as to sectional proclivities. He went on further to say: "Ef another gentleman say to me, 'My dear young cullud frien', will you be so kine ez to black my boots?' dat man's from Greenlan's icy mountains, er sommers in dat direction. En' mebbe he gwine ter gimme a John de Baptis'—dat's one cent—but mos' likely he gwine ter jis' give thanks."

San Francisco Examiner :

It was at a railway eating station. The man from Montana was hungry and in a hurry. "Please pass me them pertaters, Mister," he said addressing the elegant gentleman from Boston, who sat next him. The Bostonian slowly focused his gold eyeglasses on the man from Montana. "Did you think that I was one of the waiters?" he asked icily. The others held their knives and forks suspended in mid-air, expecting to see the man from Montana shrivel up, but no such phenomenon took place. He turned and beckoned to the nearest waiter. "George, come here, please." "What is it, sir?" asked "George." "I wanted to apologize to you that's all. You see I mistook this party here for you, but I hope you won't be

offended at it. Now pass me them pertaters and we'll go on with the round up."

Philadelphia Record :

Mr. Winks—"May I have the honor of your company to the Wagner concert?" Miss de Blue—"Certainly. I dote on Vogner. When is it?" Mr. Winks—"Vonsday."

From Puck :

Arkansas Judge—"Queer thing, that, about Keyser." Arkansas Colonel—"How's that?" "Reformed, you know." "Joined the church, eh?" "Well, no; he's only on probation now. I heard him arguing last night that it was wrong to kill a man on Sunday."

From Town Topics :

Good sermon? Wife (just from church)—Beautiful! Husband—What was the text? Wife—The Rev. Dr. Thumphard took his text from Thursday's Mail and Express, No. 1861, 10th year, Vol. XIX. Is dinner ready?

The Boston Herald :

A pretty maiden fell overboard at New Bedford, the other day, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat, as she rose to the surface, and said, "Give me your hand." "Please ask papa," she gently murmured, as she calmly sank for the second time.

Washington Critic :

"Here's a piece of pie," said an R-st. woman to a hungry tramp at the back door. "Thanks," he replied, catching eagerly at it and biting a horseshoe out of it. "Don't you want a knife to cut it with?" she inquired. The tramp looked hurt. "Madam," he said, in freezing tones, "do I look like a man who would eat pie with a knife?"

Burlington Free Press :

Things even up well. Men throw banana skins on the sidewalk; then the banana skins throw men on the sidewalk.

From Time :

Mr. Wabash (of Chicago)—Yes, Miss Waldo, I see the Atlantic Ocean to-day for the first time. What a vast amount of merchandise is carried on the broad bosom of that mighty sheet of water! Miss Waldo (of Boston)—Ah, yes, Mr. Wabash; it is very advantageously situated, you know, being so near Boston!

Texas Siftings :

Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession. "Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them. "No, they do not," was the reply. "I often have to wait for weeks and weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't well dun the parents for the money." "Why don't you do as I do? I always get my money regularly." "How do you manage it?" "It is very simple. For instance, I am teaching a boy French, and on the first day of the month his folks don't pay the money for the lesson. In that event I give the boy the following sentences to translate and write out at home: 'I have no money. The month is up. Hast thou got any money? Have not thy parents got money? I need money very much. Why hast thou not brought the money this morning? Did thy father not give thee any money? Has he no money in the pocket-book of his uncle's great aunt?' That fetches them. Next morning you bet that boy brings the money."

